

THE WELSH REVIEW

Editor — GWYN JONES

The Editor draws attention to the June number,
which contains :—

Letters from India
Journal, 1939-44

Alun Lewis
Caradoc Evans

Also :

Short Stories by KATE ROBERTS and CARADOC
EVANS

Poems by A. L. ROWSE and HARRY GREEN

Articles by THOMAS JONES, C. H., JOHN PETTS,
HOWARD THOMAS and GWYN JONES

Reviews by GLYN JONES, T. J. MORGAN,
D. GWENALLT JONES, and D. J. LLEWELFRYN
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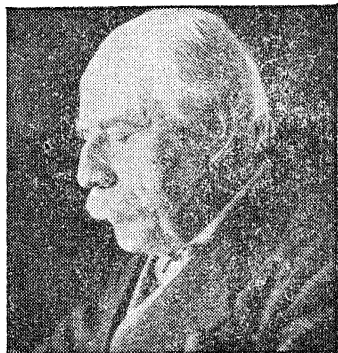
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continuing The London Mercury and Bookman
edited by Robert Herring

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EDITORIAL

THE day of an eclipse may not be the best on which to write an Editorial. It is too symbolical of that heaviness in the air and that darkening of the light under which we have lived since at least 1939. Nevertheless, eclipse or no eclipse, election or no election, hot air or no hot air, Editorials must be written though not necessarily read and, since in the beginning was the Word, and the end will presumably come when its meaning is at last re-discovered (or perhaps for the first time unravelled?), we who live neither at the beginning nor the end but somewhere where the sliced worm joins and are, it may be, that very join itself, which though it seem a healing, is also a wound—we, as these pages testify, interest ourselves in the word, without a capital and plural, as words, speech, literature, and with a capital, singular, as the Spirit which those words contain, convey, and carry forward. During the last six years, when war was overt, there have been certain words which came to epitomize the several phases of those years. They have thereby become key-words and will, to those who remember their meaning, unlock the mood of the time. Such were 'black-out', 'security', 'austerity', 'liberation'. 'Gas-mask' meant, fortunately, the first years of the war and V2, equally fortunately, that the European one ended, temporarily at any rate, before numbers 3, 4, and 5 arrived on the scene, which it was their purpose to depopulate. There are the words made up of initials, not only letters pronounced as noises, such as A R P. and M o I., but those initials run together as words, in which the laziness of those who live at tension always delights. Hence, the permanent popularity of such words in Germany. Here, we have had since the war, Naafi, Shaef, Amgot, and that strange name by which in some quarters England became known as Etousa (European Theatre of Operations, U.S.A.). In addition, there have been ordinary words which, like civilians thrust into ministries, took on sudden and not entirely beloved prominence.

We know that words, like politicians, do not always mean

what they say and since, in recent weeks, politicians have been using so many words even more recklessly and immorally than usual, it behoves us to keep track, when we can, of both the original meaning of words and of those bastard ones which they acquire during their transit through our times. The key-word, I would suggest, for that part of the war since the Allies first entered Germany has been 'fraternisation'. A decade or so hence, if anyone should wish to know what word of previously not very frequent usage became conspicuous during the first part of 1945, that is to say, the first six months of Germany's second defeat this century, we would say 'fraternisation'. And if to-day's conditions are forgotten as quickly as have been those of 1935 or 1925, we would have to explain that 'fraternisation' did not mean the natural comradeship of victors, but the fear that some of them would become too friendly with the beaten foe.

As to Allies (new meaning here?) we have zones and spheres. Our collaboration (to use the word in its pre-Pétain sense) becomes geometric and we partition not only the foe's country, but the cause or the professing of cause, which brought us together. 'Thus far and no farther' (or 'thus far's much too far') we say warily, setting up fences and it may even be in time, Mizpahs. The Allies spell 'victory' not only as Berlin, but in terms of Warsaw, Trieste, Syria, and Aldershot Abroad, we have Tito and de Gaulle, and at home? At home we have Churchill and Attlee. Or rather, to our surprise we discover that though we may have only one of them—poll results are not in as I write—we shall most certainly have Beaverbrook and Laski somewhere in the background. We have an election, and as the net result of it all, whatever may be the returns to St. Stephens, we have had it. The tiredness of candidates made most of them so peevishly defiant that they insulted, when they did not neglect, the intelligence of the electorate with a unanimity which, if cynicism were any criterion, would supply us with a Coalition. A public, bewildered by insincere promises of identical New Worlds from each party, might be pardoned for giving new names to them all—Gliberal, Preservative, Leisure for Labour (since that is what workers want) ; it would suggest that the times

ahead promise all of us not Common Wealth but Shared Poverty and anyone so optimistic as to think he can be Independent in days when freedom is fought for under dictators, might well be labelled Retrogressive.

Seriously, however—if anything in this cohesion of mispent blasphemies which is to-day, merits even sufficient fear to be taken seriously—seriously, the public learnt that Labour meant Laski and Tory, not *Times*, but *Daily Express*. It does not enjoy that discovery, for to learn that you have been taken in by taking too much for granted the meaning of a word is apt to induce a distrust for words which leads to brooding silence. It should, though, rouse a determination to look into each word used as a stalking-horse with the same care as one examines in restaurants such made-up dishes as goulasch or chickens' liver (no wonder chickens seem to have died out, if they have the livers I have been offered of late) and I remember always the words of a waiter who said 'The steak pie is horse and the pigeon is rook. The lamb I do not recommend.' Those words can be translated politically.

* * *

With this number, I present the paper in the new dress I had long promised it for Cease Fire. Despite rationing of paper, we contrived to keep the same number of words per issue as in our old hundred-page days, but the cramming caused havoc with both the look and, I sometimes feared, legibility of our pages. Mr. Seán Jennett has re-designed us, with results that will be apparent and I think grateful to all, and henceforth we are to be looked for as we now appear.

H. D.'s 'Writing on the Wall' will be continued in the next number. It is held over from this in order to make room for a review of her latest poems by the distinguished American scholar, Norman Pearson. He heads a batch of reviewers new to our columns, who include A. M. C. Latham, the expert on Raleigh, Margiad Evans, Brenda Chamberlain, Cecily Stevenson, and many others. Reviewing has been the hardest side to keep going during war, and I would have these names taken as earnest, along with our new appearance, of an emergence into whatever lies before us with increased rather than abated zeal, confidence and, above all, pleasure.

SEÁN JENNETT

I HAVE often found that when people ask me what my work is and I say that I am a book designer, they look a little startled and either go away with the impression that I am odd or say, 'Really? I had no idea anybody designed books,' or words to that effect; or they are delighted as by a curiosity, and sometimes they will ask me to tell them how it is done. It is not wilful ignorance; it is not that they never read books: it is simply that they take books for granted and never *see* them, despite their reading. In the same way they take for granted many other things in their everyday life because they are everyday; though each of us finds in something everyday a lifetime's work and perhaps a lifetime's novelty.

As I travel in the train to London each morning I see a number of people reading their newspapers. Now, most newspapers exhibit an interesting lack of even the rudiments of design, and little may be learned from them in that direction; but they show, as one result of that lack of design, a medley of type sizes and type designs—what are called type faces. Anyone can tell one size of type from another if the difference is great enough, but few people, it seems, distinguish any difference between type faces. And yet that difference is of the greatest importance, for in the right hands it is a means of achieving legibility and suitability in book design.

Popular ignorance of even the simplest elements of typography is heartbreaking for the typographer; perhaps no branch of design is as little understood by the people, of none are they so little aware—and yet examples of its application are always at hand, not in every book, perhaps, but in a great many books. Design is in the air and campaigns have been waged, with some success, to bring the use of design in other spheres to the attention of the public, to make design a part of the individual (and so of the national) consciousness; design

is made manifest in teapots, radiators, electric pylons, and so on, but no-one appears to have suspected that it might exist in books. It does sometimes seem an inveterate ignorance, but it cannot be invincible. This article is itself a step in an attempt to overcome it. A well-designed book has its value too, particularly if it stands, fortuitously, next to a badly designed one. And then there is the colophon, not much used in England to-day, but deserving attention and development. It might be of great value if it were more frequently used, but its use depends on the publisher and apparently publishers do not care for it or are not aware of its possibilities. A colophon is a paragraph on a page at the end of the book, giving some information about the making of the book, and perhaps incorporating a printer's device or trademark—many colophons consist of the printer's device only. I would have a colophon giving the following details: the names of the printer or printers concerned; the process of printing, the names and sizes of the types used, the kind of paper and the name of its maker; the name of the binder, the name of the typographer; and finally the name and the address of the publisher. The year, too, might be added, but many publishers are singularly averse from dating their books. The presence of this colophon should at least suggest to the reader that books do not grow on trees; it would remind him that in the making of the book some consideration and judgement were necessary and had been applied; that, in short, something had been done to help the author to deliver his message. And such a colophon would, I believe, tend to improve book production, for surely none of the people concerned would care to have his name connected in the public mind with shoddy work or poor quality in his own sphere.

Four main principles may be abstracted from the theory of book design, and these are legibility, suitability, good proportion, and beauty.

Legibility equals ease of reading. Here the question arises, for whom should it be made easy? It must, except in special cases, be for the man with normal sight, because any attempt to cater for defective eyes generally and for normal eyes at the same time leads in the direction of the madhouse. But even

the normal eye, if it belongs to a layman, is apt to be uncertain what legibility is. 'This is fine big print,' a man will say, 'and very easy to read,' and after twenty pages or so he begins to find that he can read no more. His eyes do not ache, perhaps, but they have grown tired; they have grown tired of seeing words piecemeal as letters when they are more used to seeing them whole and to recognizing them in a flash as members of a sentence; the eye, in short, recognizes words by their shape and not by their orthography (that is why so many people cannot spell). Further, too large a type means fewer words in the line, and more frequent swivelling of the eyes from left to right and from right to left. Too small type does just the opposite: the eye takes in too many words at once, and the brain must disentangle them, while the long journeys across the page become monotonous and trying.

There is nothing absolute in the words 'large' and 'small', and in connection with type they are distinctly relative: relative to the size of the page, to the size of the type area on the page, to the amount of space between the lines, to the weight of the face: which is to say that legibility depends on all these, and all these depend on the typographer. No type is legible if the line is too long or too short in relation to the type size. Almost any type can be made more legible by increasing the amount of space between the lines, which can be done by leading—some types, like that used in *The Times* (Times New Roman) are unpleasant if this is not done—compare the editorial with the news pages. Letter design and weight of face also have much to do with legibility.

We depend for our text faces on the genius of many countries and of former times. Italy, France, Holland, and England, and the fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth centuries are the most important. In this century there have been numerous attempts to produce new text faces, but I can think at the moment of no more than two that, to my mind, are satisfactory; these are Times New Roman and Perpetua, the latter designed by Eric Gill and among the most beautiful of types. Both these are English. Display type faces, that is, large or fancy or decorated or decorative faces, swarmed in the nineteenth century, and still swarm, or did

before the war. There are many very good ones among them, and there are very many more very bad ones. Either kind may be seen in newspaper advertisements, and either kind is there used both badly and brilliantly. In books display faces may be used for chapter heads, title-pages, jackets, and so forth.

The aesthetic value of a type design lies not entirely in itself, but also in the manner of its use. The result of excellence in each is beauty. Now an arrangement of types can be made that is beautiful in effect, but that defeats or ignores the purpose of reading; it can be made striking with the same result. Such an arrangement can be defended if it is offered as abstract art, but it is not typography. In the design of a book beauty and legibility must go hand in hand, more, must be mated and merged indissolubly; for the purpose of a book is to be read and the purpose of book design is to attract the reader to the book, to give him pleasure in it, and to make his reading of it easy and (I hope) painless. But who is to be the judge of these things? Not the mere reader, any more than the mere listener or onlooker may be a judge of music or art, or of any kind of design or beauty. True appreciation is based only on knowledge, experience, and taste.

The design of a book should not be independent of its content: the one should be suited to the other as the glove is suited to the hand. It is true that the elements of typography are international and intertemporal, and that a type face of the fifteenth century may be used in a book entirely of the twentieth; but nevertheless, though the bounds are wide, they may be overstepped. Severity and restraint are seldom out of place, but elaboration and luxuriant ornament are out of place, to give an extreme example, in a primer of mathematics. That is easy to understand, but not all the pitfalls are as plain: a beautiful book is, more often than not, the result of divers but merged subtleties of expression each of which may be beyond the comprehension of any but the professional, but nevertheless contributes a share to the effect of the whole. Paper, type, arrangement, everything, have one end, and that end is the exposition of the author's message in an atmosphere suited to his style and subject.

Paper and type are closely related, for the effect of a type-face may be much altered by the kind and quality of the paper it is printed on. The eye also has its reaction to paper, and it reacts unpleasantly to some kinds. Smooth, shiny papers show most types at a disadvantage, and they are those to which the eye most objects because reflections confound the print. Papers with matt or rough surfaces are better. Some great printers have believed that snowy paper and ebon inks contribute to perfection, but the result is apt to be exhausting and unsympathetic. Off-white and cream papers are more restful, but when they are in general use, as they are to-day, an occasional use of pure white paper does give welcome variety.

Proportion in book design is of varied application. There must be due proportion between type size and length of line, and between type size and the size of the type area, due proportion between the widths of the four margins of the page, and between the aggregate area of the margins and the type area (it usually astonishes the layman to learn that the greater part of a normal book is blank paper, that the type area measures less, and sometimes much less, than the aggregate of the margins; but it is not done to increase the apparent length of the book—those clear margins help the eye in reading, as comparison with an overcrowded book will show). Finally, there is the proportion between the three dimensions of the shape that is a book. Most pre-war books were too fat, partly because the trade believed that the public had an interest in fatness; and there is some truth in the contention that some sections of the public thought that a hundred pages bulking two inches was better value than two hundred pages bulking an inch. It is not true, of course, for thick paper is not necessarily good paper; you can blow up paper with air as you blow up a bicycle tyre, but not with the same benefit—featherweight papers may be thick, but they will not wear and they are not strong. The war and rationing have compelled the use of thinner but more solid papers, and the result is slimmer books—but not necessarily shorter books, judged by word count. It is on the whole a healthy tendency. Proportion is in most cases vastly improved, a book of better feel and better endurance is produced, and incidentally there is the

benefit that more thin books than fat ones can be got into a bookcase, a consideration of some importance in the rabbit hutches we moderns like to call houses—Lord Portal should approve of thin books. It can be carried too far, however. A book of only seventy pages or so comes out woefully meagre when it is printed on thin paper, so much so that once it has got into the bookcase it hides itself in shame and defies discovery. Further, if the spine is too narrow the title cannot be blocked across it and must be run along its length, a practice that induces a crick in the neck in the library, or, as publishers will not agree among themselves whether to run such titles up or down the spine, causes such a swinging of the head backwards and forwards as to make it resemble an inverted pendulum.

What has been learned from the restrictions of the publisher's economy agreement upon the weight of paper used is valuable. Thin papers, if they are to endure, must be of good quality, because thin paper of poor quality is very poor paper indeed. Publishers have discovered, if they did not know it before, that it costs scarcely any more to use a thin paper of good quality than it does to use a thick one of poor quality; and if they have not dared to use thin papers before because of the prejudice it was conceived existed against slim books, they have been compelled to use them during the war. I hope the lesson will prove a salutary one for both the publisher and the reading public.

War-time regulations restrict the size of margins, though not very drastically (the type area must equal not less than 58 per cent of the area of the page), but few publishers can afford to retain the maximum margins allowed because of the stringencies of the paper ration, and most war-time books are overcrowded. That overcrowding can be avoided only at the risk of other evils—by the use of smaller—too small—type sizes or by a reduction in the number of books printed. The regulations also control the sizes of types that may be used, but with so little sense that the publisher is in practice restricted to the use of a very few type faces that have small letters unusually large in relation to the capitals—such faces give an illusion of size. There is also a restriction on blank or nearly

blank pages, which is why, in war-time books, dedications and half-titles are not given pages to themselves. Only in limited editions may all these restrictions be ignored—and limited editions are rarely practicable to-day. At any time, to my mind, this arbitrary restriction of an edition should be discouraged, for it does no more than pander to the snob complex; and in any case, a limited edition is a contradiction of the capacity and purpose of the press: if the press is artificially restricted the result is an artificially high price.

The binding of a book can be a thing of great beauty or a thing ugly and repellent. Hand-bound books were often richly decorated and tooled, and many hours of loving care and skilful craftsmanship were spent on them. The books we buy in the shops, newly issued, are not like that, and it is as well that they are not; for they are bound by machine, and the machine is very different from the hand. Most mechanization begins with the intention of doing by machine what was done by hand, and only later is it recognized that the machine has a manner of its own. Modern binding by machine is, then, both restricted and enfranchised by the machine. It has brought us to simpler and severer books, depending for their effect, not upon ornament, but mainly upon simplicity and nice arrangement. None the less, the machine is still capable of bad work if it is directed by mediocre skill, and its results do not require much effort in seeking. A good binding should be comfortable to the eye and to the hand; it should be strong and durable, but it should open easily and stay open where required; the lettering on the spine should be legible and clear, and that and any ornament should be in keeping with the book inside. Finally, when the book is placed on the bookshelf it should not be blatant or obtrusive among the others.

Bookjackets are so varied and the principles governing them so many and so controversial that I cannot deal with them at length here. Their original purpose was to keep the book clean but that has been overlaid, one might almost say overwhelmed, by the purpose of advertisement. The bookjacket has become an advertisement the intention of which is to catch the eye and to make a sale, and since this is so it may be subjected to the principles governing any other kind of advertisement. Like

so many posters on a hoarding, the books in their jackets in the bookshop are all shouting, and the result is confusion. Too many jackets are too blatant and too obvious, and among them a well mannered, well designed, quieter fellow may easily attract more attention.

There is no restriction on the size of books, but for various reasons the war has had the effect of reducing the number of sizes made. There have been in the past altogether too many sizes of books, and every bookcase shows the chaotic and untidy effect of too much variety in this respect. In the main, it is the small book that is a nuisance, and it is the small book that has suffered from the war. In my opinion the smallest size of book desirable, except for special purposes, is crown octavo, the size of this magazine. Lately there has been a passion for pocketability that has extended from magazines to books, and its results, as far as books are concerned, are deplorable. No book is pleasant to carry in a pocket, unless you have a poacher's pocket—and if you have one of those you can carry a large tome equally well as a midget—at some cost to the outline of your figure. If you have to carry a book it can only be satisfactorily carried in the hand or in a bag, and that is how it is usually carried. At the other end of the scale there is the large book—but too large books have never been common. There are some, however, and the one-volume edition of Webster's dictionary, for example, measuring 9 inches by 12 inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, would serve its purpose better if it were issued in half a dozen demy octavo volumes (the only useful purpose my copy serves is to flatten photographs).

The three sizes of books more usually met with are: crown octavo, $7\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 inches; demy octavo, $8\frac{3}{4}$ by $5\frac{5}{8}$ inches; and a size between these two, approximately 8 by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Of these I prefer demy octavo for most purposes, because it is large enough to admit of a wide variety of design, possesses a dignity peculiar to its size and excellent proportions, and is easy to handle and to store.

Much that is bad and much that is good in book production have come out of this war. Some of the bad will pass away because it is the result of inconvenience; the rest, too, I hope,

will go. What is good we must strive to keep; and what we most want to see retained is the restriction in the number of sizes of books, and also the reduction in their bulk achieved by using thin paper of good quality instead of thick paper of indifferent quality.

AGE

by MARGIAD EVANS

I am growing very old,
I am growing very sere.
The light of earth looks strange to me
As if I were not here;

As if I'd never tasted corn,
had never seen a field of bread
ripen; never had been born,
and yet been dead.

FROM FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH

EDITH SITWELL

(NOTE.—*This is the first of three excerpts we have been privileged to select from Miss Sitwell's forthcoming book on the childhood of Queen Elizabeth. This, which is Chapter Three in the book, is a portrait of Anne Boleyn. Succeeding instalments deal with Katharine Howard and the trial of Seymour. Our choice of these in no wise suggests that they are only the highlights of the book, only that they were the most suitably detachable for magazine publication. The whole book is a highlight of consistent brilliance* —EDITOR.)

Falngtado, Falngtado, to wear the black and yellow—
Falngtado, Falngtado, my mates are gone . I'll follow.

Summer's Last Will and Testament

THE heavens seemed made of fire, as if the Judgment Day had come, or as if the martyrdoms of the future were prognosticated in the skies—a refulgence spreading like a sea, 'the terrible Red Sea of death,' of which Nicholas Sheterden, martyr, wrote to his wife before he was burned 'in the sight of God and his angels'; red and yellow flames of fire changed into seas and lakes of the damned, into the haloes, aureoles, glories of the blessed, or into petals, calyxes, fronds, and vast leaves of flames. These flared upon the horizon, sometimes with a ferine incendiarism, a glare like that of blood, sometimes breaking into a splendour like that of the martyrs' hearts, and of their cries in that death which was to lead to the eternal life—the dying words of John Lambert, 'None but Christ—none but Christ'—the cry of a Catholic saint as his heart was torn from his living breast—'What wilt thou do with mine heart, O Christ?'

Amid the fires of that winter sunset, on the 27th of January, 1536, the hollow sound of footsteps echoed through the upper storey of the Queen's apartments in Greenwich Palace. Dying away again, fading to join the dust in remote and unlivid-in rooms, the sound of that footfall would soon be forgotten in the high places. But now it came a little nearer to the life in the rooms below.

A young woman was walking downstairs. Slowly she came on the highest storey, turning her head, sometimes, in her ascent, as if some voice behind her were urging her on. This was her habit, that from time to time she would look behind her. Sometimes, as she passed a high window, the accusing light fell for a moment on her oval face, with its rather hollow chin, her high broad forehead, her great slanting black eyes, her black hair, and her long throat on which was a mole resembling a strawberry. This was kept hidden by a collar of great pearls, but from time to time she would pull aside the pearls with her left hand, on which was a rudimentary sixth finger. This was a sure sign of a witch, and at the sight of it, whispers arose. It was said that not Lord Wiltshire, but the Prince of the Powers of the Air, was the father of the new queen.

Step by step she came lower and lower, and with every few steps her aspect seemed to change, according to the direction from which those fires from the skies fell upon her. In the highest storey of all, with the small dazzling notes of an unreal world falling in showers, in a universal rain, upon her, she seemed a light being, a native of the summer. Then great anchors of darkness barred the way, lit by a flare, like that of lightning, and she became a creature of the chase, hunter or hunted, who, lost in the forest, had paused for a moment in the desperate flight or pursuit to listen from which quarter came the sound of the horn. A few steps more; and a barbarous fulgence fell upon her face, and one could see that she was a slave of torment—not a woman at all; but an infernal region, Pandemonium of the Princes of Darkness and all the Powers and Principalities of the Air. Then the darkness of the descent, arising from a Stygian blackness to an umbrageousness like that cast by the boughs of a forest, shrouded her once more, and again the huge fires of the skies, falling through the windows, flaring down on her dress of damned-colour, outlining her body for a moment, made her seem a creature of doom.

We see her now, as she pauses for an instant on a stair, with the flares casting a light of damnation on her face. So it was at Eustachio Chapuys, the Emperor's Ambassador, saw

Anne Boleyn, the Concubine, the pretender Queen. But that face with the light upon it was not the face that her brother, her mother, and her friends to whom she was so faithful, knew

Is it indeed she, or a creature born of the imagination, that we see, as she turns her head to look behind her?

Great were the changes that the light wrought on this summer being. Yet the extraordinary sense of will-power, of the will to live and to conquer, were such that it seemed as if they must stain the air through which she passed, leaving upon it some colour of summer and its wilfulness, impressing upon the air, for ever, some memory of her being. Then again her face and throat would lie in the blackest shadow, and only her body would be seen—the body of a headless Queen; and you would know that this, too, would soon be enveloped by the waiting darkness, and that all her thoughts and hopes and all that summer existence would soon be forgotten.

She went on her downward way, and as she passed, cold airs drifting through windows, from under the doors of deserted rooms—little rustling airs and the dry whisper of winter leaves blown across a floor, sounded like far-off rumours that would soon come nearer, thickening as they approached, and dry as the dust that would soon engulf her

Those sounds were almost articulate as they gathered force: 'The true Queen had died of a broken heart' 'The Messenger of the King held to her lips a cup' 'She drank her death from a cup of gold.' 'The drink was dark, and it was deep.' 'Slow was the venom, and insidious.' 'Some say that the death sank from her throat to her heart' 'The poison was sent from Italy by the agent Sir Gregorio da Casale, and was brought to England by his cousin Gurone.' 'They have given Casale a pension of eight ducats a day, as payment for his part in the work.'

Hen-voices clacking, feathered voices clucking, adder-voices shrilling and hissing. So sounded the winter airs and the fallen leaves. It is impossible at this time to say how much of truth, how much of falsehood, those voices, those airs, were bringing. The rumours spread over the countryside, for Anne Boleyn was hated and, because of her, the King. The guilty pair was even blamed for the weather. Edmund Brock,

husbandman, eighty years of age, walking home in the rain in August, 1535, at Crowle, in Worcestershire, had said to Margaret Higons—‘It is ’long of the King that this weather is so troublous and unstable, and I wene that we shall never have better weather whiles the King reigneth, and therefore it makes no matter if he were knocked or patted on the head’—That remark was to bring Mr. Brock to a death for treason. But still the rumours grew.

Anne Boleyn, walking down the long stairway till she came to a closed door, opened it, and disappeared into the room beyond, heedless of rumours or of warning. She had triumphed. The repudiated wife, the rival Queen, had gone. No longer would the memory of those eyes, flat, black, blaring, yet silent, and always opened too wide, as if, should she shut them, they would remain closed for all time, follow, with that inexpressive gaze, that yet held a continual mockery, the new Queen in her triumph. Katherine the Queen was dead, and those eyes were closed for ever. She who had been hunted by the Furies silently, across the plain of the years, in the heat of the sun, wasted by the fires in her own nature, clasping her faith to her breast, using her patience and her virtue as deadly weapons, now lay on her bier like a dwindled figure of wax that had lain too long exposed to the heat of the sun.

Yet the triumph of Anne was mixed with a fear—so overwhelming that at times, when she was conscious of it—for it was not always there, it came and went like the illness which had destroyed the Queen—Anne would turn cold as if she were already dead. What would be her own fate, if this second child she was about to bear was not a son? . . . Then she would remember that the Queen was gone, and could trouble her no more. And with that thought, the chill would pass.

The death of the Queen, delayed, it was thought by many, through fear of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, her nephew, had not been undesired, even by those who pretended to be her protectors. Charles, ‘void of all excess, either of virtue or vice, as brave as a prince ought to be, but not as pious as a man should be,’ protected her through pride. But the Pope had told Stephen Gardiner, the future Bishop of Winchester, that ‘it would be for the wealth of Christendom if the Queen

were in her grave'—saying also that 'he thought like as the Emperor had destroyed the temporalities of the Church, so should she be the destruction of the spiritualities' ¹

With every day that the life of this saintly yet narrow woman continued, that life was a menace to the peace of England. Henry had put her aside mainly in order that he might have a male heir to the throne. Katherine resisted with all the means in her power, and although she told Chapuys that she did not ask His Holiness for war, and would rather die than be the cause of it, the conspiracies of the nobles in favour of her and of her daughter, her fears, her prayers to be rescued from the dangers that she believed threatened her, brought the peril of war nearer.

For three years before that time, her fears had increased steadily. Chapuys was warned by some unknown person ² 'to send word to the Queen as soon as possible that she ought to have her chamber well locked from night till early morning, and carefully examined that none was hidden there, for there was a danger that they should play some trick upon her, either an injury to her person, or an accusation of adultery, or a charge of plotting to go to Scotland or Wales and raise an insurrection'

The Queen feared that her death would follow, and with equal tortures, the martyrdom of those gentle saints the Monks of the Charterhouse, whose hearts were torn from their bodies because they defied Henry's will in refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Anne and her offspring, as Queen and heir to the throne, and to Henry as Supreme Head of the Church.

But martyrdom was not the only fate that the Queen believed threatened her.

Nothing seemed to her safe. Even when the King and Secretary Cromwell showed her an apparent amiability, she feared that this hid some new danger. She told the Emperor, 'I cannot forbear to tell you that I am as Job, waiting for the day when I must sue for alms for the love of God'

For the King was often slow in paying the moneys due to her.

Yet Henry's generosities were great, and the Privy Purse

¹ Gardiner to the King, Burnet's *Collectanea*

² Letter from Chapuys to the Emperor Charles V, 27th December, 1535.

expenses record sums of money paid to 'An old Poor Man, that laboured to obtain a bill to be signed', to 'a footman to relieve him in his sickness', 'to little Gwilliam, because he was sick in London', 'to a blind man being a harper', 'to a frantick man', 'to a poor woman labouring to obtain her husband's freedom and hers in London'.¹

'These gifts,' wrote the editor of the *Privy Accounts*, 'could only have emanated from momentary motions of benevolence, and they prove that, like even greater monsters, Henry's heart was not entirely shut to the wants and sufferings of his fellow creatures.'

To Katherine's they were shut, for the moment, because she had opposed that princely will, and because it was no question of generosity, but of giving her what was rightfully hers.

Under this rain of complaints, Chapuys urged the Emperor to consider invading England, to avenge 'the enormous injury done to your Aunt. The enterprise,' he wrote, 'would be most justifiable to obviate the scandal which will arise from the divorce, and likewise to prevent the kingdom from alienating itself entirely from the Holy Father.' This was in 1533

Everywhere the country was ripe for rebellion. Bishop Fisher had urged the Emperor to invade England, seconded in this advice by the young Marquis of Exeter. The discontented among the lords were listening to the half-fraudulent, half-mad, falsely-illuminated Nun of Kent, Elizabeth Barton, as she prophesied death to the King and woe to his new marriage. It was said everywhere that the King, by his sins, had forfeited the crown and that his death, either by visitation of God or by visitation of man, was imminent. Was there not a northern prophecy that 'the decorate Rose should be slain in his mother's belly' . . . and did this not mean, as certain of the friars believed, that the King would die by the hands of priests? . . .

Such were the conditions in England when, in December, 1533, three months after the birth of Elizabeth, Chapuys assured the Emperor that people would be glad to see the Emperor's fleet, and that many declared he had a better title to be King of England than the monarch who reigned.

¹ *Privy Accounts: Henry VIII.*

'If you do not claim the title,' he continued, 'they' (certain discontented nobles) 'think that forbidding intercourse with Flanders is the best course. The King is very much afraid of that, knowing he could not prevent a mutiny unless he were willing for some time to subsidize those who live by making cloth, who are considerably more than half the people of England; and this he could not do without double the money he has. Though this would make him popular, I think the sin into which he has fallen will not allow him to do it, or anything else that he ought to do.'

The King's gigantic strength of will and of nature prevented the dangers of war and of rebellion from becoming facts. But they increased as time went on, and at last were only averted by the death of the Queen.

Chief Secretary Cromwell began to throw out hints about the benefits that would arise from the deaths of the Queen and the Princess. These were countered by veiled threats from the Emperor's Ambassador as to what might happen should those deaths occur.

On the 30th of June, 1535, he told the Emperor that Cromwell had said, 'If God had taken to himself the Queen and the Princess, the whole dispute' (between the King and the Pope) 'would have been ended, and no one would have doubted or opposed the King's second marriage, or disputed the Succession, unless it were the King of Scotland, of whom he made no great account.'

The Ambassador's reply had a sinister tone. In a gentle voice he said he thought there were others who might make claims . . . oh, not the Emperor! His Imperial Majesty was not so ambitious. But what would happen were the Pope to fulminate censures and invoke the aid of the secular arm to deprive the King of his titles and deliver his kingdom to whoever might take possession of it? Would not this be the most Catholic title any prince could have?

Cromwell was silent for a moment. Then he replied that the Emperor was bound by so many treaties to King Henry that he would not imagine that they could be broken.

But his voice had a hollow sound.

The death of an old, unwanted woman . . . so small a flame to be extinguished. . . .

And the choice lay between that or rebellion. . . .

Cromwell asked himself if Chapuys really believed he knew nothing of what was going on—was ignorant of Chapuy's secret conversations with the malcontent lords—his ponderings as to whether it would be better to marry the Princess to the King of Scotland and dethrone her father that they might take his place, to marry her to some great English noble and raise an internal rebellion, or to do as Katherine suggested, choose Reginald Pole, grandson of the Duke of Clarence, as Mary's husband, since he already had claims to the throne.

The veiled threats against the life of Katherine continued.

Three years before the death of the Queen, Gregorio da Casale, the agent sent by Henry to the Pope, whispered to Chapuys that the King had grave doubts if Katherine, who had been his Queen, would live long. She had a dropsy, he said.

The Ambassador replied sternly that the Queen had never suffered from dropsy. But he knew, or thought that he knew, the meaning that lay behind the rumour. This illness was to be induced in her by artificial means, or she would die by some subtle poison which would produce the symptoms of dropsy. Anne, the supplanter-Queen, had laid her plans, as she believed, in secrecy. But Dr. Ortiz warned the Emperor two days after the birth of Elizabeth (9th September, 1533) that he had been told in Rome by the auditor Simonetti that Anne purposed the Queen's death and that she had become openly threatening. In the summer of 1534, a conversation was overheard between the witch-Queen and her brother Lord Rochford in which she said that when the King was in France and she was his Regent, she would have Mary executed for disobedience. Rochford warned her of the King's rage, but she replied, violently, that she would do it even if she were burned or skinned alive as a punishment.

Later, Dr. Ortiz, visiting England in the Imperial service, told his master (22nd November, 1535) that 'La Mancheba' (Anne) had often said of Mary, 'She is my death and I am

hers, so I will take good care that she shall not laugh at me after my death.'

By this time, the threats, from being veiled, had suddenly become open and immediate: the danger was very close.

On the 6th of November, the Marchioness of Exeter, a devoted adherent of the Queen, warned Chapuys that the King had lately told his most trusted councillors that he would no longer remain in this trouble, fear, and suspicion on account of the Queen and Princess. This he swore with great oaths.

A fortnight later, according to the same informant, Henry swore that he would contrive that Mary should need neither New Year's gifts nor company. She should be made an example to all that no one could disobey the law with impunity.

But the King's councillors heard these threats with fear. They knew a Bill of Attainder against the Queen and Princess would be followed instantly by an uprising backed by the power of the Emperor. Not only would the King be in danger; but also the properties and lives of those who were his Ministers.

The King's threat was uttered in November . . . and was listened to in silence by the Council. Four weeks later the illness of the Queen began.

Was that illness encompassed, or did she die, as modern authorities have thought, of melanotic sarcoma, the cancer of the heart? At the time of her death, the rumour spread over Europe that she was poisoned. The Emperor believed it, Chapuys was convinced of it; and at the trial of Anne Boleyn, a scapegoat having been found, this charge was brought against her.

The Imperial Ambassador told his master, when he heard of the Queen's death, 'Should they open her, the traces will be seen . . .'

Katherine died, at two o'clock in the afternoon, of that mysterious illness that came, and went for a little, leaving a shadow upon her face, leaving the waxen figure a little more shrunken, more twisted, and then returned again, and remained, and would not go until the being it haunted lay dead.

'January the 7th,' wrote Sir Edward Bedinfield, Keeper

of the house where the Queen passed her nun-like existence, 'about ten o'clock the lady dowager was aneiled with the holy ointment; master chamberlain and I being called to the same, and before two in the afternoon she departed to God. I beseech you that the King may be advised of the same.'

It was a cold day in January, but the keepers of the house where she lay decided that the woman who had died at two o'clock must be embalmed the same night, by the house-chandler, and enclosed in lead, far from the eyes of men—'the which,' he wrote to Secretary Cromwell, 'must soon be done, for the work will not tarry.'

Why would the work not tarry, on this cold day of January? The silent creature to whom that note was written may have known of a reason. It is not only the heat of the sun that brings corruption.

The work must be done quickly, as if the fires of the sun that flare over the dead woman's native Granada, were at their height. So at ten o'clock that night, the dead Queen's confessor, Juan de Atequa, the old Spanish Bishop of Llandoff, her doctor Miguel de la Sà, and her apothecary de Soto, were told they must quit the room where she lay, leaving the chandler of the house and his two assistants alone with the body.

Surrounded by the yellow flares of great candles, the waxen figure that had been wasted by fires lay on her bier, under a black-velvet pall embossed with a large silver cross and the royal escutcheon of Spain.

In the yellow flickering light of the candles, the shadows of the three men who must leave their Queen on her death-bed, were thrown upon the wall—black shadows with exaggeratedly long noses like those of Punchinello. One shadow stooped a little, as if it had been eavesdropping. Dr. de la Sà, for months past, had seemed to be listening—in the house, in the gardens—for something unheard by the rest of the world. He seemed always, now, to be about to tell a secret, bending towards his companions, warningly, as if to enjoin them to silence. . . . He, the Queen's confessor and the apothecary, left the room.

In the early morning, finding those faithful servants of the dead woman waiting, alone, in the anteroom, the chandler and

his two assistants told them, in a fearful undertone (as though the words they said, if repeated, would cost them their lives), that at first they had thought the body of the dead Queen was quite sound. Then they saw the heart, which lay exposed in the opened breast. That heart, exposed to their eyes and to the light of the candles, was entirely black and hideous to the sight.

They stood staring at it for a moment, in silence. Then they washed the heart, strongly, in water that they changed three times. But that frightful blackness did not alter. Seeing this, the chandler clove the heart in two, and found its innermost depths were of the same blackness that no water could wash away.

This was the secret that they whispered to the Queen's devoted servants. Then, looking at them with terror, the chandler and his assistants told them they had found a black thing, clinging to the core of the heart with such force that it could not be dislodged.

That black heart and the body it had consumed as a fire melts wax, were shut away in a covering of lead before the light of day could witness the fate that had befallen them.

Next day, came the mourners who were to watch beside the body and follow in the funeral procession—the young Duchess of Suffolk, the Countess of Worcester, the young Countess of Bedford, and a number of other ladies. The Queen lay, night after night, amid the banners proclaiming her great lineage—the houses of Aragon, Castile, Sicily, Naples, Portugal, the Empire, and with these, the banners of Lancaster, of England, four great standards of gold, on one of which was painted the Trinity, on another Our Lady, on the third St. Katherine, and on the fourth St. George—little pennons on which were portrayed the device of King Ferdinand, father of the deceased, and the device of the dead Queen, with other banners bearing the painted emblems of the bundle of arrows, the pomegranate, the lion, the greyhound. And round the chapel were painted in letters of gold the words 'Humble et Loyal'.

On the night when the funeral procession arrived at Peterborough Cathedral, a dirge was sung. Next morning the three funeral masses were celebrated, and the nine chief mourners

made offerings of cloth of gold. But the dead woman went to her grave under the title, not of Queen, but of Princess Dowager. Therefore her old and faithful friend the Imperial Ambassador did not attend the funeral of 'her who for twenty-seven years has been true Queen of England, whose holy soul, as every one must believe, is in eternal rest, after worldly misery borne by her with such patience that there is little need to pray for her.'

The fires in her heart were gone. But they had faded slowly. And sometimes, as though the heat of those fires had melted the heart itself into rain, that could only find release in weeping, the stones on which she knelt in prayer were wet with her tears. As she lay dying, she who had said 'it were better to be judged in Hell, for no truth can be suffered here, whereas the devils themselves I suppose do tremble to see the truth in this cause so far offended', sent to her husband a letter which her own hand was too weak to write:

'My lord and dear husband.—I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me with a few words to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before any consideration of the world or flesh whatsoever, for which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all: yes, I do wish and dearly pray God that he will also pardon you. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I have hitherto desired. I entreat you also on behalf of my maids, to give them their marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants, I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things.

'Farewell.'

Perhaps as she lay dying, Katherine saw the only man she had loved as he was in his youth. But he was changed, to her, and to all men: the prince with the face of an angel who had fallen under the spell of his own princely will.

Wolsey, who understood Henry better than any of his other Ministers, said, on his death-bed, 'He is sure a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put

the loss of one half of his realm in danger. For I assure you that I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite; but I could never bring it to pass to dissuade him therefrom. . . . Therefore . . . I warn you to be well advised and assured what matter ye put into his head, for ye shall never put it out again.'

With Katherine's death, an obstacle in the path of that princely will had been removed.

Therefore, in answer to that letter from the tomb, the Court rang with the noise of balls and feasts. The King exclaimed, 'God be praised that we are free from all danger of war' And the father and brother of Anne, openly exulting, declared that the only thing they regretted was that the Lady Mary was not keeping her mother company.

The King and his new Queen both wore yellow for mourning.

The day after the death was a Sunday, and the usurper-Queen's child was carried, with great pomp, to Mass, preceded by trumpets and followed by a train of servants. In the afternoon there was a Court ball, and the husband of the dead woman, 'clad all in yellow from top to toe, excepting for the white feather he had in his bonnet,' entered the room where the ladies were dancing and there did several things like as one transported with joy. At last he sent for his little Bastard, and carrying her in his arms, he showed her first to one and then to another.¹

Watching the little child, leaping up and down in her father's arms, where the great fires lit the winter dusk, who could imagine this being as she would be in sixty-five years' time—the old sandalwood body smelling of death, the beautiful hands that were like long leaves, grown a little dry from age, so that the lines on the palms were like those on a map? Then, too, she would leap into the air like a thin flame—like the flames she saw as she was about to die. ('I saw one night,' she told one of her ladies, 'my body exceeding lean and fearful in a light of fire.')

In those last days of her life she danced to the sound of

¹ Chapuys to the Emperor.

a pipe and a drum, alone, in a small room, excepting for the musicians and her faithful friend and lady-in-waiting Lady Warwick. She danced as she did everything, to fight the shadow of death. When she could no longer dance, she would sit and watch the maids of honour dancing—to the sound of the Dargason or Sedany, Flaunting Two (a country dance), Mopsy's Tune, Turkeyloney, Frisks, the Bishop of Chester's Jig, the Spanish Lady, Farnaby's Woodycock, Nobody's Jig, Dusty, my Dear—and perhaps the wonderful *Lachrymae Pavaues* of Dowland, published in 1605, three years after her death, with a number of other Pavaues, Galliards, and Almands, in a book with the title *Lachrimae, or Seaven Teares, figured in Seven Passionate Pavaues*—the last words being

Happy, happy they that in Hell feel not the world's despite.

But now she, a little child, who knew nothing of that despite, is singing in imitation of the music.

Yet even now she was the heroine of a triumph brought about by death—that of her mother's rival. To her mother, and to many others, her birth had been like the birth of Fate. The fires and the rivers of blood of the martyrdoms, the death of the old order, heralded her coming, and, from her first cry, Death followed her everywhere. Sometimes it would seem only a shadow in the heat of the day. She would be playing, perhaps—and there would be Death, waiting quietly. Or Death's voice would sound through the lips of people she knew, or, still more, through their silence. Soon, when she was old enough to speak, she would ask, 'Has the Queen my mother gone away?' But that would not be yet, for there were still four months between this time and the day of her mother's beheading—and then Elizabeth would not be three years old. 'Where is she? at Hampton Court?' . . . Silence. Then Death would come again. Her stepmother, Queen Jane, would vanish, and could not be found in the great staterooms or in the unoccupied rooms of the Palace. 'The Queen's grace is dead.' 'Why did she die?' She died when the Prince's grace was born.' Then that later stepmother, the lewd, sly, pitiable little ghost Catherine Howard, who came back to haunt the King from the tomb of her cousin, Elizabeth's mother—she too would vanish. 'Why has she gone away?' 'The King's grace

was angered against her. She is dead.' 'Dead?' 'Yes, the King's grace has had her put to death because she was wicked.'

Thus the word Death echoed through the Palace.

The various fates of these three women were to alter the whole of Elizabeth's life, coming, as they did, at the most impressionable ages of her childhood; they were to affect her sexually, laying the chill of death on her hot blood, in the midst of passion; they were to instil moments of cold fear into the veins of this lion-brave creature. But that was to come: now Elizabeth is a little child, clapping her hands at the sound of the trumpets and the triumph, and because she saw everyone laughing.

The balls, the joustings, continued.

But on the 24th of the month, the King fell from his horse. . . . He was unhurt, but the fall seemed to him a warning—perhaps of the wrath to come. The gaiety, the rejoicings stopped. Darkness fell. But not before Henry had instructed his Ambassador in France to point out to Francis I that, Katherine being dead, there was no longer any need for the King of England to fear the hostility of the Emperor. The French King might find himself forestalled, if he did not immediately accept the proposals of the King of England—and by the Emperor Charles, the nephew of the dead woman, whose complaints could no longer disturb the peace of Europe.

(to be continued)

TWO POEMS

DYLAN THOMAS

THIS SIDE OF THE TRUTH

(for *Llewelyn*)

This side of the truth
You may not see, my son,
King of your blue eyes
In the blinding country of youth,
That all is undone,
Under the unminding skies,
Of innocence and guilt
Before you move to make
One gesture of the heart or head,
Is gathered and spilt
Into the winding dark
Like the dust of the dead.

Good and bad, two ways
Of moving about your death
By the grinding sea,
King of your heart in the blind days,
Blow away like breath,
Go crying through you and me
And the souls of all men
Into the innocent
Dark, and the guilty dark, and good
Death, and bad death, and then
In the last element
Fly like the stars' blood,

Like the sun's tears,
Like the moon's seed, rubbish
And fire, the flying rant

Of the sky, king of your six years.
 And the wicked wish
 Down the beginning of plants
 And animals and birds,
 Water and light, the earth and sky,
 Is cast before you move,
 And all your deeds and words,
 Each truth, each lie,
 Die in unjudging love.

THE CONVERSATION OF PRAYERS

The conversation of prayers about to be said
 By the child going to bed and the man on the stairs
 Who climbs to his dying love in her high room,
 The one not caring to whom in his sleep he will move
 And the other full of tears that she will be dead,

Turns in the dark on the sound they know will arise
 Into the answering skies from the green ground,
 From the man on the stairs and the child by his bed.
 The sound about to be said in the two prayers
 For the sleep in a safe land and the love who dies

Will be the same grief flying. Who shall they calm?
 Shall the child sleep unharmed or the man be crying?
 The conversation of prayers about to be said
 Turns on the quick and the dead, and the man on the stairs
 To night shall find no dying but alive and warm

In the fire of his care his love in the high room
 And the child not caring to whom he climbs his prayer
 Shall drown in a grief as deep as his true grave,
 And mark the dark eyed wave, through the eyes of sleep,
 Dragging him up the stairs to one who lies dead.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

HOWARD CLEWES

SHE sat on the arm of the chair under the light and turned over a domino where it lay face downwards among the others, and then another, absently, and waited. It was very quiet; in a moment she found herself breathing through parted lips lest the breath were audible. The table was cold under her hand.

'What are you doing here in this place?' he had asked her. He was not looking at her now, and she was able to study his face. It had changed very little, the lines were slightly deeper; the humour in the eyes—not so humorous, she remembered, as derisive—had gone.

'I didn't know you were here,' she had said. 'I never expected to see you again, Philip.'

'You're too beautiful for this place,' he said, 'you throw it out of key.'

She had said she was sorry and they had been unable to find another place to sleep that night, and if she had known he was in the hotel she would sooner have slept on the quayside than trouble him.

'What are you doing here, anyway?'

'Touring,' she said.

'Still?'

'Yes, still touring, Philip,' she said defiantly.

'You have been, ever since . . .'

She interrupted. 'Yes.'

'Never any success?'

'No,' she said.

'So it was all for nothing, Paula.'

She said it would be better if he could suppress the quality of triumph in his voice.

'What you threw away then,' he said, 'wasn't all yours. Some of it was mine. I have an interest in your career, Paula, by virtue of what I gave up for it; ostensibly. Your career becomes national property, almost, a sort of communal affair.'

Many men have been sacrificed on that altar. We don't like to think it was all in vain '

'You've been waiting a long time to say that.'

'Repertory,' he said ; 'dear God '

'Do stop it now.'

'Haven't you ever regretted it?'

She said, 'Of course.'

'And your father? How is he?'

She had been expecting that 'I'm still with him.'

The rain tapped insistently at the windows and now and then a drop found its way down the chimney and fell into the fire where it hissed momentarily

'Please don't be angry,' she said

'When you left me, you were going to leave him also, weren't you?'

She whispered, 'Yes, Philip '

'But you didn't '

'I can't do it. I can't leave him without any reason. He never gives me a reason '

'That's a little lame, Paula.'

'He's outside now, in the hall '

They could hear his voice calling, and then the voice of Bullivant, the publican, answering, 'For God's sake, what is it you want at this hour of the night?' querulously. He was leaning over the banisters at the head of the stairs with the light behind him, so that his face was in the shadow looking down into the hall where Timothy Rhodes, the girl's father, was shaking the rain off his coat. 'Who are you? What is it you want?' Without his teeth, the man's voice was thick and liquid.

'I want accommodation for my daughter and myself.'

'You're a damned nuisance, sir.' He came down the stairs scratching his bald head, and when he came into the light in the hall, Timothy Rhodes said:

'You remind me of somebody I used to know.' But the remark did not carry conviction; you felt he had said the same thing before, frequently.

When he had signed the register, Timothy Rhodes went into the room where the girl awaited him, and the silence

there was suddenly oppressive. He looked from the girl motionless under the light to the officer in the chair at the fireside, neither of them speaking nor apparently having spoken, yet both aware and on edge, each over-unconscious of the other, and he felt empty again in his taut belly, as indeed he always felt when he suspected her of thoughts and activities of which he was ignorant, more especially when there was a man in the room. At one time he had taken to listening at half-open doors when she was with other people, ashamed and yet unable to stop himself, finding self-forgiveness in self-pity, in his love for her and his relentless absorption in her career to which all personal interests, as he often told himself and sometimes her, must be subordinated, even, he would add, smiling, those of her father.

'Come along, my dear,' he said, 'I have arranged everything.' He looked at Philip Wilson, but the soldier was staring at the fire. 'Are you billeted here?'

'Yes.'

He turned to his daughter. 'Come along, Paula, you've a long rehearsal to-morrow.'

'Coming, coming,' she said.

Timothy Rhodes went out.

She said to Philip Wilson, 'The way I feel isn't any different, Philip.'

He said, 'All right. We're not going to start again. Shut up, please. Please shut up.'

She went out and up the stairs to the landing where her father was waiting.

'What did that officer say to you?'

'Nothing.'

'Come, child, you were with him for fifteen minutes.'

'He said nothing, father.'

When Timothy Rhodes went into the dining-room the next morning, there was a small old man sitting alone at the table near the fire; there was dust on the lenses of his glasses and in the wrinkles of his coat, and you would have thought on his face also, for it was grey and brittle with age, like worn china.

'You remind me of someone I used to know.' Timothy

Rhodes said. He went to the window and stared out across the river

'An old friend?' the old man said.

'Enemy. An old enemy.' The question irritated him.

'My name is Pettigrew,' the old man said 'I don't really think we've met before, have we?' He peered at Timothy's back. 'I don't usually forget'

'Just a resemblance Nineteen years it is now, since I saw him. Long time. A long time,' he said absently, watching the barge that drifted past in the mist, 'to look for anybody.' He turned now. 'Is there no service in this place?'

'You have to ring.'

When he had ordered his breakfast and breakfast for Paula Rhodes also, he sat down at the table opposite Pettigrew.

'What was his line?' Pettigrew said.

'Line? What line?'

'The line of the gentleman you've been seeking, sir.'

He strove to focus his wits, but it was not easy; he had scarcely slept again. For hours he had lain awake thinking about the girl and George Anderson and the officer and one thing or another, and he was worn and felt himself harried and petulant. 'I don't know what he's doing now,' he said, 'he used to be a funny man in a pierrot party.'

'Where is he now?'

'For God's sake, I've just said I've been looking for him for twenty years'

'Nineteen.'

'Very well, nineteen.'

'I just thought I might be of service. I meet a great many people in the course of business.' He coughed tenuously and dusted his waistcoat. 'What was his name?'

'George Anderson. You don't know him. He's dead, years ago.'

'Anderson. Let me see.' Pettigrew peered at the ceiling. 'Anderson, Anderson.'

Soon now, oh surely soon, she must enter looking, as he knew she would look, strikingly like her mother; the likeness obsessed him; he hated it bitterly. But he would be glad to have her at his side. When she was alone you never knew

what she was up to, by herself, thinking. Maybe, he reflected, maybe he would have another little talk with her, it was a long time since he had had the last, and he had thought of much to say since then that was new, and better ways of saying that which he had said many times before. He toyed pleasantly with the gambit.

You would have loved your mother, Paula, he would say. She was such a family woman, such a family woman. She was fragile, like a Dresden shepherdess, you understand, but full of fire. She burned herself out, I sometimes think. But what a mania it was! When she was dying, I well recall, she made me promise, promise faithfully, that I would never leave you, that I would look after you always. A wonderful wife, Paula, a wonderful family woman.

Pettigrew said, 'I know a gentleman called George Anderson.'

I have never betrayed that trust, have I, Paula? I have kept my promise to her truly, I think, I venture to think. She would have been so proud at your success, my dear. The pair of you, she would say. My family. Yes, we were a mania with her, Paula. Sometimes I think she went a shade beyond the pale in that respect.'

'What?' he said to the old man.

That was a long time ago, of course, when you were a slip of a girl with pigtailed. You know, my dear, I always rather feared middle age, dreaded it, but I was wrong, ridiculously wrong. It has something unique, something all its own. I mean the spectacle of one's child growing up. I used to think it was dangerous to live for one's child exclusively. Never heard such rubbish.

'What did you say?' he said.

'I said I knew a fellow called George Anderson.'

'Yes,' he murmured.

It is like watching a flower that you have watered and pruned and nursed into blossom. I am very proud of my flower, Paula. Certainly I criticize your work, all the time, but I would not be a man of the theatre if I didn't, and you're wonderfully good, really very good. You're almost a great actress, Paula. Oh, an occasional failure, everybody has

them, they do you good. Perhaps there is still a little something lacking, but it will come, don't worry, don't you worry. Trust your father, and work. Work. Nothing else matters, only that And, of course, single-mindedness. If only everything had gone exactly as I had planned. I had your career all mapped in detail, my dear child, in detail. Had it not been for that swine . . . but don't worry, don't worry; have patience, we shall destroy him and all his power.

He looked up slowly. 'What did you say?'

'I said I know George Anderson.'

'He's dead.' Timothy Rhodes said abruptly

'I met him last week, in Leeds.'

'He's dead.'

'Suddenly?'

'Years ago He died years ago' He felt his voice shaking and constricted the muscles in his throat.

'He was in excellent health last week, sir.'

'It's a common enough name.' He wondered suddenly why he should be defending himself.

'George Emmott Anderson.'

His lips were drying and there was a pulse in his ear; his eyes did not leave the old man's face.

'A little man,' the old man said, 'like me, but stout, with a bald head and hair growing thick on the neck. Looks rather like a country clergyman Soft toys, that's his line; not too sound . . . badly hit by the war.'

Timothy Rhodes said steadily, 'He died of bronchial pneumonia in 1928. I was in Malvern. He was always susceptible to colds.' He remembered George's colds, and his own stomach; the competition was lively and always a joke, though it was seldom funny.

'He drinks heavily,' Pettigrew said

'You're a damned old fool!' Timothy Rhodes shouted.

'There is no occasion for anger, sir. I am only trying to be helpful.'

'He's dead, I tell you.'

'Then why,' Pettigrew said softly, 'why are you still looking for him?'

'God knows. Habit . . .'

'Really, sir, if you were one of my customers,' the old man said, 'I believe I could sell you a thousand gross of my worst line by telling you that George Anderson was dead. Penholders, that would be, or herbal tea; I have two agencies, you know.'

Timothy Rhodes said, knowing the answer would tell him for certain what, unaccountably, he feared. 'He was in a pierrot party, funny man.'

'Yes, he told me, he tells everybody.'

And then Paula Rhodes came into the room and after a while the old man left them alone, and Timothy raised his head and looked at her to see if she had noticed anything unusual in his face. She did not look up; he detested her silence then as always. They were strangers and her thoughts were her own and secret, he never knew them.

In the boom years, Paula, the wide shining years that followed the last war . . . ah, those were the years. You were seven then, and wore your hair in pigtails and had a devilish talent for mimicry. Four shows a day we used to do from May to September, and rehearsals after the last house in the pavilion at the end of the pier, in our overcoats because it was so cold, shouting our lines above the noise the sea made in the girders beneath and the wind whining in the ventilators. We made money in those days, Paula; by God, we did; for you. For Lear and Hamlet and Juliet, and you. It was a long story, and a good one. He had told it many, many times. She would listen patiently and correct his telling of it from time to time, ironically, for she knew it now better than he did, and any deviation from the usual offended her a little. She did not stop him; it relieved the bitter ache in his heart to tell the story; you could not in cold blood deprive him of that small pleasure. A failure must have something more than bad luck to blame and he had George Anderson and why should she destroy his rod and his staff? Indeed, after so long, she herself shared to a certain extent her father's obsession; it had grown up with her and become a part of her also. She too hated the memory of George Anderson. Had she not good reason to do so? She had suffered for the man's wretched crime as well as her father. For, and the facts of it had already

the remoteness of history, when they had saved enough money, George Anderson and Timothy Rhodes were going to produce a play in London, and it was for that they worked, for years. They banked the money in a joint account and at the end of September in 1922, when they had sufficient, George Anderson withdrew the money, all of it (though that was not strictly accurate; he left four pounds seventeen and sixpence), and vanished. They never saw him again. Montague, who was the pianist of the party, said he always said George Anderson was a funny man.

In the evening when she came into the parlour, Philip Wilson was alone in the chair with the light shining on his face and on the edge of the table where the dominoes had been and in the dusty eyes of the antlered head above the door. She went to the fire and took off her gloves and spread her hands to the blaze, so that the shadows of her fingers fell across her face. She dropped on to her knees and turned her head and smiled faintly at him.

'I've been expecting you,' he said.

The bitterness had left his voice; she was very relieved; he had been suppressing it for a long time, she supposed, and now that he had released it, after all this time, he would feel better.

'How was the rehearsal?' he said.

'Dreadful. The whole day was dreadful.'

'What play are you doing?'

'You wouldn't know it,' she said, 'and I'd rather you didn't anyway. I like my integrity to look all right.'

In his room, Timothy Rhodes waited for her, and when she did not come he went down the stairs quietly and stood at the door of the room listening; he heard his daughter say:

'Philip, you're very dear to me. You always have been. None of that has changed.'

And then he opened the door and went in.

'Paula.' He had not meant to speak so sharply. He said again, controlling his voice, 'Paula, are you ready for dinner?'

'Yes.'

'Then let us go.'

'I need to wash,' she said.

'Do so then.'

She left the room. Timothy Rhodes stood stiffly before the fire, waiting; but the soldier did not speak. Then Pettigrew came into the room, there were drops of rain in the dust on his glasses, and he rubbed his hands together. He said at once to Timothy Rhodes:

'I have some good news for you, sir I met a colleague of mine to-day, coming in this direction. Guess who.'

But Timothy Rhodes turned on his heel and went quickly from the room. When Paula joined him in the dining-room, he told her:

'We shall leave this place soon and find accommodation in the city.'

She looked up.

'To-morrow,' he added

'Why, father?'

He flared up. 'You must let me make the decisions Paula,' he said. 'I've looked after you well enough for the last twenty-five years. You must regard me as your agent as well as your father. This place is awful, the rooms are awful, the food is awful And my stomach is troubling me again.'

She said in a moment, coolly, 'Father, are you afraid of the officer in the other room?'

He felt the colour rising to his taut grey cheeks. 'Who's he? Which officer?'

'Let's not pretend to one another.'

'Why should I be afraid of him?'

She said flatly, 'I might run away with him and leave you.'

'Paula,' he said, 'don't tell me you're starting with another man.'

'No,' she said, 'the same one, again.'

'I've told you a thousand times you've no time for emotional entanglements You have a career.'

'You know,' she said reflectively, 'that doesn't convince me any longer My talent leaves me cold.'

He laughed immoderately. 'Just you wait. It's only a question of time'

'I don't believe a word of it,' she said, 'not any more.'

'My dear child, you're letting things get you down. You'll be very glad of all this experience one day.'

'All my life, father,' she said, 'people have been telling me to think of the experience.'

'Yes, when I was your age, that's what they said to me too. Nevertheless, there's a grain of truth in it.'

They ate in silence for a few minutes.

'There's a man here,' Timothy Rhodes said at length, 'who says he knows George Anderson.'

It was a good line, and he spoke it well enough. She looked up suddenly, laying down her knife and fork. Then she said, 'Is that what you've been thinking about all day?'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'There are thousands of George Andersons.'

'What did he say, the man who told you?'

'Said he'd seen him recently.' He added, 'It's all nonsense, of course.'

'What did he mean, recently?' There was a quality of excitement in her voice that disturbed him.

'Paula, you don't surely believe it?'

'Don't you?' she said.

He laughed. 'I've waited too long to believe the first rumour I hear.'

'Where is he? George Anderson?'

'Lord, child, I don't know. Would I be here if I did?'

She looked at him steadily. 'Where would you be, then?'

'I'd be after the swine.' His voice rose. 'I'd be looking for him. A few minutes, just a few minutes, that's all I want.'

She watched him, affected again by the virulent hatred in his voice and feeling, as indeed she always felt, pity for him in her own heart. She opened her mouth to ask a question she had asked many times before. What would he do when he did in fact meet George Anderson again? But refrained; the cruelty of it was not tempered by the ghastly weakness of the reply: thrash him till he bled, thrash him with a stick till he screamed. But what else could he answer? Sometimes, himself aware of the pathos of the empty words, Timothy Rhodes would say, Kill him, kill the swine; and add, as an after-thought, With his bare hands. She shuddered momentarily.

'It would be wonderful,' she said.

'After thinking about it so long,' he said, 'it would be like coming out of prison or something'

'I know.' She felt immeasurably sorry for him.

After dinner he left her saying that he would return in a minute, and went into the hall, and there came face to face with George Anderson. With arms outstretched like that and bald head thrust forward in the act of taking off his coat, he looked like a great bird, a vulture, alighting; the little feathers on his neck bristled grotesquely. He went very white and still. Moisture came out on his head. But then he laughed, somewhat breathlessly, and let the coat slip from his shoulders to the floor, and stepped forward and reached down for Timothy's hand limp at his side and shook it with great violence, laughing all the time and showing the tip of his tongue. 'God bless my soul and body, Timothy Rhodes! Timothy Rhodes,' he said many times, and laughed more loudly and slapped Timothy on the back: 'Would you believe it, eh? Would you believe it?' And the feeling of guilt that Timothy Rhodes had then was overwhelming. He moistened his lips and prepared to speak, but no sound came out of his mouth, and his head nodded with the force with which George Anderson shook his hand.

He went up the stairs. He sat on the edge of the bed and lit a cigarette. He felt sick and wanted to vomit. Somewhere in the house water was running through a pipe. Then there was somebody coming up the stairs and along the corridor, and all his muscles constricted while he held his breath. But it was not her, not his daughter, and the footsteps went on past the door. In a few minutes he got up and left the room. He went down the passage to the closet where it was dark, and locked himself in.

'When are you going to leave him?' Philip Wilson asked her. She sat on the stool before the fire and he in the chair. She wanted to put her hand on his knee all the time they were there alone in the parlour, and thought about it so much that it became impossible to listen to him and at last impossible to do.

'Any time now.'

The uniform suited him, she thought.

'I can't do it easily,' she said. 'I'm not strong enough or cool enough or bitch enough.'

'You'd make me angry if it mattered a damn,' he said, and then, 'and supposing you do screw up your courage sufficiently, then what? When you are alone at last.'

'Then I'll have one more try, by myself.'

'And if you fail?'

'Heaven knows, Philip. I don't like to think about that.'

'But if you succeed, everything will be justified.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I wish you success, Paula.'

She was weeping now, soundlessly.

'You're so far away,' she said, 'so damned far away, Philip.' She put out her hand. 'I can't see you at all. You're not here. You're shadowy and lost somehow.'

'I'm right here.' He did not move.

She dried her eyes. 'I'm sorry,' she whispered, but the tears fell endlessly.

'Philip,' she began.

'Yes?' The gentleness in his voice now, suddenly, surprised her, and she looked up at his face.

'Philip,' and she could not stop now; the words tumbled from her mouth, 'would it really be crazy to try again?' She held her breath.

'Imbecile'

'Would it? Would it really? Do you think so, very firmly? To try and find something permanent, you and I? There's nothing permanent anywhere now, is there?'

'Nothing.'

'We could find something perhaps, couldn't we?'

'I doubt it,' he said.

'I haven't changed. Honestly. That's permanent.'

'Honestly?'

She winced a little at the irony; but it reassured her in a curious way. The tears stopped flowing at last. She wanted to put her hand on his knee and pat it, not knowing exactly why. They were silent for a long time.

'To-morrow morning,' he said at last, 'leave your

father Tell him. Tell him, Paula Tell him to fend for himself'

'I expect I look a sight' She blew her nose.

'D'you hear?' he said.

'Yes.'

'Then leave him.'

'Yes,' she said, 'very well.'

'Promise'

'I promise'

'To-morrow morning, angry or not'

'Yes,' she said, and then, 'at what time? At what time exactly shall I tell him?'

'At eight o'clock,' he said; 'd'you have to have a time like that?'

'Yes,' she whispered, 'yes, I do, Philip'

'All right, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Then we'll begin again and try and make something of it. We'll try again We're the damnedest fools I ever knew'

She put her hand on his knee.

When her father came into the dining-room the following morning she knew at once what was in his mind. It was then a few minutes before eight o'clock.

'You're very early, father,' she said

He answered briefly, 'Am I?'

'You look a little tired,' she told him His face was grey and drawn. It was going to be hard, she thought; oh, it was going to be terrible.

'I didn't sleep very well,' he said, 'did you?'

'Wonderfully.'

You lying harridan, he thought; you impudent lying cat. For he knew she had not returned to her room till nearly five o'clock in the morning. Her eyes shone despite the fatigue behind them, and she looked very pretty. He ground his teeth and pushed away the plate the old waiter set before him, sickened in his belly. The waiter hovered like death He was so old he smelled of death. Timothy Rhodes hated the waiter viciously.

He heard me come in, the girl thought to herself, he was

lying awake waiting. She accepted it, wishing it might arouse her anger that he had been lying awake waiting, so that it would be easier to tell him what she had to tell him soon now; she looked at her watch; in three minutes.

'To-day we shall look for accommodation in the city,' he said, 'for both of us.'

For one only, she might reply; for yourself only, father; it would really be very easy. But it was not yet eight o'clock, she had still two minutes, at least. 'It's very quiet here,' she said. 'There's the river.'

'I understand.'

She stiffened. 'What do you understand?' she said, quietly.

'It's a pleasant little place. Travelling about doesn't worry you, you're young, you know.'

'Is that what you meant?'

He was surprised 'Of course. What else should I mean?'

'That I wasn't in my room last night,' she said.

But he smiled and said, 'My dear girl, that's entirely your own affair.'

She heard a clock somewhere striking the hour. He was still smiling. She had an absurd desire to scream or get up from the table and simply go and not return. But the door opened and Philip Wilson entered. There was mud on his boots, and he had cut himself, she noticed, shaving. He came to the table where she sat with her father and leaned over it, resting his hands on the white cloth.

He addressed Timothy Rhodes 'Sorry to butt in,' he said. 'I don't know what you're talking about, so what I have to say may or may not be irrelevant.' He paused and glanced at the girl. 'Paula is leaving you, Mr. Rhodes. She's leaving you, to-day. I mean, she's going to fend for herself. I think that's all. Excuse me.' He smiled at her. 'Sorry to crash in like this.'

Then he was gone. The fire fell in and blazed suddenly, and the waiter shuffled across the room to prod it with the poker. They did not look at one another, the girl and her father. She thought, I'll never forgive him, never. He never gave me a chance. I'll never forgive him for that. I was going to tell it myself. I promised I would. I would have done it, I would,

I would. It was only just eight, barely. The clock was striking.

'Damned insolence,' Timothy Rhodes said abruptly.

She did not speak.

He looked at her. 'Is it true, Paula?'

'Yes,' she said

'Cripes.' He looked blank. The expression struck her as comic, and she giggled. Cripes indeed! Cripes!

'I'm sorry,' she said.

'Yes.'

'I was going to tell you myself.'

'Yes,' he said.

'Anna can take over my part. She'll love it.'

'Yes, she's really quite good, quite good.'

'I'm going to try alone,' she said.

'Yes'

She said, 'Please try and think of something else to say, father, other than just yes.'

'I'm sorry you're going,' he said.

She got up and went out quickly.

He was still there at the table with his head in his hands when George Anderson came in for breakfast a long time later. The waiter had got tired of waiting, and gone into the kitchen. George Anderson hesitated when he saw Timothy; then he came forward and greeted him cordially. Timothy looked up, thinking, You bastard, in his mind; you began this, twenty years ago. What my daughter has just done to me, you began when we played together on Clacton pier and Frinton beach and a thousand dusty winter gardens where nothing grew except the little germ in your mind: that's when you began it. You knew, you knew all right, didn't you? And then at Cromer in 1922, on the twenty-third of August you were late for the rise at the last house but we started without you. Old George always turns up, we said. And in any case it didn't really matter, because we were all but ready. We had all the money we needed, hadn't we? But you didn't turn up, did you? I never saw you again, till last night. By God, how we hunted for you, George; thought you'd been run over or something. No. I had no occasion to go to the

bank for several days. They told me then. Four pounds seventeen and sixpence: that was a nice touch, George. You always had a sense of humour. Where did you go? America? The south of France? Italy? Did you have a good time with it? How long did it last? Tell me how long it lasted, just for curiosity. Well, never mind. You look much the same, George. Your hair is gone altogether now, but then you never had very much, had you? I still have most of mine . . . see? Grey, but still quite thick. I suppose I'm what you'd call a well-preserved fifty-four. I have a terrible job keeping my stomach in, you know, and my dysentery still bothers me. Apart from that and occasional worries about my daughter—you remember her, a funny kid with pigtails—life has treated me pretty well, on the whole, I suppose. Can't grumble. One does, of course, but one shouldn't.

George Anderson sipped his tea in silence. He watched the man opposite him

'No ill-will, Tim, I hope?' he said at last. 'No hard feelings?'

'All there is in the world, George,' he answered wearily, 'but not enough, not quite enough.'

'I always felt bad about it.'

'Yes'

'I did, Tim'

In a few minutes Timothy Rhodes got to his feet stiffly. He went to the fireplace and picked up the poker that lay in the hearth, a heavy brass weapon whose handle fitted sweetly into the palm of his hand. He weighed it and arranged his grip. Then he stood behind George Anderson, who had not followed his movements, and raised the poker so that the blade hung over the shining bald head. Then he lifted it high over his shoulder.

'Your tea's getting cold, Timothy,' said George Anderson, not even turning his head.

He dropped the poker back in the hearth, and went to the door. He opened it and turned there.

'I was just seeing what it would feel like. I could have done it, you know'

'You couldn't,' George Anderson said, his eyes twinkling 'You couldn't.'

He did not see George Anderson again till the evening of that day, in the bar. He was very lonely. All day he had been alone, though Paula had not left. He was thinking, standing with his back to the fire and the glass in his hand. Maybe I will see George to-night. George would understand the way he felt about Paula, if nothing else. After all they had known one another a long time, when you came to think of it. That was a thing you had to accept. A fact was a fact. And when George came in smiling affably, he felt a measure of the loneliness ebbing out of his heart.

'Hello, Tim,' George Anderson said, 'what's the matter?'

'Nothing,' He winced inwardly. No, the man's manner was too friendly by half, too damned familiar for words. Anybody would think from George Anderson's manner that nothing had ever happened between them, and everything was as it had been twenty years before. That, he decided, was the trouble with George. He was always so damned insensitive to others. Take this moment, for example; now when Timothy was prepared to forgive or, if George showed only the smallest sign of penitence, to forget—that was the moment when George Anderson began to talk as though Timothy had said, Forgive me, old friend, forgive me for what I did to you, we're too old and far gone to keep it up any longer, too near death to persist in this puerile quarrel. as though the guilt were his, Timothy's, and George were the injured party.

'There's no poker in here, old chap,' said George grinning.

Timothy flushed and dropped his eyes. 'You know how it is, George,' he muttered.

'I know. I know.'

'My stomach bothers me a good deal.'

'Yes, I know. I envy you your stomach, Tim. You always had your stomach. I never had anything.'

'Swine.' He spoke lightly.

'Oh, come, that's a hard word.'

'Dirty little thief,' Timothy said.

George Anderson yelped with laughter, showing his tongue and slapping his thigh. He went on a long time.

'Do shut up now,' Timothy said.

'Please,' George prompted

'Please,' said Timothy Rhodes.

'That's better That's much better.' He laughed again.

'Please is nice. I like please, it does me good.'

'I've something more important to think about just now.'

'Oh? What's up?'

'It's Paula, my daughter,' Timothy Rhodes said. 'You remember her. Quite grown up now. She's leaving me; wants to run off on her own. I'm very worried about her'

'They're all alike, Tim. No sooner do they get wings than they want to fly. Who is it?'

Timothy frowned. 'Who's what?'

'The man.'

He answered carefully, 'You're referring to my daughter, George,' with a touch of justifiable asperity.

George Anderson looked at him over the rim of his glass as he finished the drink. 'Have another,' he said, 'drink, not daughter.'

He went to the bar and got the drinks. 'Well,' he raised his glass, 'to both our bogeys, eh?' He twinkled pleasantly. 'I'm yours, and you're mine. For twenty years you've been round every corner, Tim.' He laughed and slapped his own back-side. 'Your bogey and mine.' He raised his glass again. 'Only I've laid mine. Good and proper, eh, Tim?' He drank deeply. 'Good and proper. Good-night, Tim.' He went out briskly.

After a time Timothy Rhodes left the bar also.

He went up the dark stairs dragging his feet as though they had become unbearably heavy. There was a thin bar of light under the door of Paula's room. She swung round as he entered. She was packing, and there was a suitcase open on the bed.

'When are you going?' he said.

'To-morrow,' she said.

'To London?'

She nodded.

'There are raids, you know.'

'Yes, father.'

'Freddy's furious,' he said, 'I can't say I blame him.'

'He told you I'd seen him?'

'Yes. He thinks you're crazy.' He leaned over the bedrail. She said she did not very much care what Freddy thought.

'We have certain obligations, you know, towards the people with whom we work.'

'I can't help it'

Then he said, 'That man will let you down. The officer.'

'Yes, I know,' she said. 'We shall let each other down.'

He was surprised, and had no answer 'You're being very foolish, Paula,' he said lamely

She pushed back the hair from her forehead. 'It's not a bit of use,' she said, facing him squarely now, 'I've quite made up my mind. If I don't go now I never shall, so please don't try and stop me There are some things I have to find out, and I can do so only alone. I've done everything you've wanted for years and years . . . all my life I don't ever remember doing anything I wanted. Now I'm going to.' Her voice was trembling.

'You need your father, Paula,' he said gently.

'I don't' Her voice rose a little higher.

'You need him to think for you.'

'I'm going to think for myself.'

'I wouldn't interfere with your plans, my dear.'

'I'm going alone.'

She was near to breaking down, he saw. 'You're in rather a mess, aren't you?'

'I'm in a hell of a mess,' she said, 'but there's nothing you can do about it.'

They were silent then for a little while. She went on putting clothes into the suitcase.

And at last he said, 'I don't know what I shall do without you, Paula. What's to become of me? My whole life is bound up in you.'

'Do you mean your life,' she retorted wildly, 'or your livelihood?'

He raised his head and looked at her. Then he turned and left the room without a word, closing the door quietly behind him. He turned towards the stairs, and at the end of the corridor paused irresolutely and then returned to his own

room. He switched on the light and locked the door. He went to the windows and peered through the curtains, but it was very dark outside, and anyway there was nothing to see. A bomber passed overhead, flying very high, and he listened absently for a moment. He turned on the tap in the washbowl, and then turned it off again. He lit a cigarette and then put it out. He looked at the picture of Highland cattle on the wall above the fireplace. He stood in the middle of the room and did not know where to go.

NEW SHORT STORIES. Edited by JOHN SINGER. William MacLellan, Glasgow 7s. 6d

A MAP OF HEARTS. Edited by STEFAN SCHIMANSKI and HENRY TREECE. Lindsay Drummond. 7s. 6d.

READERS of these two volumes may form a very fair idea of the contrast between them by a mere glance at the jacket designs and the publisher's notes

A Map of Hearts has a somewhat surrealist look, with its delicate modern dissonance of solids in red and black and white against fine contrary lines. It is a charming and eerie piece of imaginative abstraction, while *New Short Stories* is a plain downright railway journey kind of red wrapper with white lettering undecorated. The publisher of the latter assures us that, 'these stories, written by young men and women in the thick of a war and its duties, are a heart-warming assurance of the virility, the quality, and the capacity for development of the modern short story in Britain'—and the publisher does not claim too much. Perhaps not quite enough, for here are stories creative enough to make unimportant their author's possible inclusion in chaos and grief. Take only one. Fred Urquhart's *The Meeting*. Be its creator miserable or duteous, his story of the real artists and the sham ones is rare, rich, ripe fun. It is quite the best story of Mr Urquhart I have ever read, the most amused, the most sophisticated, and the least earthbound. To write of the merry life sometimes is not to ignore the tragic issues any more than to interpret agony is to remove humour, and I am not sure that the rollicking craziness of Hetty the Knitting novelist has not a profounder loneliness at heart than Edward Zane's study of a working woman going mad in the park. A very sound example of subtlety combined with clear writing is Reginald Moore's *House of Worship*, ten minutes' insight into a possible Bayswater, seen through a keyhole and the eye of a peeping lodger. This again seems truer to me than another story of people-who-don't-live-at-home, *Residential Club*, because once more it is so much less intense, although considering that it overlooks a

cult of witchcraft it might well have been more so. These two pieces are interesting to compare, because both deal with a company of women but only one is by a woman who, of course, scores in realism. But Mr. Moore leaves off at that life-like moment when the shock over, everything begins all over again in exactly the same way.

W F Edwards in *Sunday Dinner* follows the same pattern. This is a story I should like to read to those Parisians who have congratulated themselves to me on the miracle of Paris remaining untouched. 'By a miracle . . .' those were the words; well, by a miracle Mum cooks the joint after a raid, retorts W. F Edwards. Poor Jerry, the girl-friend of a band of boys skylarking on a hired bicycle, misses the miracle and hits the wall in *Boneshaker*, W. Glynn Jones' story, which has so gay and vital a style . . . No, certainly the publishers have not claimed too much in describing this collection when they say that as entertainment it satisfies. Though it does that and more, and though *Gusto* would be the word to convey much of the writing, there are at least four or five pieces which would be as much at home in *Map of Hearts*, in which the aim is different and more oblique, following John Lehmann's observation on the modern short story that 'the centre of balance has shifted from the rather extrovert documentary type of Realism to something more introvert with a great deal more reflection and feeling in it'. The stories in *New Stories* challenge anything in *A Map of Hearts* for reflection and feeling, while keeping their own shapeliness of form. Gordon Jeffery's elemental *Jubilee* and Domhnall O'Conaill's beautiful *Happiness*. The interesting thing about these pieces is the almost casual, extrovert treatment of a psychological theme—unanimity of emotion—though one is about only two people and the other about a mass.

The publishers don't call *A Map of Hearts* a collection of short stories. They call it 'The first prose collection to do justice to John Lehmann's claim', etc. They then go on to explain how the stories are laid out on the slab: in three sections stories of the war and war-time, imaginative and lyrical sketches and tales of conscience. Which, the reader may think, leaves him practically nothing to discover for

himself. He would be wrong. There are stories here which will not conform exactly to any of these sections, others such as J. F. Hendry's *The Catacomb of Love* which fit into all three by containing them all—a very queer piece of conformity. Some it must be admitted are very very poor and must have got in under some disguise. I don't believe in the little murderers in *That on Parched Mountains* any more than I believe in the happy little buddies of the American screen; but I am cynical about children perhaps. Apart from this there are such untrammelled pieces as Donald Swanson's *The Mixture as Before*. As for the story I have mentioned, *The Catacomb of Love*, I found it most beautiful and good. Goodness and beauty are inherent in it. A man in the R A F. returns on a forty-eight hour leave to find his wife mad and dying from the psychological effects of raids. Physically she is untouched, mentally she is ruined. But how searchingly and unsentimentally the author reveals the undismayed relationship, the enduring truth of the marriage, the blurred but still whole loving kindness and trust! The catacomb of everything else it may be, but surely not of love—the title seems mistaken to me, unless I have missed something. The woman was one of those who couldn't take it, who wasn't tough enough, one whom no miracle saved, but who, if there were only a sufficient number of them, might save us from our increasing fate of procuring and enduring.

The language of *The Catacomb of Love* is difficult at first—the language not of madness, but of sympathy with it. It grows in simplicity to this power of revelation 'He loved her. She was his world. It seemed years since he had spoken to his world.' I do not know which section that would fall into. It is anything rather than pompous. . .

And there are other very good stories, such as *Mary Lapvin's The Statue in the Grounds*, which are as successfully elusive. This one, a satire on the celebrate's idea of God's will, presents us with the obtuseness of a young man studying to become a priest. This young man wants a special sign from God to quell his natural revolt from a life-long ordeal. Over talked, he thinks he neither deserves nor obtains it while all around him is flaunted every temptation God could create in order to

help him to choose happiness. It is well and delicately done. The statue, the lilac—every flower of which is among the prophets.

MARGIAD EVANS

THE BLACK BIRD OF OSPO Stories of Jugoslavia. J. F.

Hendry. MacLellan, Glasgow 8s. 6d.

BEFORE one has read very many of these stories of peasant life, doubt crystallizes into clarity. The author is demanding more of his readers than mere listening or artistic appreciation. He is presenting a selection from life in Jugoslavia which is calculated to arouse compassion. Well, he has a right to do so, though pity is subtle propaganda, for even apart from controversial events, the scenes of his stories and the manner in which they are told completely justify the motives both sympathetic and artistic which one suspects prompted him. But it certainly puts any reader who is not as well up in Slovene affairs as himself, into an awkward position. For if pity is propaganda, propaganda is politics; and in *The Blackbird of Ospos* all three are so prominent and so closely interwoven that a mere separate literary judgment appears almost impertinent. And quite incompetent: particularly when current events are directing so many specialist brains towards a solution of the pangs and troubles of a people so movingly photographed in these stories.

I say photographed, because Mr. Hendry is so extremely reticent and conscientious a poet as to keep his own less concrete traits completely out of his simple unhappy human beings. His imagination is not allowed to interfere with such complete suffering as that of a starving soldier, a brutally poisoned and dying workman, a child of ten who has nowhere to live. He knows that even poetry is not as useful to the cause of misery as exactness. And so when he writes of murder, and hunger, and slavery, and no work, he *states* and no more. Or very little more. The human evidence of *How Gigi came across*, *20th Century Warrior*, *The Prisoner*, is documentary, direct, and agonizing—it is all one can say about it.

But one beautiful thing has survived in civilization—the curious fact that it is never out of place or out of time to praise poetry, whether in the midst of war or peace or the

mere intermediate disagreeing stage which glues them together. And I place Mr. Hendry's imaginative force on a level with his integrity, and his descriptive writing on the same high plane as his simplicity. Over the huts and fields of *Maria Ljubishka*, and through its quiet miracle story, inset, like a peaceful hour within the harassed slave-child's life—over the furniture and the ruins of *The Dream and the Music*—pours the beauty which in his pity the author denies to his human figures. Denies, I suspect, because they are his mission from whom he will not swerve lest he beglamourize and rouse for them something less stern than anger.

But the fields and the 'loop of the fountain' and the 'shouting mountains' seem to exhort him to an entirely different creative effort, as if his eyes had insisted of him their own rights among the worlds which are—they say—to be distributed unto us one day.

I am sorry, reading this book, that I am not more expert in the complications of the existing relations between Italy and Yugoslavia, for I undoubtedly have been made to feel that it is valuable and truthful as an illumination on matters of the present. Were I in ignorance to attempt to criticize it from such a point of view, it would be like discussing the faults and merits of some illustrations to a story which I had never read. They might be seen as separate works, but not as accompaniments. There is a matter moving in Mr. Hendry's book which is quaking in Europe to-day. I am afraid the most just thing I can do is to leave it at that; and to admit that it is to be desired that one person at least should hunt for more information. Knowledge at a distance may not be useful, but more so than *the feelings* which the author succeeds so determinedly in causing. To read *The Blackbird of Osipo* is very like having gone to Istria when Mussolini was a Duce, and having left too soon. . . . But anyone, ignorant or informed, who reads it may appreciate that quality in it which in the author's words is 'the defiant spontaneity of unexpected beauty'. That is as exact a definition of what is in him as the poisoning of a workman seems to have been of what was in the Italian Fascists. Read and see.

MARGIAD EVANS

A FUGUE IN TIME. RUMER GODDEN. Michael Joseph.
8s. 6d.

THE idea behind this novel is good. It is the study of a house and a family during both a day during the war and the ninety-nine years of the lease. The day and the ninety-nine years run together in the story, the approach of an air raid and incidents from the nineteenth century following each other. In such a book it is essential not to lose the central thread for though Time may be continuous, it is not, we feel, confused. Strangely also, the style seems much looser and softer than the precision we associate with Miss Godden's earlier novels. At the same time the atmosphere of the Victorian past is often recaptured with great success, and it is a book that will give pleasure to a great many readers

MORID SPALDING

LOVING. HENRY GREEN. Hogarth Press 8s. 6d.

ONE looks to the appearance of a new novel by Mr. Henry Green with an excitement engendered by the high qualities achieved by his pre-war books. But I, for one, must confess to a feeling of great disappointment with each successive novel that he has written during the war. It is not because there is any lack of virtuosity in *Caught* or *Loving*. The technical achievement is maintained at a high level. All the unconventionality, even, is still there in the writing, the alteration of rhythms according to the moods of the atmosphere and character and the haunting lyricism. What, then, is wrong? Am I being splenetic or did I get up on the wrong side of the bed this morning? Or is there really something missing?

I am not a particularly subjective critic. I know that there can be at least two or three different and conflicting opinions about a novel. But precisely because of that I believe that there can be a general approximation towards an objective criticism of the novel. And, if I may venture an arbitrary dictum, I should say that the primary condition of art is not form but sensibility. And I mean by this the kind of thing that old George Saintsbury meant when he expected of the novel life and nothing less than life, the interplay of characters on a plane of intensity which delineates reality but at the same time improves upon it.

In the light of this I feel that it is, perhaps, Mr Green's pre-occupation with technique that is corroding his unique sensibility. But there is a little more to it than that. Apart from his predilection for a new and clever way of saying things (a trait which is usually a great asset to the novelist in a tradition where almost all the straight-forward novels have been written up long ago), he seems to have been adopting certain abstract ideas which strike at the very root of his talent. Now, unlike many others, I do not believe that abstract ideas have no place in the novel. After all, if we indulge in abstract ideas in life I do not see why we should shun them like the plague in fiction and reduce the art of the novel to the kind of inanity which the mere description of emotional states in most novels is fast making possible. But there is one abstract idea which destroys the novel altogether: and that is hatred of humanity as such. Once permit the snobbery of contempt to infect your imagination and your characters give you the lie, for in a novel they have a way of taking charge of the novelist at the most critical moments and of assuming their own integral life in spite of all preconceived plots and the rest. In *Journey to the End of the Night* Robinson ultimately confutes Celine, and in *Pity for Women* all the girls show up Montherlant to be a bastard. Mr. Green made himself ignoble by insisting on the unrelieved meannesses of most of his characters in *Caught*. And in *Loving* he is again perilously near the point where a writer forfeits the respect of his reader by emphasizing that the caste snobbery of the servants is worse than that of the masters of which it is an imitation. All these characters are made to appear despicable and left to stew in their own juice beyond pity or redemption. And at the end one has the feeling that the novelist has cut himself off from the sources of sympathy in his own nature and that the flow from which the novel proceeds may be choked up altogether. I hate to think that the art of Mr. Green should be constantly flawed by the lack of compassion.

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It is not at all extraordinary that certain of the fine poems on the War should have been written before the shooting began, and it is equally natural that the first of the poems of peace should have been made before the guns ceased. H. D.'s *Tribute to the Angels* is the first of such poems. I daresay they will remain among the finest. Peace was not heralded by the sudden unexpected carol of bells. Nor now that it is here can it be said to be clearly definable. But it can be felt with illumination, and this is feeling which H. D. has

Tribute to the Angels continues with deceptive simplicity the power and sureness with which H. D. wrote *The Walls do not Fall*. The two books are parts of the same single affirmation of the strength and endurance of the civilian in war, who through Apocalyptic fire gains integrity, and through integrity rebirth. It is a rebirth which iterates the healing history of humanity and the imagination. A good thing has happened to war poetry when it is no longer concerned with the bare statement of mud in trenches and spreading pools of blood. There has been plenty of slugging of infantry, and there have been foxholes; there has been superb bravery of troops; but so far at least there has been no fine poetry from it. Poetry requires a certain leisure for the contemplation of pain. This has been the civilian's privileged leisure; it has not been granted to the soldiers in the field.

The Walls do not Fall was in the most denotative sense the story of London in holocaust. *Tribute to the Angels* records its reblossoming in a new springtime. It is at the same time the story of the purgatory and emergence of an individual. Connotatively it is the eternal history of the ego, plagued and tortured out of old forms conventionalized, and renewed into new beauty out of the same materials.

To Uriel, no shrine, no temple
where the red-death fell,
no image by the city-gate,
no torch to shine across the water,
no new fane in the market-place :
the lane is empty but the levelled wall

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is purple as with purple spread
 upon an altar,
 this is the flowering of the rood,
 this is the flowering of the reed,
 where, Uriel, we pause to give
 thanks that we rise again from death and live.

H. D., like Mr. Eliot, is preoccupied with the ever-presentness of past human experience, but for him the past is recalled as old snatches of appropriate song, and for her as a series of moments which never stopped being. It is this sense of the presentness of the past which gives to her poetry its extraordinary richness not of literary allusion but of living reinforcement. In some measure the combination of H. D.'s two books of war poems is not unlike James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, with its Viconian recapitulation of the cycles of experience. In its essential optimism it is even more like Mr. Thornton Wilder's cheerful adaptation of *Finnegan's Wake* in his *Skin of Our Teeth*.

This is perhaps little more than to say that H. D., like Mr. Eliot and Joyce, is concerned with the aspect of time, and certainly like them with the problem of words. In all three cases it is simplest to state that they are concerned with understanding. Mr. Eliot has progressed from his 'Ash Wednesday' to his Good Friday poems, and beyond them comes slowly towards an Easter Sunday. His goal is definably, orthodox and ritualistic in the Christian sense. H. D.'s goal is familiar enough, but is mystic with a ritual conceived at the grave's edge from a sudden awareness of race memory.

In the terror of war as it rained upon the civilian city came the Hebraic figure:

He might even be the authentic Jew
 stepped out from Velasquez,
 those eye-lids in the Velasquez
 are lowered over eyes
 that open, would daze, bewilder
 and stun us with the old sense of guilt
 and fear, but the terror of those eyes
 veiled in their agony is over;



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I assure you that the eyes
of Velasquez' crucified
now look straight at you,
and they are amber and they are fire

This was the Dream of *The Walls do not Fall* The Dream of the *Tribute to the Angels* is otherwise. As the city in spring flowered with mulberry and rose-purple, and the may-tree 'so delicate-green-white, opalescent, like our jewel in the crucible', so the symbol of peace becomes 'Our Lady', indefinable but certain, like Milton's wife seen in a blind man's dream, remembered out of the beauty of all past experience

This is no rune nor symbol,
what I mean is—it is so simple
yet no trick of the pen or brush
could capture that impression,
what I wanted to indicate was
a new phase, a new distinction of colour, . . .

NORMAN PEARSON

POEMS BY LYNETTE ROBERTS Faber and Faber 6s.
OF Personal and Inherited Myth. What high fortune! To be born with rich heritage from two ancient civilizations. From Cymric and South American roots Lynette Roberts has built up her personal myth. Haunted as so many painters and writers have been by coloured lands in which they spent their youth, she flings across the comparative softness of a Welsh landscape, mountains of a more remote architecture; and coloured houses, a flowered pampas, tangerines, butterflies, jewelled birds in wicker cages. Like the gentlewoman of Milpa Gorda, she is content while she can play with her humming birds. They are evocations of her native land

In the lake of pools
Where icebergs stand firm on the ground,
And refrain to move for beauty of their image,
Five Temples lie wounded on their sides

Gauguin lived for many years in memories of Lima. He stored design-images of Peruvian pottery and silver. His paintings sought to recapture the exotic background of his childhood. His blood, French, Spanish, creole, wholly

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(Registered under War Charities Act, 1940)

passionate, drew him towards the sun. Le douanier Rousseau in his young manhood was a flautist in a regiment of French troops in Mexico. Later as a painter he was haunted by surrealist dreams of cacti and wild beasts. W. H. Hudson wrote of the Purple Lands from the alien greyness of London.

Lynette Roberts from a hillside of Wales crystallizes her images of the Argentine, Río de la Plata; Peru. She remembers the mouldered body of a man buried in a cave:

Who was this white man of Peru?

And again in the same poem, *Xaquixaguana*

Who was he that lies buried at the Haravec's feet
Aggrieved by this ice and basaltic sheet?

There are two sides to her consciousness; nostalgia for São Paulo, her spiritual home, and the bitterness of being a stranger in the other land to which she belongs by blood. Against the freedom of the plains in which her memory burns, she sets the cold grate, the white village, hard people, the weeping hedge. But in this world legend persists also. There are coloured tales in the Red Book of Hergest. In the Circle of C. Lynette Roberts makes the Hounds of Annwryn suggest the doom that is to fall on the beloved. They were the hounds whose 'hair was of a brilliant shining white, and their ears were red; and as the whiteness of their bodies shone, so did the redness of their ears glisten.'

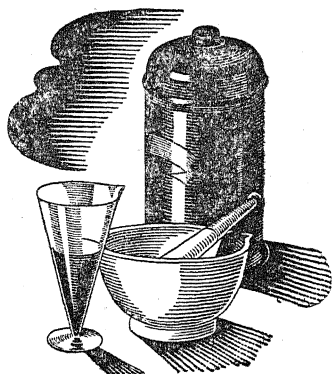
Of the poems in this book I like best those inspired by South America; and least, those in which the Welsh mode is attempted in English. Compare Broken Voices in this volume with Hopkins' magnificent Wreck of the Deutschland, in which he took freely from celtic models.

BRENDA CHAMBERLAIN

SHAKESPEARE AND THE ACTORS. The Stage Business in his Plays from 1660-1905. By ARTHUR COLBY SPRAGUE. Harvard University Press. \$5.

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THE tradition of Shakespearean stage-business is a rarely-followed branch of study, but the author of this detailed and



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 FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

closely documented work shows how materially it may increase our knowledge and appreciation of the plays. We are asked to note how certain of them, not necessarily the most 'important', are acted more often than others and so may contain business going back to Elizabethan days and thus representing Shakespeare's intention 'Hamlet, revived early in the Restoration period and given with extraordinary continuity thereafter, is far more likely to have retained vestiges of Elizabethan practice, than, say, *The Merchant of Venice*, which does not seem to have been acted for two generations before its production at the beginning of the eighteenth century.' Further, we may trace how 'the history of Shakespearean stage business falls almost of itself into curious patterns of convention and revolt'. The period under consideration ends with Irving's death because 'to have passed beyond that would have been to intrude upon a time well within living memory and to court repeated correction at the hands of those who had seen (and even taken part in) English productions which I had not attended'. Even so, there are sufficient references to recent performances to remind us how strong is tradition on such points as whether Othello strangles Desdemona within the bed-curtains or Hamlet actually shows his mother miniatures on the line 'Look upon this picture and on this'. The book not only illuminates much that is obscure in the texts but provides in accessible form a continuous and comparative record of great performances in great parts, from Garrick, Macready, and Kean to Irving, Benson, and Tree, and from Mrs Siddons and Mrs. Yates to Charlotte Cushman and Ellen Terry. It is thus of great value both to students of the stage and to that increasing body of readers who realize that Shakespeare, himself an actor, wrote his plays primarily to be acted.

The Poet Laureate was recently approached by a group of ex-Service men, thirty-one in all, who had planned 'if we got through, we would stick together for a time and go about the country in lorries, doing poetical plays'. One of the plays they wanted to do was *Macbeth*, and 'because someone said you liked the play', they asked Mr. Masefield for his advice on production. He gave it, in the form of notes and suggestions

VALUE OF EDUCATION

In our notion the object of a University education is to train intellectual men for the pursuits of an intellectual life. For though education by training or reading will not make people quicker or cleverer or more inventive, yet it will make them soberer. A man who finds out for himself all that he knows is rarely remarkable for calmness, the excitement of the discovery, and a weak fondness for his own investigations, a parental inclination to believe in their excessive superiority, combine to make the self-taught and original man dogmatic, decisive, and detestable. He comes to you with a notion that Noah discarded in the ark, and attracts attention to it as if it were a stupendous novelty of his own. A book-bred man rarely does this, he knows that his notions are old notions, that his favourite theories are the rejected axioms of long-deceased people. He is too well aware how much may be said for every side of everything to be very often over-weeningly positive on any point.—*Bagehot*, 1852

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now collected into a small book. First he took pains that the group should be acquainted with Shakespeare's sources and the use he made of them; this is essential to an understanding, and proper handling, of so mutilated a masterpiece as *Macbeth*. He followed with suggestions for the stage (which he rightly insists must have Elizabethan features), on the speaking of the lines, speed, division, properties, lighting, and colour—all with a poet's heart informing the dramatic producer's hand. Finally he gave movements and grouping for every character, scene by scene, in the play.

His book is full of practical advice, warmth, vigour, and imagination. It may be recommended to all readers and producers of Shakespeare—not least those at Stratford-on-Avon, into which theatre, were the Poet Laureate Governor, there might be introduced those qualities of rhythm, magic, and as far as that mad proscenium permits, intimacy, at present so noticeably lacking.

H. K. FISHER

EDITORIAL

August 1945

ON August Bank Holiday, a friend who had been to dinner, said on departure, 'To think I can walk home, sure no bombs will fall! How hard it is to get used to. Yet, how soon one forgets!' I said, 'Do you remember the early days of "sticks", five at a time? They weren't pleasant then, but looking back, after landmines and doodles, one feels almost friendly towards them.'

'How strangely one accepted living as no one should be asked to! How unearthly, still seems so quiet and lamplit a night!'

Next morning, it fell to my lot to be writing an Editorial (since torn up) on a day—and in a world!—in which the papers first gave news of the atomic bomb.

My reaction was that this was the biggest catastrophe since the Flood. It was a hard one to arrive at, because I think one's natural tendency is to belittle the importance of any era in which one finds one's self working out one's physical penance. One would have liked to have lived in one of the great creative epochs and because one did not, an inverted and nostalgic snobbishness makes one underrate the significance of that in which one is living—until it is over. If I had found myself in Eden, where only one man ever was, I think I should have felt there was another Adam lurking round the corner, feeling precisely as Michelangelo and if I now, with millions of others, am participating in the end of this world, I still feel there will be another. Those who are part of it then, whether as deracinated limpets, bats with nowhere to hang, even upside down, or charred splinters on their way to being layers of lava, as in the landscapes of Iceland—these forms of fact will not know whether what they are part of is the end of one world or the pre-beginning of the next.

The baby cries on entering this life, in protest at leaving the old. But it ceases to cry; it grows up, as we say—though in a

million cases out of a million and one, it doesn't. It merely increases its ability to throw more and bigger things further out of the cradle in which it stays pent. That action is composed of fear—for, in its fury at the cradle, it would like to throw itself out but daren't—and aggression or love, which in a baby is self-love. This enables it to identify itself with the reachable objects around it, as agents of attack without apparent self-destruction—a considerable step for a baby to have reached. The cooing infant, throwing its pink Teddy Bear at the passer-by, is both attacking that passer-by and asking to be picked up and returned to itself. If it is a lucky baby, in time it achieves a balance between the motive of love and the actuality of attack, which permits it co-ordinated impulse and attainment. If it is not, and most aren't, it lives a life of delayed action, reacting to-day from the repressions of yesterday or, if you prefer, carrying into one set of circumstances the feelings conditioned by another.

In this sense, I would say that the election results were those of delayed action. Apart from such factors as the Conservative mishandling of the campaign and the natural desire after a war for any change from any government that had come to symbolize that war's bullying, it is true to say that there had been a swing to the Left in the years before the war. There having been no election, that impulse was bottled up, and only added to by the events of five restrictive years. In consequence, the vote that would then have sent a Conservative Government out of office, this time sent a Coalition. During the years in which the latter took over, world-problems and world-relationships changed. It remains to be seen whether the vote that would have been effective for the problems of five years ago will be as efficacious in dealing with the altered ones of now. If it is, and we have no alternative but to hope so—then the vote of to-morrow will be based on fact, instead of on feelings, which too many are inclined to sidetrack from private into public life as a safety-valve.

Delayed action is also the motive discernible behind the atrocious atomic bomb. We are told that the peace-loving nations can keep down aggressors by the fear it engenders. So the world is to be ruled by fear!—the very thing we have

sacrificed so much to prevent! It is true that Mr. Churchill, by his decision to go ahead, has probably saved us, since Germany was experimenting on the same lines. But there we have one of the worse aspects—that not only the peace-loving nations had hit on it, and that they were inexorably driven to it by the march of progress, which seems now a race to the death.

In any event, whoever started it, humanity has now unleashed 'the basic power of the Universe'—before it has settled much about that of the earth. *The Times*, steering between sanity and optimism, states that 'it is the pressure of war itself that has forced ahead a process which can be turned against war and at the same time promises a greater material enrichment of life than any single scientific discovery before it', whilst holding the possibility of 'creating universal leisure for the cultivation of the higher ends of the mind and spirit'. Those ends are mental health and happiness. Those of us who have picked up many things which the baby throws out feel that, to paraphrase the advertisement, it's never happy till it has *not* got what it wants. And that is true of the perennial infant, humanity.

We may be at the beginning of the Aquarian age—and let the word 'uranium' be noted—but ages are apt to begin, hang over-wise, with the delayed actions from the last. I respond less to hope than to Mr. Churchill's solemn warning, and echo fervently the *New York Times*: 'civilization and humanity can now only survive if there is a revolution in mankind's political thinking.' But deep down, with the example of the use made of Nobel's invention of dynamite, I think that if I had a grandson about to be born, I should counsel him 'Wait a bit—it hardly seems worth it for a few hundred years'. During that time, we have got to see not only that the 'basic power of the Universe' gives 'all men undreamed of material enrichment of life', but the spiritual straightening to dare to enjoy it. Otherwise they'll get used to it, bored, and throw it away again. As we have been doing during the last half-decade so consistently that one feels the atomic bomb is far more the last link in our chain than hinge to the door of the future.

WRITING ON THE WALL

(TO SIGMUND FREUD)

H. D.

(continued)

XLI

VICTORY, Niké, as I called her exactly then and there, goes on. She is a common-or-garden angel, like any angel you may find on an Easter or Christmas card. Her back is toward me, she is simply outlined but very clearly outlined like the first three symbols or "cards". But unlike them, she is not flat and static, she is in space, in un-walled space, not flat against the wall, though she moves upward as against its surface. She is a moving-picture, and fortunately she moves swiftly. Not swiftly exactly but with a sure slow floating that at least gives my mind some rest, as if my mind had now escaped the bars of that ladder, no longer climbing or caged but free and with wings. On she goes. Above her head, to her left in the space left vacant on this black-board (or light-board) or screen, a series of tent-like triangles forms. I say tent-like triangles, for though they are simple triangles, they suggest tents to me. I feel that the Niké is about to move into and through the tents, and this she exactly does. So far—so good. But this is enough. I drop my head in my hands; it is aching with this effort of concentration, but I feel that I have seen the picture. I thought, 'Niké, Victory,' and even as I thought it, it seemed to me that this Victory was not now, it was another Victory; in which case, there would be another war. When that war had completed itself, rung by rung or year by year, I, personally (I felt) would be free, I myself would go on in another, a winged dimension. For the tents, it seemed to me, were not so much the symbolic tents of the past battlefields, the near past or the far past, but tents or shelters to be set up in another future contest. The picture now seemed to be something to do with another war but even

at that, there would be Victory. Niké, Victory seemed to be the clue, seemed to be my own especial sign or part of my hieroglyph. We had visited in Athens, only a short time ago, the tiny temple of Victory that stands on the rock of the Acropolis, to your right as you turn off from the Propylaea. I must hold on to this one word. I thought, 'Niké, Victory.' I thought, 'Helios, the sun . . .' and I shut off, 'cut out' before the final picture, before (you might say) the explosion took place.

But though I admit to myself that now I have had enough, maybe just a little too much, Bryher who has been waiting by me, carries on the 'reading' where I left off. Afterwards she told me that she had seen nothing on the wall there, until I dropped my head in my hands. She had been there with me, patient, wondering, no doubt deeply concerned and not a little anxious as to the outcome of my state or mood. But as I relaxed, let go, from complete physical and mental exhaustion, she saw what I did not see. It was the last section of the series, or the last concluding symbol—perhaps that 'determinative' that is used in the actual hieroglyph, the picture that contains the whole series of pictures in itself or helps clarify or explain them. In any case, it is apparently a clear enough picture or symbol. She said, it was a circle like the sun-disc and a figure within the disc, a man she thought, was reaching out to draw the image of a woman (my Niké?) into the sun beside him.

XLII

The years between seemed a period of waiting, of marking-time. There was a growing feeling of stagnation, of lethargy clearly evident among many of my own contemporaries. Those who were aware of the trend of political events, on the other hand, were almost too clever, too politically-minded, too high-powered intellectually for me altogether. What I seemed to sense and wait for was frowned upon by the first group though I learned very early not to air my thoughts and fears; they were morbid, they were too self-centred and introspective altogether. Why—my brother-in-law spent such a happy holiday in the Black Forest (with—so-and-so—chapter and verse) and the food was so good—everybody was so

hospitable and so very charming. If on the other hand, I ventured a feeble opinion to the second group, I was given not chapter and verse so much as the whole outpouring of pre-digested voluminous theories. My brain staggers now when I remember the deluge of brilliant talk I was inflicted with; what would happen if, and who would come to power, when—but with all their abstract clear-sightedness, this second group seemed as muddled and as lethargic in their own way, as the first. At least, their theories and their accumulated data seemed unrooted, raw. But this I admit—yes, I know—was partly due to my own hopeless feeling in the face of brilliant statisticians and one-track-minded theorists. *Where is this taking you*, I wanted to shout at both parties. One refused to admit the fact that the flood was coming—the other counted the nails and measured the planks with endless exact mathematical formulas, but didn't seem to have the very least idea of how to put the Ark together.

XLIII

Already in Vienna, the shadows were lengthening or the tide was rising. The signs of grim coming-events, however, manifested in a curious fashion. There were, for instance, occasional coquettish, confetti-like showers from the air, gilded paper swastikas and narrow strips of printed paper like the ones we pulled out of our Christmas bon-bons, those gay favours that we called 'caps' as children in America and that English children call 'crackers'. The party had begun, or this was preliminary to the birthday or the wedding. I stooped to scrape up a handful of these confetti-like tokens, as I was leaving the Hotel Regina one morning. They were printed on those familiar little oblongs of thin paper that fell out of the paper-cap when it was unfolded at the party; we called them mottoes. These mottoes were short and bright and to the point. One read in clear primer-book German, 'Hitler gives bread,' 'Hitler gives work,' and so on. I wondered if I should enclose this handful in a letter to one of my first group of friends in London—or to one of the second. I had a mischievous picture of this gay shower falling on a carpet in Kensington or Knightsbridge or on a bare floor in a Chelsea

or Bloomsbury studio. It would be a good joke. The paper was crisp and clean, the gold clear as Danae's legendary shower, and the whole savoured of birthday-cake and candles or fresh bought Christmas-tree decorations. The gold, however, would not stay bright nor the paper crisp very long, for people passed to and fro across Freiheitplatz and along the pavement, trampling over this Danae shower, not taking any notice. Was I the only person in Vienna who had stooped to scrape up a handful of these tokens? It seemed so. One of the hotel porters emerged with a long-handled brush-broom. As I saw him begin methodically sweeping the papers off the pavement, I dropped my handful in the gutter.

XLIV

There were other swastikas. They were chalk ones now. I followed them down Berggasse as if they had been chalked on the pavement especially for my benefit. They led to the Professor's door—maybe, they passed on down another street to another door, but I did not look any further. No one brushed these swastikas out. It is not so easy to scrub death-head chalk-marks from a pavement. It is not so easy and it is more conspicuous than sweeping tinsel-paper into a gutter. And this was a little later.

XLV

Then there were rifles. They were stacked neatly. They stood in bivouac formations at the street corners. It must have been a week-end; I don't remember. I could verify the actual date of their appearance by referring to my note-books, but it is the general impression that concerns us, rather than the historical or political sequence. They were not German guns—but perhaps they were; anyway, these were Austrian soldiers. The stacks of rifles gave the streets a neat, finished effect, as of an 1860 print. They seemed old-fashioned, the soldiers seemed old-fashioned, I was, no doubt, reminded of familiar pictures of our American civil war. This was some sort of Civil War. No one would explain it to me. The hall-porter, usually so talkative, was embarrassed when I questioned him. Well, I must not involve him in any discussion or

dangerous statement of opinion. I went out anyway. There were some people about and the soldiers were out of a picture or a film of a reconstructed civil-war period. They did not seem very formidable. I had meant to go to the Opera—it was late afternoon or early evening—so I might as well go to the Opera, if there was an Opera, as mope in my room or loiter about the hotel, wondering and watching. When challenged on one of the main thoroughfares, I said simply, in my sketchy German, that I was a visitor in Vienna; they called me the English lady at the hotel, so I said I was from England, which in fact, I was. What was I doing? Where was I going? I said I was going to the Opera, if I was not disturbing them or getting in their way. There was a little whispering and shuffling and I was embarrassed to find that I had attracted the attention of the officers and had almost a guard of honour to the steps of the Opera-house, where there were more guns and soldiers, seated on the steps and standing at attention on the pavement. It seemed that nothing, at any rate, could stop the Opera. I stayed for part of the performance of—I don't remember what it was—and had no trouble finding my way back.

XLVI

Then it was quiet and the hotel lobby seemed strangely empty. Even the hall-porter disappeared from behind his desk. Maybe, this was the following Monday; in any case, I was due at Berggasse for my usual session. The little maid, Paula, peered through a crack in the door, hesitated, then furtively ushered me in. She did not wear her pretty cap and apron. Evidently, she was not expecting me. 'But—but no one has come to-day; no one has gone out.' All right, would she explain to the Professor, in case he did not want to see me. She opened the waiting-room door. I waited as usual in the room, with the round-table, the odds and ends of old papers and magazines. There were the usual framed photographs, among them, Dr. Havelock Ellis and Dr. Hanns Sachs greeted me from the wall. There was the honorary diploma that had been presented to the Professor in his early days by the small New England University. There was also

a bizarre print or engraving of some nightmare horror, a Buried Alive or some such thing, done in Duresque symbolic detail. There were long lace curtains at the window, like a 'room in Vienna' in a play or a film.

The Professor opened the inner door after a short interval. Then I sat on the couch. The Professor said, 'But why did you come? No one has come here to-day, no one. What is it like outside? Why did you come out?'

I said, 'It's very quiet. There doesn't seem to be anyone about in the streets. The hotel seems quiet, too. But otherwise, it's much the same as usual.' He said, 'Why did you come?' It seemed to puzzle him, he did not seem to understand what had brought me.

XLVII

What did he expect me to say? I don't think I said it. My being there surely expressed it? *I am here because no one else has come.* As if again, symbolically, I must be different. Where was the Flying Dutchman? Or the American lady-doctor whom I had not seen? There were only four of us, at that time, I believe, rather special people. It is true that Mrs. Burlingham, Miss Anna Freud's devoted friend, and the Professor's disciple or pupil, had an apartment, further up the stairs. I had gone up there to tea one day before my session here. The Professor was not really alone. The envoys of the Princess, too, I had been informed, were waiting on the door-steps of various legations and they would inform her of any actual threat to the Professor's personal safety. But in a sense, I was the only one who had come from the outside; little Paula substantiated that when she peered so fearfully through the crack in the front-door. Again, I was different. I had made a unique gesture, although actually I felt my coming was the merest courtesy; this was our usual time of meeting, our session, our 'hour' together. I did not know what the Professor was thinking. He could not be thinking, 'I am an old man—you do not think it worth your while to love me.' Or if he remembered having said that, this surely was the answer to it.

XLVIII

It may have been that day or another that the Professor spoke of his grand-children. In any case, whenever it was, I felt a sudden gap, a severance, a chasm or a schism in consciousness, which I tried to conceal from him. It was so tribal, so conventionally Mosaic. As he ran over their names and the names of their parents, one felt the old impatience, a sort of intellectual eye-strain, the old boredom of looking out historical, genealogical references in a small-print school or Sunday-school Bible. It was Genesis but not the very beginning. Not the exciting verses about the birds and the reptiles, the trees, the sun and the moon, those greater and lesser lights. He was worried about them (and no small wonder), but I was worried about something else. I did not then realize the reason for my anxiety. I knew the Professor would move on somewhere else, before so very long, but it seemed the eternal life he visualized was in the old Judiac tradition. He would live for ever like Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in his children's children, multiplied like the sands of the sea. That is how, it seemed to me, his mind was working and that is how, faced with the blank wall of danger, of physical annihilation, his mind would work.

At least, there was that question between us, 'What will become of my grand-children?' He was looking ahead but his concern for immortality was translated into terms of grand-children. He would live in them; he would live in his books, of course; I may have murmured something vaguely to the effect that future generations would continue to be grateful to his written word; that, I may have mentioned—I am sure I did sometime or other, on that or another occasion. But though a sincere tribute, those words were, or would be, in a sense, superficial. They would fall flat, somehow. It was so very obvious that his work would live beyond him. To express this adequately, would be to delve too deep, to become involved in technicalities, and at the same time, it would be translating my admiration for what he stood for, what actually he *was*, into terms a little too formal, too prim and precise, too conventional, too banal, too *polite*.

I did not want to murmur conventional words, plenty of

people had done that. If I could not say exactly what I wanted to say, I would not say anything, just as on his 77th birthday, if I could not find what I wanted to give, I would not give anything. I did find what I wanted, that cluster of gardenias, somewhat later; that offering was in the autumn of 1938. And these words, the words that I could not speak then, too, come somewhat later, in the autumn of 1944. The flowers and the words bear this in common, they are what I want, what I waited to find for the Professor, 'to greet the return of the Gods.' It is true, 'other people read: Goods.' A great many people had read 'goods' and would continue to do so. But the Professor knew, he must have known, that, by implication, he himself was included in the number of those Gods. He himself, already counted as immortal.

XLIX

I did not know exactly *who* he was and yet it seems very obvious now. Long ago, in America, I had a peculiar dream or merely a flash of vision. I was not given to these things though, as a small child, in common with many other small children, I had had one or two visionary or super-normal experiences. This time I must have been 18 or 19. The picture or segment of picture impressed me so much that I tried to identify it. It was not a very sensational experience. The vision or picture, was simply this: before sleeping or just on wakening, there was a solid shape before my eyes, no luminous cloud-picture or vague phantasy, but an altar-shaped block of stone; this was divided into two sections by the rough stone marking; it was hardly a carved line but it was definitely a division of the surface of the rough stone into two halves. In one half or section, there was a serpent, roughly carved; he was conventionally coiled with head erect; on the other side, there was a roughly incised, naturalistic yet conventionally drawn thistle. Why this?

It is odd to think, at this very late date, that it was Ezra Pound who helped me interpret this picture. Ezra was a year older, I had known him since I was 15. I do not think I spoke of this to anyone but Ezra and a girl, Frances Josepha, with whom later I took my first trip to Europe. Ezra at that time,

was staying with his parents in a house outside Philadelphia, for the summer months. It was there, one afternoon, that Ezra said, 'I have an idea about your snake on a brick,' as he called it. We went into the study or library—it was a furnished house, taken over from friends—and Ezra began jerking out various reference books and concordances. He seemed satisfied in the end that this was a flash-back in time or a prevision of some future event that had to do with Aesculapius, or Asklepios, the human or half-human, half-divine child of Pheobos Apollo, who was slain by the thunder-bolt or lightning shaft of Zeus, but later placed among the stars. The serpent is certainly the sign or totem, through the ages, of healing and of that final healing when we slough off, for the last time, our encumbering flesh or skin. The serpent is symbol of death, as we know, but also of resurrection.

There was no picture of this. Ezra said airily, 'The thistle just goes with it.' I do not think he actually identified the thistle in connection with the serpent, but in any case it was he who first gave me the idea of Asklepios, the 'blameless physician' in that connection. I found this design later, but only once and in only one place. I was with Frances Josepha and her mother on our first trip 'abroad'. This was the summer of 1911. We went from New York to Havre, then by boat up the Seine to Paris. 'Here it is,' I said on one of our first visits to the galleries of the Louvre, 'quick,' as if it might vanish like the original 'brick'. It was a small signet-ring in a case of Græco-Roman or Hellenistic seals and signets. Under the glass, set in a row with other seal-rings, was a little grey-agate oval. It was a small ring with rather fragile setting, as far as one could judge, but the design was unmistakable. On the right side, as in the original, was the coiled, upright serpent; on the left, an exquisitely chased stalk, with the spiny double-leaf and the flower-head, our thistle. I have never found this design anywhere else; there are serpents enough and heraldic thistles, but I have not found the two in combination, though I have leafed over reference books from time to time, at odd moments, or glanced over classic coin designs or talismen just 'in case'. I never found my serpent and thistle in any illustrated volume of Greek or

Ptolemaic design or in any odd corner of an actual Greek pottery jar or Etruscan vase, but through the years as I stopped off in Paris, on cross-continental journeys, I went back to assure myself that I had not at any rate, 'dreamt' the signet-ring. There it was; it was always in the same place, under the glass, in the frame, with the small slip of faded paper with a letter or a group of letters and a number. Once I even went to the length of purchasing the special catalogue that dealt with this section, hoping for some detail, but there was the briefest mention of 'my' little ring; I read, 'intaglio or signet-ring of Graeco-Roman or Hellenistic design,' and a suitable approximate date. That was all.

L

Signet—as from sign, a mark, token, proof; signet—the privy-seal, a seal; signet-ring—a ring with a signet or private-seal; sign-manual—the royal signature, usually only the initials of the sovereign's name. (I have used my initials H. D. consistently as my writing-signet or sign-manual, though it is only, at this very moment, as I check up on the word signet in my Chamber's *English Dictionary*, that I realize that my writing-signature has anything remotely suggesting sovereignty or the royal manner.) Sign again—a word, gesture, symbol, or mark, intended to signify something else. Sign again—(medical) a symptom, (astronomical) one of the 12 parts of the zodiac. Again sign—to attach a signature to, and sign-post—a direction post; all from the French, *signe* and Latin, *signum*. And as I write that last word, there flashes into my mind the associated *in hoc signum* or rather, it must be *in hoc signo* and *vinces*.

LI

There was a handful of old rings in a corner of one of the Professor's cases, and I thought of my signet-ring at the galleries of the Louvre in Paris, but I did not speak of it to the Professor then or later, and though I felt curious about the rings at the time, I did not suggest his opening the door of the case and showing them to me. He had taken up one of the figures on his desk. He was holding it in his hand and looking

at me. This, I surmised, was the image that he thought would interest me most. There was an ivory Indian figure in the centre; the objects were arranged symmetrically and I wondered if the seated Vishnu (I think it was) belonged there in the centre by right of precedence or preference or because of its shape. Though I realized the beautiful quality and design of the ivory, I was seeing it rather abstractly; the subject itself did not especially appeal to me. Serpent-heads rose like flower-petals to form a dome or tent over the head of the seated image; possibly it was seated on a flower or leaf; the effect of the whole was of a half-flower, cut lengthwise, the figure taking the place or producing the effect of a stamen-cluster or oval seed-pod in the centre. Only when you came close, you saw the little image and the symmetrical dome-like background of the snakes' heads. It is true, these snake-heads suggested each, a half-S, which might have recalled the scroll-pattern of the inverted S or incomplete question-mark in the picture-series on the wall of the bedroom in the Greek island of Corfu of that spring of 1920. But I did not make this comparison then or afterwards to the Professor, and I felt a little uneasy before the extreme beauty of this carved Indian ivory which compelled me, yet repelled me, at the same time.

I did not always know if the Professor's excursions with me into the other room, were by way of distraction, actual social occasions or part of his plan. Did he want to find out how I would react to certain ideas embodied in these little statues, or how deeply I felt the dynamic *idea* still implicit, in spite of the fact that ages or aeons of time had flowed over many of them? Or did he mean, simply to imply that he wanted to share his treasures with me, those tangible shapes before us that yet suggested the intangible and vastly more fascinating treasures of his own mind? Whatever his idea, I wanted then, as at other times, to meet him half-way; I wanted to return, in as unobtrusive a way as possible, the courtesy that was so subtly offered me. If it was a *game*, a sort of roundabout way of finding out something that perhaps my unconscious guard or censor was anxious to keep from him, well, I would do my best to play this game, this guessing-game—or whatever it was. So, as the ivory had held my attention and perhaps

(I did not know) it was especially valued by him, as it held the centre-place on his imposing desk (that seemed placed there, now I come to think of it, almost like a High Altar, in the Holy of Holies) I said, realizing my slight aversion to this exquisite work of art, 'that ivory—what is it? it's Indian obviously It's very beautiful.'

He said, barely glancing at the lovely object, 'It was sent to me by a group of my Indian students.' He added, 'On the whole, I think my Indian students have reacted in the least satisfactory way to my teaching.' So much for India, so much for his Indian students. This was not his favourite, this oriental passionate yet cold abstraction. He had chosen something else. It was a smallish object, judging by the place left empty, my end of the semi-circle, made by the symmetrical arrangement of the gods (or the goods) on his table. '*This* is my favourite,' he said. He held the object toward me. I took it in my hand. It was a little bronze statue, helmeted, clothed to the foot in carved robe with the upper incised chiton or pepulum. One hand was extended as if holding a staff or rod. But there was nothing in the extended hand. 'It is perfect,' he said, '*only she has lost her spear.*' I did not say anything. He knew that I loved Greece. He knew that I loved Hellas. I stood looking at Pallas Athené, she whose winged attribute was Niké, Victory, or she stood wingless, Niké A-pteros in the old days, in the little temple to your right as you climb the steps to the Propylaea on the Acropolis at Athens. He too had climbed those steps once, he had told me, for the briefest survey of the glory that was Greece. Niké A-pteros, she was called, the Wingless Victory, for Victory could never, would never fly away from Athens.

LII

She has lost her spear. He might have been talking Greek. The beautiful tone of his voice had a way of taking an English phrase or sentence out of its context (out of the associated context, you might say, of the whole language) so that, although he was speaking English without a perceptible trace of accent, yet he was speaking a foreign language. The tone of his voice, the singing quality that so subtly permeated the

texture of the spoken word, made that spoken word live in another dimension, or take on another colour, as if he had dipped the grey web of conventionally woven thought and with it, conventionally *spoken* thought, into a vat of his own brewing—or held a strip of that thought, ripped from the monotonous faded and outworn texture of the language itself, into the bubbling cauldron of his own mind, in order to draw it forth, dyed blue or scarlet, a new colour to the old grey mesh, a scrap of thought, even a cast-off rag, that would become hereafter a pennant, a standard, a *sign* again, to indicate a direction or, fluttering aloft on a pole, to lead an army.

And on the other hand, when he said, *she is perfect*, he meant not only that the little bronze statue was a perfect symbol, made in man's image (in woman's, as it happened) to be venerated as a projection of abstract thought, Pallas Athené, born without human or even without divine mother, sprung full-armed from the head of her Father, our father, Zeus, Theus, or God; he meant as well, this little piece of metal you hold in your hand (look at it) is priceless really, it is *perfect*, a prize, a find of the best period of Greek art, the classic period in its most concrete expression, before it became top-heavy with exterior trappings and ornate detail. This is a perfect specimen of Greek art, produced at the moment when the archaic abstraction became humanized but not yet over-humanized.

'She is perfect,' he said, and he meant that the image was of the accepted classic period, Periclean or just pre-Periclean; he meant that there was no scratch or flaw, no dent in the surface or stain on the metal, no fold of the peplum worn down or eroded away. He was speaking as an ardent lover of art and as an art-collector. He was speaking in a double sense, it is true, but he was speaking of value, the actual intrinsic value of the piece; like a Jew, he was assessing its worth; the blood of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ran in his veins. He knew his material pound, his pound of flesh, if you will, but this pound of flesh was a *pound of spirit* between us, something tangible, to be weighed and measured, to be weighed in the balance and—pray God—not to be found wanting!

LIII

He had said, he had dared to say that the dream had its worth and value in translatable terms, not the dream merely of a Pharaoh or a Pharaoh's butler, not the dream merely of the favourite child of Israel, not merely Joseph's dream or Jacob's dream of a symbolic ladder, not the dream only of the Cumaean Sybil of Italy, nor the Delphic priestess of ancient Greece, but the dream of everyone, everywhere. He had dared to say that the dream came from an unexplored depth in man's consciousness and that this unexplored depth ran like a great stream or ocean underground, and the vast depth of that ocean was the same vast depth that to-day, as in Joseph's day, overflowing in man's small consciousness, produced inspiration, madness, creative idea or the dregs of the dreariest symptoms of mental unrest and disease. He had dared to say that it was the same ocean of universal consciousness, and even if not stated in so many words, he had dared to imply that this consciousness proclaimed all men one; all nations and races met in the universal world of the dream; and he had dared to say that the dream-symbol could be interpreted, its language, its imagery were common to the whole race, not only of the living, but of those ten thousand years dead. The picture-writing, the hieroglyph of the dream, was the common property of the whole race; in the dream, man, as at the beginning of time, spoke a universal language and man meeting in the universal understanding of the unconscious or the subconscious, would forego barriers of time and space, and man, understanding man, would save mankind.

LIV

With precise Jewish instinct for the particular in the general, for the personal in the impersonal or universal, for the *material* in the abstract, he had dared to plunge into the unexplored depth, first of his own unconscious or subconscious being. From it, he dredged, as samples of his theories, his own dreams, exposing them as serious discoveries, facts, with cause and effect, beginning and end, often showing from even the most trivial dream sequence the powerful dramatic impact that projected it. He took the events of the day

preceding the night of the dream, the dream-day as he called it; he unravelled from the mixed conditions and contacts of the ordinary affairs of life, the particular thread that went on spinning its length through the substance of the mind, the *buried* mind, the sleeping, the unconscious or subconscious mind. The thread so eagerly identified as part of the pattern, part of some commonplace or some intricate or intimate matter of the waking-life, would as likely as not be lost, at the precise moment when, identified, it showed its shimmering or its drab dream-substance. The sleeping-mind was not one, not all equally sleeping; part of the unconscious mind would become conscious at a least expected moment; this part of the dreaming-mind that laid traps or tricked the watcher or slammed doors on the scene or the unravelling tapestry of the dream-sequence, he called the Censor; it was guardian at the gates of the underworld, like the dog Cerberus, of Hell.

LV

In the dream matter was Heaven and Hell, and he spared himself and his first avidly curious, mildly shocked readers neither. He did not spare himself nor his later growing public, but others, he spared. He would break off a most interesting dream-narrative, to explain that personal matter, concerning *not himself*, had intruded. *Know thyself* said the ironic Delphic oracle, and the sage or priest who framed the utterance, knew that to know yourself in the full sense of the words, was to know everybody. *Know thyself*, said the Professor, and plunging time and time again, he amassed that store of intimate revelation, contained in his impressive volumes. But to *know thyself*, to set forth the knowledge, brought down not only a storm of abuse from high-placed doctors, psychologists, scientists, and other accredited intellectuals the world over, but made his very name almost a by-word for illiterate quips, unseemly jokes, and general ridicule.

LVI

Maybe he laughed at the jokes. I don't know. His beautiful mouth seemed always slightly smiling, though his eyes, set deep and slightly asymmetrical under the domed forehead

(with those furrows cut by a master-chisel), were unrevealing. His eyes did not speak to me. I cannot even say that they were sad eyes. If at a moment of distress—as when I went to him that day when all the doors in Vienna were closed and the streets empty—there came that pause that sometimes fell between us, he sensing some almost unbearable anxiety and tension in me, would break this spell with some kindly old-world courtesy, some question; what had I been reading? Did I find the books I wanted in the library his wife's sister had recommended? Of course—if I wanted any of his books at any time—Had I heard again from Bryher, from my daughter? Had I heard lately from America?

I would have taken the hour-glass in my hand and set it the other way round so that the sands of his life would have as many years to run forward as now ran backward. Or I would have slipped through a secret door—only I would have the right to do this—and entreat a kindly Being. (Only I could do this, for my gift must be something different.) I would change my years for his; it would not be as generous a number as I could have wished for him, yet it would make a difference. Perhaps there would be 20 years, even 30 years left in my hour-glass. 'Look,' I would say to this kindly Being, 'those two on your shelf there—just make the slightest alteration of the hour-glasses. Put H. D. in the place of Sigmund Freud (I will still have a few years left in which to tidy up my not very important affairs). It's not too much to ask of you. And it can be done. Someone did it or offered to do it in a play once. It was a Greek play, wasn't it? A woman—I don't remember her name—offered her years in exchange to—someone else for—something. What was it? There was Hercules or Heracles and a struggle with Death. Was the play called *Alcestis*? I wonder. And of course, one of those three must have written it—there they are on the top of the Professor's case, to the right of the wide opened double-door that leads into his inner sanctum. Aeschylus? Sophocles? Euripides? Who wrote the *Alcestis*? But it doesn't really matter who wrote it, for the play is going on now—at any rate, we are acting it, the old Professor and I. The old Professor doubles the part. He is Hercules struggling with Death

and he is the beloved, about to die. Moreover he himself, in his own character, has made the dead live, has summoned a host of dead and dying children from the living tomb.

LVII

When I said to him one day that time went too quickly (did he or didn't he feel that?) he struck a semi-comic attitude, he threw his arm forward as if ironically addressing an invisible presence or an imaginary audience. 'Time,' he said. The word was uttered in his inimitable, two-edged manner; he seemed to defy the creature, the abstraction; into that one word, he seemed to pack a store of contradictory emotions; there was irony, entreaty, defiance, with a vague, tender pathos. It seemed as if the word was surcharged, an explosive that might, at any minute, go off. (Many of his words did, in a sense, explode, blasting down prisons, useless dykes and dams, bringing down land-slides, it is true, but opening up mines of hidden treasure.) 'Time,' he said again more quietly, and then, 'Time gallops.'

'Time gallops withal.' I wonder if he knew that he was quoting Shakespeare? Though the exact application of Rosalind's elaborate quip about Time, hardly seems appropriate. 'Who doth he gallop withal?' asks Orlando. And Rosalind answers, 'With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as a foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.' But a thief certainly; in a greater dramatic tradition, he had stolen fire, like Prometheus from heaven.

LVIII

Stop thief! But nothing could stop him, once he started unearthing buried treasures (he called it striking oil). And anyhow, wasn't it his own? Hadn't he found it? But *Stop thief*, they shouted or worse. He was nonchalantly unlocking vaults and caves, taking down the barriers that generations had carefully set up against their hidden motives, their secret ambitions, their suppressed desires. *Stop thief!* Admit, however, that what he offered as treasure, this revelation that he seemed to value, was poor stuff, trash indeed, ideas that a rag-picker would pass over in disdain, old junk stored in the

attic, put away, forgotten, not even worth the trouble of cutting up for firewood, cumbersome at that, difficult to move, and moreover if you started to move one unwieldy cumbersome idea, you might dislodge the whole cart-load of junk; it had been there such a long time, it was almost part of the wall and the attic ceiling of the house of life. *Stop thief!* But why, after all, stop him? His so-called discoveries were patently ridiculous. Time gallops withal . . . with a thief to the gallows. And give a man enough rope—we have heard somewhere—and he will hang himself!

(to be continued)

THREE SEAS

MARGIAD EVANS

ICELAND, 1936 . . . We rushed to the harbour to watch the *Dettsfoss* stand out, but she was still loading. Oh, what a scene! People's faces, like buttons everywhere. People streaming up and down the gangway, a farewell crowd, a staring crowd, and a busy crowd, all moving in a sort of slow frenzy. Lorries rattling, cars tooting, pant of the motor launch, winches screaming . . . the sky was painted like a cosmorama: sunset was a Chinese figure, the opposite moon an apple.

In the summer Iceland is like the horse's skull I found half-buried near the stream, with grass in the eye-holes and a smear of green on the humorous nostril. On the chapped hills are lava boils, the dust blows, the wind shakes the thin flowers. The sea hangs like a sword for ever at their side. One golden mountain I saw, in lion skins, the dusty tracks wound round it, a socket of snow in its side.

And I saw the sea blown stiff against the wind. Tall birds stood in the shallows. Pebbles, pebbles, pebbles along an empty shore; and then a great green head of rock most beautifully marked, like a wet robe, from the tide.

Arkureyri. Down below, somewhere near the ordinary ground, is a clothes line with six white rags, two pairs of black stockings, and one pair of brown socks hanging on it. There is a long ladder leaning against the roof of the next house, and sunlight on the heath-grey hillside. Then there is the water like milk mixed with green, and a muddle of aerials, masts, funnels, back windows, and corrugated iron. The smell of fish liver oil extraction processes wafts as the death angel's touch along the wall

Sometimes that great fumbling, fingerless force which works here—*that* works here (*who* is for human, *which* for animal, *that* for stumpy elemental) on the mountains and seas—sometimes that blunt creature cuts an exquisite peak, a little desolate bay,

a lost gathering of clear waters. It seems to feel with a fine touch, delicate, tinglingly sharp, to the very extremity of solidity.

While we were eating a long salmon in the wooden hotel the *Gulfoss* came bounding past the window, on a gusty sea. . . .

Grey, fitful blocks of houses. Wire. Cloudy weather, the mountains like low smoke over the harbour. The water is a greyish-brown in a tangle of rusty wheels, blistering paint, and sooty funnels lies the salted fishing fleet. The dried fish is stacked in the shop windows like frozen dishcloths. A long chain of barrels on planks reaches from the houses to the water. Girls fling the lightning herring into the mixture of cinnamon and salt, drubbing their arms to the elbows. White goats dream above the town; and in the middle of the smooth water is a mast sticking out, from a sunken trawler. . . . the mountains give a terrifying sense of the depth of the earth!

Reykjavik. The beauty of the island called Ice! The sea, the salt, salt sea! A far land behind the ships and between the seas. Iceland the Giantland.

I go down to the harbour. The light is in the sun in the north, with summer, and with sleep. Could anything in the universe ever be more profoundly quiet than the waters, the mountains, and the skies?

The light is round and round the sky, and round and round the sea. The water lies in the flood, and lie in it the ships at anchor; down, down go their wavy reflections, dark as pelts thrown on the wavy floor. The brim stirs. Calm, deep calm; coronation of the sea in one red cloud. It is now and for ever.

England, 1943 Towards the end, white sea mists smoked in the valleys, and over the downs of corn and grass sheep came wandering inland from their ocean pasture. In the afternoon we strolled round the harbour: the manless ships and boats lying in the green water reminded me of Reykjavik. They lay empty and roped together. Sea wagons. The sea is always the same place wherever I am. Later I stood on the shore alone. Very seldom a little wave rolled over on its side with a sound like a sheaf of corn falling. The pause in the sea's stirring seems

strange to me now, used as I am to the perpetual rustle of the wheatfield round our cottage.

It was Saturday, and M— had all the time from midday. We went to P— and lay among the white boulders and valerian. Almost no gulls, few sheep, no people. But we could hear birds singing inland. Some very large dark red ants crawled over our legs incessantly among the stones. It was too high to smell the sea, but all the air was full of the warm rustling. Down below the green rocks were washed with foam which left them with shaggy crowns of glimmering, dripping weed.

We lay and talked. A sense was opening in me—the sea sense, so long unawakened. I felt I should remember it all, with that Northern journey and with Brittany—the tossing Races, the cold blue sky, the wind . . . we got up and walked through the town. Cottages with wooden things darkening their windows and bushes listening at the doors. The grey and white stone town, with its wide road and low houses roofed with slates of lilac, white, blue, and grey. The slab porches made of three flat tombs of stone. The street was empty. Nobody was looking out of the windows. Nobody went in or out of the doors, or shopped, or gossiped. Only one old woman crept out with a bag in her hand. The buses were full, and yet they rattled in that town of P— Their loads simply disappeared.

The wind blew us up and the bus took us down to where the island's long neck craned out to the mainland. Guns faced the sea, which was level, with a straight line of surf. Now that I'm near it I feel its awful power and grief. The men we sent to it. The war presses into my heart *always*: and in M— the whole terror focuses. With superficial relief I turned inland from the grey glittering with the white flower edges. Everything was changed in me this afternoon by the sea and the weird town of P—.

Sat on the pebbles all afternoon. Gathered weeds and shells, paddled in the hard, grey, seeping sand. The waves run up in shelves of glass. Before I went I walked to the docks. Saw the little ships weighed aft lying like sabôts with the snub toes turned up to the sky. A jet of rusty white sprouted from a side

into the milky green of the harbour. A crane toiled amid men. After a long journey what peace to walk home along our lane. The very ruts seemed leading me back. It was grey twilight: many, many larks were singing, the partridges calling. The bees were gone into the hives from the wild white roadside clover. For one instant at the cross-roads a mile from our home I stood looking far down the straight lane between the long grass and the hemlock flowers, thinking this place tells me nothing. Then it did. Oh home, evening, land of the Western Star and the small clock watched towns with their quiet names—Usk, Caerleon, Monmouth. Nowhere else is the grass and corn so deep, the clover so supple with silky head and dark green aftermath. The grey hills were like moths I could smell the wayside, the fresh ricks and gardens . . . to bed at midnight with this old content and newer fear.

The sense of sea hasn't left me. The hills, the winds, the fields, blow it—

England, 1944. Getting dark. The windows blocked with dark rose rocks which threw forward a glow into the carriage. I turned my head, and oh, so suddenly, on the other side, the sea! I saw it stumbling, sandy and snowy, one wave rushing back on another.

Someone has been drawing stars on the oily fog on the windows of this hotel. The rim and rime of the sea. My feet on the ferry, rising and sinking, felt as if they were breathing. The old, crowded, overlapping stones shadowed by the sinking water. I stood by the ferry cobbles watching the clear pulse of the tide press up and over them. It seemed that with each rising the old urgent creativeness beat up in me. Just a line or two of a fine façade, old and crazy, a long boat haunted by squalid voices, a mound of ochre troops clustered in mid-stream—I rushed and brought colours, paper—

Ah, but I haven't painted! These people, these people, and the sea that draws men out of harbour into dying.

'They sunk a trawler.'

'Any survivors?'

'Oh, no room for survivors on these little boats. It was all over in about three minutes. Got her fore and amidships.'

'Torpedoes?'

'Yes.'

There was a light upon the sea as beautiful as a sunray on a hill. It moved from point to point, silent, beyond the weals of ships. Last night the sea was the flat marble green of certain gems and leaves. It stirred a sound among the pine branches and the black steep woods as it breathes into this inlet. To-day the sun has clouded over, grey shadows roam the water which had once a wonderful ultramarine rippling beneath it.

We go to the same little café every day to eat our midday meal. There is the harbour outside with shine, smoke, and steam—the papery white gulls and the lung of the sea lifting the light boats with their gay girls' names. The faces, red and brown and white, flow over and over one another and pass and come again without ever demanding recognition.

But among a crowd of sailors waiting to be ferried I saw an old man with features I knew as one knows a nation. It was the face of a fisherman, a Breton for certain, marked as by gales, softened by sea mists, and as it seemed by the low murmur of the words he was uttering over the shoulders of men he hardly appeared to see. Round his neck, half hiding his grizzled ears, he wore a faded wrap of puce silk, and on the back of his head a berêt. Crowds of French sailors here in D—, but I've seen no other face like this sea peasant's, compressed of numbers I'd known. His face was a *place* to me—Bas Pouldu. I saw the wall, the salmon nets, the river, and the chestnut trees in the meadow where Henri Poulin and Rodney and I went gathering . . . and all the others—Léonie, Finette the sad, Mélanie in her different coif—Georges, Pierre, Roger, now probably dead, for they were fighters—endless. Beautiful, loved, Brittany!

Half-past three in the afternoon. An American boat has just gone downstream to sea—she held perhaps a thousand men, running, loafing, watching about her deck—the second large craft who has gone out within an hour. Louder than the rushing of her wake I could hear the separate voices of those distinct little men, and their footsteps on the sunny planks, with their carrying power in level waters. . . .

Lunch to-day with M—. These days are minutes to us. Not

in our little café, but upstairs in a lofty room. Heard the hooting echoes of ships travel up and down the valleys like a herd . . . there was none of the lusty flurry at Mrs. Widdy's, but a quiet girl to wait and quiet men reading and eating. Afterwards walked about in the sun until M— went back to his boat, and then I wandered about old D—, drawing stealthily and quickly. The old streets, narrow as gutters, shadowed with cats. A greengrocer's tumbling cabbages and leeks over the pavement, a stuffy boarded-up window muffled with old clothes, with a cat asleep atop of them and a yellow sun-scorched, flyblown copy of 'Roses of Picardy', with a card 'Let your children learn music, Miss B—, Organist, Pianist, Violinist.' The church and graveyard wall high darkened these old gutter paths and their archways, bomb rubble, and the back doors of eating houses. Gossip, clacking of washing up. Thick gutturals of a language only half-remembered, imperfectly obscure, like words spoken inaudibly or just outside hearing.

Contraband. That was the air of back D—, where the muddled walls have queer above-ground doors in them, as the fine ripe houses on the harbour have on the waterline, for high tide and darkness. But it's all very dry, clear, bright, and settled to-day. The gulls carry the sunlight on their backs as they float up to this window with the ceaseless pouring fluttering of the water.

Fog. Ships bleating in harbour; in the long depths the buried sounds knocking. There's much in the place which pleases. An air of elegant commerce age and genteelity. Sea merchants who gave to their houses bow-windows, pale moulding, and such names as L'Esperance, Orleans, Morocco. Big and square and lofty houses I saw to-day looking seaward from spy-glass windows. They had porticoes and pillars and were delicately, shallowly carved with formal shells, scallops, all painted a thin sea-green. We saw one very beautiful and rare porch, ornamented with a pair of sea-horses, which I'll draw to-morrow, and a figure-head soaring above the street.

Taken away to police station by officious 'special' for drawing wooden figure-head. The police laughed and turned me

loose. But this ominousness is spreading. My persecutor apologized as we walked through the town for causing me embarrassment. I felt none: but a profound shock and recoil. I *had* permission from the police, and I had done all I could to avoid this. Forced myself to finish the drawing.

All the ships, shrill or hoarse, yelling in the fog. Echoes stumble in the white darkness—the smoke coils through it, the sun appears and disperses. A visible wind drives silently up river, the blankness rolls in over and over from the sea full of loose forms and light suddenly and bewilderingly cutting across the shapes of the brown boats lying anchored in space. We could see no water, for all the valley and harbour was filled and the masses of hills sunk into mist.

Five minutes later. An opening. With breasts lifted the little boats come smoothly in, stems low, decks shaggy with men, passing into the restless glitter of the sun's white track—and everybody is wondering—have they been in action? The little ships, the little ships? These are the French, and they have been away more than a fortnight.

The great swollen voice leaps across the river: 'LZ—, REDUCE YOUR SPEED! REDUCE YOUR SPEED!' A boat hoots, sirens deride, the traffic in the harbour slowly manoeuvres as if to avoid the gulls that float and surge on the false waves. 'REDUCE YOUR SPEED!' A big boat, pausing, backs on her wake, piling water astern, swings round, noses for anchorage. Oh, I could sit here for hours on the wall, watching the harbour below the roofs and the bramble, tree-wild, gardens, looking at the wake fading into the shimmering water. Three colours I see, a yellowish olive green, a blue green, and a palpitating silver grey direct from the sky.

I saw the Surgeon-Commander, much decorated, walking concernedly by a small dog: 'Come along, dear,' he was saying, 'Dear, come along!'

To the grey, sea-weedy beach there see the silver-grey mine-layers come in on their platforms of white foam, lowering their dinghies as they come. The sky is grey with smoke, the waves turn over like pages in the breeze! Two of our gunboats tore

out to sea. They tossed it into fury and then seemed to leap over the hedges of water they pushed before them. The sea rolled in the estuary as it were in agony . . . I had never seen these boats at speed before . . . in a few moments a cloud whitening the rim of the sea was all that was left. . . .

Note.—There was a naval action off the coast this day.

'Good-bye, good-bye,' he said, and the train moved and he walked away and away, never looking back. I can see him in his sweater and cap, his hands in his pockets, determined not to look back, marching up the platform. Yes, bolt the door, gather the flocks of lamps, eat your ready-made food, but for God's sake be careful with your thoughts. Sometimes it seems to me I can still hear the rustle of the sea in the cold blue space beyond the trees and the grass tops . . . but now it sounded in the sky, and to me it was like overhearing Eternity. My old neighbour was standing by the gate: 'Have you come home at last?' he said. Yes, I have come home. Through many gates, the keepers of which were strangers, to the stranger moon, and stars, and silence.

June, 1944 A constant battle smoke hangs over the sea. Ships struggle down to the bottom with their dead. All through the reeling news I never know where he is: only his thoughts of me come to me like bursts of brightest light through the surface of dismay. I feel his reality: hear his voice.

FROM FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH

EDITH SITWELL

(NOTE.—*This is the thirteenth chapter of Miss Sitwell's forthcoming book on the childhood of Queen Elizabeth, of which the third was printed in our last number, and the seventeenth will be published in our next.*—EDITOR.)

IT is strange how ordinary a ghost can seem! When we look upon it for the first time, its occupation is probably a small one, so as to make it seem as if it were living.

Perhaps it would crouch outside a door, listening to the voices in the room beyond, waiting for the door to be opened. Or, standing in a ray of sunlight by a window, it would give, with a quick secret movement, a little ruby ring to one whose face could not be seen, because it was in shadow. Or, looking in a mirror, it would pin a cheap artificial flower—a silk pansy—over the place where its heart should have been.

Anne Boleyn was dead, but out of her grave, a horrible but infinitely pitiable little ghost, a travesty of her sin (real or imagined), crept to strike down the King who had been her husband.

Now in the rooms which the dead Queen had inhabited, fresh footsteps sounded. . . . Then, as you turned the corner of a gallery, a small figure would be seen coming towards you—the figure of a very young girl—or of an evil child, a child of about thirteen, with a terrible adult knowledge. For she hardly looked more than the age at which she had begun her somnambulistic walk to the scaffold.

About midsummer, just before the King's divorce from Anne of Cleves, rumour spread about the Court that the King had fallen in love again, and this time with 'a very little girl'; Katherine Howard, stepdaughter of the old Duchess of Norfolk—in whose house she, as a motherless child, had been brought up—and cousin german to Anne Boleyn.

The King was often seen going, in his barge, to visit her, in the daytime, and sometimes at night.

The Bishop of Winchester provided feasting for them at his palace.

The 'very little girl' in her new finery—it was the first time in her life she had been given decent clothes—seemed ready to dance with happiness. No more buffetings and beatings . . . the old Duchess would not dare! For if she did, Katherine would tell the King.

The monarch fell more and more deeply in love with the youth, the modesty, the innocence of this cousin of his late wife.

She was an outwardly charming young creature, little and gay as a golden mote of light—and as quickly gone. But though this girl on whose golden eyelashes the sun seemed to rest, was in her earliest youth, that youth had its secrets.

One day as she—then nineteen years old at the utmost—stood on the threshold of Queenship, a letter reached her. It contained these words:

'I beseech you to save some room for me which you shall think fit yourself, for the nearer I am to you, the gladder I would be. . . . I beseech you not to be forgetful of my request, for if you do not help me, I am not like to have worldly joys. Desiring you if you can, to let me have some answer of this for the satisfying of my mind, for I know the Queen of England will not forget her secretary

Your humble servant

with heart unfeigned

Jone Bulmer.'

Reading these words, the future Queen of England turned a greenish white.

There had been days, above all, there had been nights, when she was child of thirteen and fourteen, a young girl of fifteen and sixteen—whose secrets were known to her grandmother's waiting-women. They knew, for they had witnessed everything.

How many people knew those secrets? Katherine tried to remember, and a sick terror invaded her as she thought of their number. Oh, if only those days and nights could be obliterated from the living memory—or if the living people who knew all could be dead.

Whether that letter was, or was not, a veiled threat, is not known. But Katherine had now only two alternatives. Either she must become Queen, menaced, night and day, by the fear

that her terrible secret would be disclosed—or she must reveal the secret that lay behind the cautious words of that letter, and renounce all hope of becoming Queen. She chose the former course, and gave Joan Bulmer a place about her person.

This woman, who had been her bedfellow in the house of the Duchess, was also 'entertained by' (i.e. was the mistress of) Francis Dereham. She was now married to a young man named Bulmer. . . . Katherine yielded to her demands, for indeed she had no real choice in the matter. There was no one to whom she could turn. She had no friends, and the old Duchess of Norfolk, determined she should be Queen, had assured the King of her fitness, her eminent suitability to be his wife.

That terrible old woman had so neglected her grandchild that to buy any little piece of finery she must borrow money from Francis Dereham, a distant kinsman who lived in the Duchess's house. In this way she procured a silk pansy, some little pieces of velvet, a cap with velvet knots. . . .

She thought, now, of those rags of finery—and of the payment of them, made to Dereham in those nights and days of her late childhood. And remembering this, she was filled with hatred, of Dereham, of her grandmother, of everyone concerned.

The marriage that made Katherine Queen of England was solemnized in profound secrecy, a few hours after the divorce of the Princess of Cleves; on the 8th of August the new Queen took up her residence at Hampton Court, and was prayed for, as Queen, in the churches.

The King's infatuation for his new wife seemed greater, according to the French Ambassador, than his love had been for any other woman. The domestic happiness of his family seemed assured; the new Queen played with, and spoiled, the little stepdaughter who was also her cousin, and, after a childish quarrel with Mary, made friends with her and welcomed her at Court.

The young Queen made a few changes in the royal household, taking into her service certain persons who had been about her in her childhood and earliest girlhood: Katherine Tylney, who had been one of the Duchess's waiting-women—

and Francis Dereham, who became her secretary. . . . One Henry Manox, only too well known to the Queen, entered the household as a musician; Joan Bulmer was one of her bed-chamber women. And the frightful Lady Rochford, a lady-in-waiting, became one of her young mistress's most intimate companions.

At first, the life at the Court was gay; then, after a few months, the King's illness returned, taking the form, at first, of a tertian fever. . . . The French ambassador told Montmorency 'the King's life was really thought to be in danger, not from the fever but from the leg, which often troubles him because he is very stout and marvellously excessive in eating and drinking, so that people say . . . he is often different in the morning than [*sic*] he is after dinner. . . . He has a *mal d'esprit*, hearing that his subjects murmured at the charges imposed upon them and at their ill-treatment for religious opinions, and having conceived a sinister opinion of some of his chief men during illness, he said he had an unhappy people to govern, whom he would shortly make so poor that they would not have the boldness nor the power to oppose him, and that most of his Privy Council, under pretence of seeing him, were only temporising for their profit; for he knew the good servants from the flatterers, and if God lent him health, he would take care that their projects should not succeed. . . . Sometimes he even reproached' (his Ministers) 'with Cromwell's death, saying that upon light pretexts, by false accusations, they had made him put to death the most faithful servant he ever had.' . . . For now Cromwell had gone, not even the uncombatible kingly will could restore that much-needed faithfulness to life.

The King said 'it was time to arise from his sick-bed, for the ramparts of Dover, Portsmouth, and elsewhere' (continued the Ambassador) 'are clean fallen down, and the King is so angered that he will go in person and direct how they are to be rebuilt.'

Shrovetide, owing to the King's mood, was passed in a sinister silence. . . . There was no music, in spite of the King's passion for it . . . there were few visitors, and the business of these was asked, and they were often sent back, as if something within the Palace must be kept hidden.

In that strange silence it seemed, almost, as if all were waiting for the tread of Doom in the long passages, the empty state apartments. . . . But when that step was heard, it was not a giant sound, like that of a being of stone, endowed suddenly, after long ages, with a terrible life. it was a little, light step, like that of Anne Boleyn. . . .

The King recovered, slowly, and began, that summer—he had been married for rather less than a year—a royal progress to York with his new Queen. The preparations for the tour were of such magnificence that Marillac told the French King ‘they seem to betoken some extraordinary triumph’.

The royal procession halted at various stages on the journey, and the days and nights, during those halts, were one round of pleasures and sports. At Hatfield, for instance (according to the *State Papers*), ‘where there are ponds and marshes, with boats on the water and bows on land, were slain in one day 200 stags and does, and next day, two miles off, was scarcely less slaughter. In the King’s presence was taken in the water a great quantity of young swans, two boats full of river birds, and as much of great pikes and other fish; so that with the same enclosure they took at one time both flesh and fish. Henry requested Marillac to tell the French King of this, and afterwards, when the Ambassador was supping with him in his tent, King Henry pointed to two or three hundred stags, as near the company as if they had been domesticated cattle, or those enclosed in parks.’

One day in August, possibly during the stay at Hatfield, one of the Queen’s maids, Margryt Morton, saw her mistress looking out of the window. Partly from idle curiosity, and partly from malice—for she hated the Queen, who had ordered her not to enter the royal bedroom unless she was called—Margryt looked to see what the Queen was watching. She was ‘looking out of the window on Mr. Culpepper’—her cousin and one of the King’s most intimate companions.

The waiting, watching maid, seeing that look, came to a certain conclusion.

A little later, when the Court had reached Lincoln, Thomas Culpepper received a strange letter:

‘Master Culpepper, I heartily recommend me unto you, praying

you to send me word how you do. I heard you were sick, and never longed so much for anything as to see you. It makes my heart die to think I cannot always be in your company.'

Then, after a few words about horses, and a manservant who was to be employed, the letter ends—

'Yours as long as lyffe endures

Katheryn.'

The maids were whispering among themselves. . . . It was said that while the Court was at Lincoln, on the Progress, the King, one night, had found the Queen's door locked; and that it was some little time before it was undone and he was admitted. Then, one night, the Queen had left her room, very late, and had gone, unaccompanied, to the room of Lady Rochford, 'which was up a little stair.'

Katheryn Tylney, one of the Queen's maids (who had been among her companions in the Duchess of Norfolk's house), and Margryt her fellow were already in bed. But Margryt rose to follow her. She was not admitted to the room, but waited upon the stair. At two o'clock in the morning Katheryn was awakened by Margryt returning to bed. 'Christ,' she exclaimed, 'is not the Queen returned yet?' 'Even now,' replied Margryt.

The Queen's maids by now spied on her every action. For 'when they were at Pontefract', said Margryt Morton, in her evidence, 'the Queen had angry words with Mrs. Lyffkyn' (mother of the Chamberers) 'and herself, and forbade their attendance in her bedchamber.'

She had made two mortal enemies.

The strange comings and goings continued.

One night the Watch, appearing with a torch at the back door of the royal apartments, saw the muffled figures of two women, obviously waiting for someone. They disappeared silently, and the Watch locked the door. But presently two men appeared, and picking the lock, entered. One of those men was Culpepper.

Mysterious messages, not to be understood by the bearer, were sent by the Queen to Lady Rochford (Katheryn Tylney being the messenger)—and equally strange messages were sent

in reply. . . . At Hampton Court the maid was 'bade to go to my Lady Rochford and ask when she should have the thing she promised her; and she (Lady Rochford) answered that she sat up for it, and she would the next day bring her word herself. A like message and answer was conveyed to, and from, my lord of Suffolk'.

As Miss Strickland noted, the Duke of Suffolk had been the husband of the King's sister. It is hardly likely that he could have been aiding the Queen in her nefarious love-plots. It is therefore probable that the secret related to money, or the private purchase of jewels, which the Queen wished 'to procure in an underground way'. 'Katherine,' Miss Strickland continues, 'like all persons who have been early initiated into the dark mysteries of sin, had evidently acquired a systematic habit of concealment even with regard to those trifling actions which, when openly performed, would never excite suspicion.'

The royal tour was at an end, and the King and Queen returned to Hampton Court on the 30th of October, the day before the Festival of All Souls. Next day, a thanksgiving was to be made in the churches to Almighty God for the happiness bestowed on His Regent on earth by the gift of so virtuous and loving a wife.

But as the King returned from Mass and the Thanksgiving, he found Archbishop Cranmer waiting for him. The Archbishop was deathly pale, and spoke in a low voice. He placed in the King's hands a paper, asking him to read it when he should be alone.

That paper told part of the story of Katherine's corrupted childhood and early youth. During the royal tour, John Lassels, brother of one of the vile women who, in the Duchess of Norfolk's household at Lambeth, had watched the downfall of this neglected and friendless child, had come to the Archbishop and told him what Mary Lassels had seen.

The haunted King, met at last, at the end of a long passage, by the waiting ghost, swore that the Queen was calumniated, and that this was a plot against her. His agony was frightful to witness.—He persisted in believing nothing against her.

But the story must be investigated, and until this was done,

the Queen must know nothing. Nor must any rumour reach the Court, lest her reputation should be touched.

But the Court knew that something strange was happening. Why was there a pretence that the King was hunting, in order to explain his absence from the Palace? Why had the Council including the Duke of Norfolk (who was in quarantine because one of his servants had died of the plague) been summoned in the middle of the night? The King had left Hampton Court without seeing the Queen—without sending her a message. What did that mean?

Then, later in the day, the Council appeared, and were shown into the Queen's presence.

Then the Queen's voice was heard, raised to a scream. And after the Council left her, she fell into fits of shrieking, of so frightful a nature that it was supposed, through the night, that she would either die or go mad.

The Court knew, now, that the Council had brought charges against her, and that she had denied them with frenzy.

Next morning the Archbishop went to her, bearing a message from the King, promising her that if she would acknowledge her guilt, 'the King had determined to extend to her his most gracious mercy.'

For at this time only the sins of her early youth were known; her behaviour—guilty or only foolish—after her marriage had not yet been divulged.

Cranmer, filled with pity for her, wrote to the King:

'I found her in such lamentation and heaviness as I never saw no creature, so that it would have pitied any man's heart in the world to have looked upon; and in that vehement rage' (agony) 'she continued, as they informed me which be about her, from my departure until my return again, and then I found her, as I do suppose, far entered towards a frenzy' (madness) 'which I feared before my departure from her at my first being with her. Surely if your grace's comfort had not come in time, she could have continued no longer time in that condition without a frenzy, which, nevertheless, I do much suspect to fall hereafter. . . .

'After I had declared your grace's mercy with her, she held up her hands, and gave most humble thanks with your majesty,

who had showed her more grace and mercy than she herself thought meet to sue for, or could have hoped for. Then, for a time, she became more temperate and moderate, saving that she still sobbed and wept; but after a little pausing, she suddenly fell into a new rage, much worse than before. Now do I use her thus—when I do see her in any such extreme braid' (paroxysms) 'I do travail with her to know the cause, and then, as much as I can, I do labour to bate away, or at least to mitigate, the cause. . . .

'I told her there was some new fantasy come into her head, which I desired to open unto me; and after a certain time, when she had recovered herself that she might speak, she cried and said:

' "Alas, my lord, that I am alive—the fear of death did not grieve me so much before as doth now the remembrance of the King's goodness—for when I remember how gracious and loving a prince I had, I cannot but sorrow. . . ."

'And for all I could say to her, she continued in a great pang a long while. After that, she began something to remit her rage, and come to herself; she was metely' (fairly) 'well until night, and I had good communication with her, and, as I thought, brought her into a great quietness. Nevertheless, at night, at about six o'clock, she fell into another pang, but not so outrageous as the first; and that was (as she shewed me) because of remembrance that at that time in the evening, Master Heneage was wont to bring her news of your Grace.'

The wretched creature was weeping because of what she had done to the only being who had ever shown her kindness . . . Henry, the old, kind King . . . (for though he was but little past fifty years of age he seemed, because of the circumstances of his life, an old man)—the King who had treated her kindly as if she were a little kitten—he who had tried to make her forget her unhappy childhood, and who had made her Queen.

What had she done to him, because of the fever left in her veins by the nights of her childhood?

The frightful stay continued, in all its pitiableness, its baseness. 'She saith,' continued the Archbishop, 'that Dereham used to her importunate force, and had not her free will and consent.'

So bit by bit, the whole story of that corrupted childhood came to light, through the pitying lips of the Archbishop, or divulged by voices shrieking under torture, or comfortable voices gloating over the downfall of this unworthy creature who had seemed superior because of her birth, and who had been made Queen of England.

POETRY

RICHARD AT DURNSTEIN

by J. F. HENDRY

The tears you weep are heavier than your chains.
The waters plague you, and the glassy eyes of birds
Mock you like the crystal in the rock that carves
A copper day in the sundial of your cell.

Liberty you embrace in bread and water.—
You may kiss her in the iron ladle of the evening.
Time will come when nothing is home but darkness
Locking the perimeter of your cage.

You listen, listen, to an echo, or a flute,
A bird, a wave, a step, or Triton's horn
Transforming into a cornucopia of sound

The deaf ear of doom till the tall sun ripens
Bars of years shining like sheaves of corn
And your heart is a harp in the song of Floriel!

PARATROOPER

by J. F. HENDRY

Falling down clouds of cheeks he built a bridgehead.
He yoked an ox-cart, he spun a mill-wheel,
He danced a maypole ribboned with steel,
He broke an iron bandage apart.

Inns are flowing. The wine is proud and red.
I'd thatch the village he never reached
If his locked sight could be breached,
If I could say the name of his heart.

POETRY

Still rifle in this war of love, bolt, maidenhead,
Find, fiend or friend, such splint or crutch
For mankind's crippling wound. Clutch
Close the blind hands of his hope's shape.

Fire your flaming tongue among the dead.
Release the terrible angel of the grape.

DEATH OF A FIGHTER PILOT

by HENRY TREECE

Devoted to death, even as a child,
The shadow in his eyes showed as the mark
For that slow tumble down the summer sky
With chute tight-furled, no terror in the mild
Young face, nor frantic grappling of the air
As doom unfolded. Only the still hands fanned
Over the quiet breast, as though to say
This was the wisest way out of a world
Too hard for one boy's heart to understand.
The birds about him watched his lurching arc
And as he fell the breeze moved his bright hair.
Then earth reached up and took him in her hand.

COLONEL JULIAN

H. E. BATES

COLONEL Julian lay alone in the sun. By pressing down his hands so that the bone-cream knuckles touched the dusty hot lead of the balcony floor he could raise himself up just enough to look through the openings of the stone balustrade to where the deep ring of rhododendrons broke and revealed, across fields of oak-brown corn, the line of the sea. The balcony was built above the portico of the house, facing southward. Beyond the rhododendrons, quite flowerless now, dark without that Indian glory the Colonel loved, he could see also his only gardener cutting with a horse-mower the wild outer fringe of lawn, and he could smell the sweet, light fragrance of it drying in the August heat. The terrace, the gardener, the horse, and the sun were practically all that was left to him of his life before the war. Not, he often reflected, that they were very much good to him. He could no longer ride the horse, and the gardener was a witless sort of bounder who abused him to his face and raided his tobacco jar behind his back. That left him only the terrace and, if he were lucky, the sun. All the rest had long since been given up to what he always called the young Air Force gentlemen. They had long ago invaded the solitude, broken the silence and re-coloured, sometimes excitedly, the grey privacy of a house that was anyway too large for one old man. All that remained to him now was a single room above the stables and, by a purely compassionate arrangement, the terrace in the sun. The young men filled all the rest of the place with their eating and drinking, their laughter and their language that he could never quite understand, and he in turn had lain for four years in the sun, whenever there was any sun, and watched the faces of them come and go.

He had not been very lucky with the sun since invasion day. The papers were saying that it was the worst summer for forty years. Cold gales that had swept down from the north in June had broken the oats into shabby and forlorn wreckage, and

had burnt the tender leaves of the limes. The Colonel, who felt the cold easily and bitterly, lit the gas-fire in his room in the evenings, or sat on the balcony with his overcoat on and read over and over again the invasion news in the papers. After the first few days there was little flying and he began to feel depressed by having to look so often at a sky without planes. It seemed as if cloud was solid, unchanged by turns of wind, and dark over the whole world. Ten-tenths, the boys called it: which seemed a curious sort of arithmetical and more difficult way of saying complete, he thought.

But then he had no knowledge at all of the language of modern war; he had lost touch with its progress; at eighty-three he had fallen a long way behind. The young men who came and talked to him in the garden and even on the balcony, spoke to him constantly in a language which it seemed to him made practically no sense at all. He discovered in himself a depressing and uneasy ignorance as they talked of a matter as this and that, of kites and pieces of cake, of the shaky do and a very curious situation in which they informed you that you had had it. The Colonel did not know where all this had sprung from. Language in his day had been rather a pompous affair, perhaps rather puerile, but he felt that at least you could understand it. He did not understand this other at all. He felt sometimes like a small boy left out in the cold, not yet initiated into the secret of the games of older boys.

And yet he liked talking to them. He liked it very much; perhaps more than he cared to say. On the few days when flying began again he found himself alone on the balcony all day in the sun, bored with the remote context of the newspapers, missing the immediate touch that he got from talking with men who perhaps only an hour before had been over the battlefield.

That also was a thing he could not get used to. In his day you went off to war after a series of stern farewells; you lived a life of monastic remoteness somewhere on a damnable plain in India or you went to the northern hills and were cut off for some months at a time. Or if there were no war you went pig-hunting or you had furlough and if you liked that sort of thing you arranged something unofficially delicious in the way of

COLONEL JULIAN

women. You needed the hide of a pig yourself not to be affected by all this, and you did in fact come back with that sort of hide, sun-brown or yellow and as harsh as rind. You looked like a soldier. But nowadays these young fellows flew out and put the fear of God into what they called a gaggle of wolfers or a bunch of tanks at four-thirty in the afternoon and at seven they were lying in the hay with a young woman or drinking gin in the local bar. For some reason or other they hadn't any kind of soldierly look about them either. He had looked almost in vain for a martial type. He sometimes saw instead a touch of sort of dreamy feminacy about some of them. They were very quiet sometimes and had long-seeing eyes that seemed to be dreaming in planetary distances. They were boyishly hilarious and laughed fantastically behind quite impossibly unclipped moustaches. There was none of that heroic stuff at all.

He spread out his fingers loosely in the sun. The weather had changed at last. Now he could feel the heat stinging up through his fingers from the lead. It was the sort of heat he loved; it seemed to burn him to the bone. It was now about twelve o'clock and if he were lucky one of the young night fliers who slept all morning would be waking up now and would come up to talk to him before lunch. The war was going very well at last and there had arisen another of those curious situations in which the night-fliers now talked of beating the daylights out of Jerry.

He sat for another ten minutes or so alone, listening to the clap-racket of the horse mower and the soft wind that lifted gently up and down, in slow dark swells, the flat branches of two cedars on the lawn. He felt the sun beating not only into his fingers but down through the closed lids of his eyes, which seemed transparent in the vertical light. Then he heard sounds in the bedroom that opened out on to the balcony and the voice of one of the young men was saying 'Good morning, sir,' and he opened his eyes to see Pallister, one of the night pilots, standing there quite naked except for a pink and white towel round his loins.

'Ah, young fellow,' he said.

Pallister danced from one foot to another on the hot lead of the balcony, and then dropped the towel and stood on it. His

body was brown all over, a sort of light buttery brown, except for paler islands of skin on the inner flanks of his thighs. The Colonel knew all about those islands. The skin from them had been used to re-cover the burnt lids of the boy's eyes.

The Colonel watched Pallister spread out the towel and then sit on it, cross-legged, like one of the Indian boys the Colonel so clearly remembered. The boy sighed and screwed up his eyes and put on a pair of dark-lens glasses.

'Too hot for you?' the Colonel said.

'I just can't have enough of that sun soak into me,' the boy said.

'It's certainly very beautiful,' the Colonel said.

He wanted to talk about the war; to get that intimate touch of fire no newspaper ever gave. But Pallister, behind the dark glasses, suddenly looked remote and anonymous; and was cut off from him. The Colonel lost for some moments the friendliness of the young face.

But after a few moments he got used to the dark glasses; he concentrated on the lips of the boy instead. They too were friendly, and unlike the eyes had never been burnt out of the shape of youth. They had sometimes a way of looking awfully cynical that only made them more youthful still.

'Well,' the Colonel said, 'what is it like over there?'

He supposed he always asked that. He could think of no other way of beginning.

'Oh! bloody ramping mess,' the boy said. 'Looks like fair-day.'

'Even at night?' the Colonel said. He wondered how even the August moon showed this rampant detail.

'Oh! it was light already when I was coming back,' the boy said. 'There was a bit of a doings.'

'You shot something down?'

'Up,' the boy said. 'Road stuff. And a Ju 88 down. Piece of cake.'

'Tell me about it.'

'Oh! they hadn't a clue. It was just a hell of nice bang on the ground and hell of a nicer bang upstairs,' the boy said. 'Very smooth.'

The boy grinned as he spoke, and the Colonel got the im-

pression of an idol, darkly eyeless, laughing up unto the sun. The severance of the lips from the black-glassed eyes was so complete as to be unreal and in a way almost hideous. The eyes in their unalive darkness were for the Colonel the symbol of the fact that there had been a time, only a summer ago, when the boy had really been eyeless and for many months practically dead. It had happened that flak over Denmark had hit something in the Mosquito, the Colonel thought perhaps the pyrotechnics, and had driven white whirlwinds of flame down through the aircraft with terrible fury that could not be stopped. It burnt the face of the boy for a few moments as the heat of a blow-lamp burns off the skin of old paint. The boy had heard himself screaming against the death that was coming up to seize him with a terror that made a lacerating shriek throughout the whole of his body. Instantaneously he was dead but alive: the death living and torturous in a second of screaming flame before its hellish and complete extinction of him. He knew in this awful interval what it was to be burning alive; to be dying and to be aware; to be aware and to be quite helpless. The flame leapt up for an awful and final moment of savage agony and slit the light out of his eyes and left the light of his body and the terror of his mind completely extinct.

He did not know quite what happened after that. The flame went out into instantaneous darkness. It seemed never to have happened, there seemed never to have been a flame. He was afterwards told that for a long time he did not utter a sound; but he had a fanciful and utterly private impression of talking the whole time. It was fanciful, but it was also quite real: an impression of repeating to himself a frenzied catechism. 'I can see, I can see, I can see.' And then: 'I will see, I will see, I will see. God! I will see!' Then it appeared that at last he did begin talking and did amazing things in the way of instructing Jackson, his observer, to fly the aircraft. He was reported as being nervously and consciously active over the whole seaward course and that, among other details, he kept naming the stars. He had again the private and absolute conviction that all this was nonsense. He had never talked at all. He knew that he was not even very good at naming the stars. He was quite certain about these things. And yet it was quite certain also that Jack-

son had flown the aircraft home and could only have done so under his advice. As he struggled afterwards to get at the truth of the long darkness that had succeeded the catastrophic moment of white flame, in which he was living and yet also dead, he fell back on the simple defence against terror that was its own dissolution. It was just one of those things.

There followed about nine months in hospitals. The Colonel, who was still staring at the boy and trying to get himself into a state when he could talk easily beyond what were always the first moments of embarrassment, knew all about that time. Sometimes the boy talked very well. Even so the Colonel got the impression that, as often as not, he did not talk to him. He lay flat on his back, perfectly naked, outstretched and very brown except for the white patches on the inner flanks of his thighs, and talked upward to the sun. He talked quite rapidly, giving no other sign of their high-pitched nervousness except that he drummed his fingers restlessly on the lead of the balcony. It might have been, the Colonel thought, that he was sometimes very much afraid. In a laconic and careless sort of way he talked of the miracles they had done to him in hospital. For there was no doubt that they were miracles; hideous miracles, fantastic miracles, and also very wonderful. The Colonel, simply by sheer repetition, got to know some part of the surgical language of them; he got to know about scarlet mercurochrome, Tierch grafts, pre-anæsthetic injections and God knew what. He heard how those grafts had left the boy for some time looking like a young cuckoo, his face a mess of puffed sewing that had a foul baldness not yet touched by sun. He had heard of physio-therapy and occupational therapy and how, at last, the boy had come out of it, less shocking to look at than he had feared, with the fierce light of living in him, and able to see.

And the miracle of all of it had almost been lost. It appeared from the livid language of the boy, who could out-swear an Indian regular sergeant without effort, that there had been a fool of a psychiatrist who had made the suggestion that he was mentally unfit to fly. It had had a violently opposite effect. It instantly brought to the surface, in a high emotional temperature, all the symptoms of the disease from which the Colonel

now knew the boy was suffering. For as the Colonel lay on the terrace day after day and talked to the boy it seemed to him that the very great differences between war as he had fought it long ago in Northern Indian Hills, and as the boy fought it over the fields of France, was not a difference of time, of latitude, of speed or of weapons, but something more simple and more amazing. The Colonel had gone into war as another man might go into business: respectably, steadfastly, following his father in a line of succession. For the boy it was all quite different. Flying was a disease.

He did not know if the boy was aware of that. He had only recently become aware of it himself. You could of course suffer from a disease without being aware of it. It was quite certain that it was something not wholly conscious which had sent the boy into a frenzy of antagonism and scheming against all authority, until at last authority had finally given way and let him fly once more.

Thinking of this, and then letting it slip away from his mind, the Colonel once again spoke to the boy. What was now happening in France interested him greatly. This war of movement was so fast that he did not know if you could any longer talk of strategy as he had once been taught it. He longed to get a picture of it, fixed and clear, as the boy might have photographed it from the air.

'Tell me about this Seine thrust,' he said. 'What do you think of it? Do you think it aims at the coast?'

'I never really trouble what the Brown Jobs are doing,' the boy said.

The Colonel was silenced. It was not a very good morning. Once again he was up against some new term he did not understand.

'Brown Jobs?'

'Army.'

'Oh!' the Colonel said. 'Oh.' He understood now. Of course, apart from the slight contempt it was very apt, very typical.

'Yes, but it's a combined operation,' he said. 'You are all in it. You depend very much on each other.'

'Oh! I know,' the boy said: as if he did not know at all.

The Colonel did not know what to say. The astonishing

realization that the boy did not know what was happening on a general scale stupefied him. It seemed an incredible thing. It seemed to arise from a different sort of blindness, not physical, but from the blindness of this intense and narrow passion to fly. To the boy all horizons beyond these narrow limits of vision were closed. His life soared furiously and blindly between.

'Without you,' the Colonel said, 'the Brown Jobs might never force the issue.'

The boy slightly tilted his head, turning towards the Colonel a pair of black sun-glassy lens, as if to say, 'Force the issue? What the bloody hell does that mean?'

For a moment the Colonel felt that he did not know what the hell it meant himself. He lay quietly in his chair. Across the garden now the horse-mower was silent and there was no sound except the sea-sound of cedar branches now and then gently uplifted. The movement of these branches was exactly that of a ship gently heaving in sheltered waters on a summer wind. It seemed now to the Colonel that the battle front, really half an hour's flight to the south, was a million miles away.

'There is no bloody issue except killing Huns,' the boy said. 'That's all that matters.' He looked as he spoke straight up into the sun.

A certain essence of individual cruelty in this remark quite shocked the Colonel. It startled him so that he lifted himself up in the chair and looked at the boy. In the hot sun the face had a pure and impersonal immobility. The savagery of the remark was quite natural. To the Colonel there seemed a certain absence of ethics in the whole of this careless and calculated attitude of the boy's towards fighting. In his day, the Colonel's, there had been in fighting some sort of—well, he supposed it to be sort of ethical water-line. You kept above it. The people who sank below the water-line, who made public a private desire to kill the man on the opposite side, were not thought very much of. It was really much like a game, and all the wars in which he had played it were really, beside this one, very small. They seemed very important then but were quite forgotten now. He supposed that was finally the essence of it: the hugeness of the thing. The boy had in his hands, like the rest of his generation, a frightening and enor-

mous power. It was perhaps the greatest power ever given into the hands of the individual in all of time.

'Wizard day,' the boy said. As suddenly as he spoke he curved up his long legs and outstretched them again, in a slow convulsive movement of pleasure in the sun. 'Bloody wizard.' He took great breaths of the warm, noon-tide air and breathed them out again.

The Colonel, startled out of reminiscence, did not speak, and the boy went on, talking as if to himself.

'Gosh, the trees,' the boy said, 'and the smell of the bloody hay and the lime-trees and all that. After all those months of smelling hospital wards and ether and anæsthetics, Christ, it's good. Did I ever tell you what it was like in Normandy? I mean in the D-minus days.'

'No,' the Colonel said. He had given up.

'Not all the orchards? You could see them all in blossom at night, in the full moon. Miles of them. You know how short the nights are in May. Never quite dark. You could see everything. Every puff of smoke from a train, and the rivers, and the orchards in blossom. Bloody wonderful, Colonel, I tell you. You never saw anything so lovely as the sun coming up and the moon not set and the sky half pink with sunlight and half yellowy with moonlight, and all the colour on the French orchards. I tell you, Colonel, you never saw anything so wonderful.'

So much for the passionate, impersonal cruelty of the boy, the Colonel thought. So much for the notion of calculated savagery. It now seemed quite monstrous beside the tenderness of that description of orchards in May. He could see that the boy felt it very deeply and he tried to remember if, so long ago, he too had been touched by anything like that, but he could remember only the scarlet rhododendrons, in fantastic cascades, on a wild furlough trek above Darjeeling: how they fell bloodily into the rocky spring valleys there and how impressed he had been and how for that reason he had planted them liberally in the garden here. But the glory of them was never quite the same. The scarlet wildness was never renewed. There was something hot and foreign and un-English about them anyway: not like the orchards, that were so cool and cloudy, like

the northern skies. It pleased him very much that the boy liked them. It seemed to make him quite human again.

And to his dismay the boy began to get up. He stood up, quite naked, and took off the glasses and turned away from the sun. His eyes had the oddest appearance of not belonging to the rest of his body. The pale new tissue, not yet merged into the older skin of the face, seemed lividly dead. It seemed literally to have been grafted there from another person altogether. It aroused the instant and uneasy impression that the boy was two different people.

'Must you?' the Colonel said. 'So soon?'

'I'm as hungry as hell,' the boy said 'I've got to get dressed and lunch is off at two'

'Well, nice of you to come up,' the Colonel said. 'I do so appreciate it.'

'Can I send you up a can of beer?' the boy said.

'No. No, thanks. I don't think so.'

'A half-can? The orderly can bring it up.'

'No, thank you. Thank you all the same.' He did not want to offend the boy. The pilots were very kind to him sometimes like that, sending him up tobacco or chocolate, or a glass of beer. 'Perhaps to-morrow. Perhaps we might have a drink together. I should like that.'

'Good show,' the boy said.

'About this time?' the Colonel said.

'Yeh. I'll get the orderly to bring the beer up.'

'I'll wait for you,' the Colonel said.

The boy tucked the towel round his loins and hopped over the hot lead of the terrace into the bedroom, calling back over his shoulder something about the Colonel having a sleep, and as if in obedience the Colonel smiled and closed his eyes against the brassy midday light, the only light in which, after many years in the east, he ever felt really warm.

He lay there the next day at about the same time, in much the same attitude, waiting for the boy. The strength of the grasses' sweetness had faded overnight. He caught it only at odd moments, in brief renewed waves, in the seaward wind. But the branches of the cedars rose with slow placidity up and down much as they had done the day before, and beyond

them, if he raised himself up on his creamy fleshless knuckles, he could again see beyond the brown cornfields the blue-grey edge of the sea.

He waited for just over an hour before deciding to go down into the garden to see if he could find the boy. He was permitted to use the back-stairs, once the servants' stairs, on which now there was always a loathsome smell of stale cooking. He did not like these stairs and he was glad to be out of them, past the back entrance and the heaps of boiler coke, into the garden and the sun.

At eighty-three he walked very slowly, with a sort of deliberate majesty, keeping his head up more by habit than any effort, and it was some time before he could walk far enough across the lawns to find someone to ask about Pallister. Groups of young officers were playing croquet on the farthest outer lawn, and the knock of balls and the yelling of voices clapped together in the clear air.

Under one of the cedars, in shadow that was almost black, an officer in battledress was lying on the grass with a book. He had Canada on his shoulder.

'Excuse me,' the Colonel said.

'Oh! hullo, sir,' the Canadian said. 'How've you bin?'

'I was looking for Mr. Pallister,' the Colonel said. 'We were to have a drink together I thought you might have seen him somewhere.'

'I guess he bought it,' the Canadian said.

The language that he did not understand left the Colonel without a reply.

'Yeh!' the Canadian said. 'I guess he bought it. Over France last night.'

The Colonel still did not speak.

'Bad show, sir,' the Canadian said.

'Yes,' the Colonel said.

Now he understood. He began to walk away very quietly, across the lawn, back to the house. Beyond the trees there was a jubilant row going on among the croquet-players, and as he drew nearer the house he could hear a gramophone playing ferociously gay music at an open window. He did not stop to speak to anyone else but walked straight on, round to the back

entrance of the house and up the stairs that he hated so much and so out on to the terrace, on the south side. As he walked he felt uneasily conscious of the sound of his own feet. It seemed louder than the shouting of the croquet-players or the noise of the gramophone. It reminded him of how in the past, if someone had died in the house, he had never allowed the sound of raised voices or running feet and how every yellow Venetian blind had been drawn and closed against the sun. He was troubled by the difference now.

He sat down in his chair on the terrace and lay back and shut his eyes. He lay for a long time without moving, listening to the sound of voices, the music of the gramophone, and the wind moving the cedars. He waited in the vague hope that someone else might come up and talk to him of Pallister and how it had been, but nothing happened and no one came.

And when finally he opened his eyes to look at the view he knew so well the light was so dazzling in its downward power that he was blind in the sun. He could not see the sea, the cedars, or the sky. They were all beyond his vision now.

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REVIEWS

THE WIDE NET. EUDORA WELTY. The Bodley Head.
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THIS is the second collection of short stories by the author of *A Curtain of Green*, and it includes the title story which won her the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the second year in succession. It is a very lovely story, imaginative as all she writes; but also life-like in its inexplicable swerving aside from fatality. A lovely story, but not, in my opinion, her best. That was *A Worn Path* in *A Curtain of Green*—a piece so perfect that it must, perhaps always, be a judgment on her, as it most certainly is on most other short-story writers. What a comfort under this common affliction to have been the one who wrote it! For as one reads and reads and reads Miss Welty's stories with bewilderment, astonishment, admiration, sympathy, one is constantly comparing them. And with no one but herself. Her *achievements* may be compared with several great writers, her methods, satisfactorily, with none. She is as original as is a hand-made violin and her pedigree is her own. Which is not to say that she does without tradition. He who does that must, in logic, contrive to write without language. But with this writer, tradition seems to begin afresh. She gives it life: it does not sustain her. Which is the rare and right relationship. If this could have been an interested essay on her methods instead of a notice of only utility length, I would have called it *Miss Welty and Tradition*, for it becomes more and more clear in story after story that apart even from her style, she is one of those acutely sensitive beings who seem to remember history as other people remember their own lives.

She does not possess genius. Genius does not possess her. Simply she inhabits it, and it is her iridescent world. Obviously surrounded by hemispheres of rainbows she can yet give us the real Natchez, the post office safe, a room lighted by the reflection of rain 'as a room might have lighted a mousehole'. Such strokes as these make a reviewer want to cry hurrah, while others rouse the poet in the reader. And that too is rare,

for while there are many writers who are obviously entranced with their own imagery, there are very few who invoke ours.

Her art is so multitudinous, so concrete, yet so dream-deft that it is impossible to approach more than one or two aspects of it here. On children, particularly coloured children, she is perfection. Everybody seems to be writing about them now, but Miss Welty is again among the minority who recognize that the art of writing on children is the art of underdevelopment. Children are pure imagists to themselves, and among themselves, but with all their scarce and startling perception they are not very often anything much aloud. She avoids alike exploiting their 'funny' and their wisdom. And she succeeds with Joyce in *Araby*, with Tchekov, and with D. H. Lawrence in *The Rainbow*, whose exquisite masterpiece in the Chile Anna is so clearly the essence of his wonderfully ill-comprehended greatness.

Another strange power she has, quite her own, that of conveying a physical infirmity or the lack of a sense. In *First Love*, a story of a deaf boy's worshipping love of Aaron Burr, a *dumbness* comes over the pages with the silent eloquent action of Joel's pathetic nights and days. In *First Love* is the absolute mystery of sight without sound, its emphasis, its subtle erring. This story and the beautiful *The Winds* (also another child's dedication in love to the faint figure of an adolescent girl) are the best in the book. Historically Aaron Burr is Aaron Burr, but he is also the boy Joel's Aaron Burr. Life's and Joel's creations are both epitomized in the single sentence 'his talking was his appearance' which also marvellously includes Joel's infirmity. It is this gift for the inclusive, the summarized which alone would make the author startlingly prominent. Such phrases are like sayings. Often tart, sometimes acrimonious, they are usually so fine that again and again one can only gasp.

"The unshaven young man . . . only looked fearfully at a spot on the counter before him until the bar tender, as if he could hear a silent prayer, covered the spot with a drink." Superb. The story from which this is taken, called *The Purple Hat*, is not good. Neither is *Asphodel*, which goes to prove that in the fantastic this writer of impressionistic imaginism

unaccountably fails. Also that in such stories a whole gloom of unreality is more likely to succeed than flashes of unrelated lightning. The ghost never becomes anything, the people are not even ghosts, and even the hat curiously fails to materialize and sulks somewhere behind the teller of the tale. These two examples of a peculiar failure are the only two cases in which Miss Welty has not succeeded in using a language which gives the reader the power to sense for himself.

Miss Welty has the one essential of all manners and kinds of greatness. She has humanity. Gentleness she has, and seriousness, but also their profounder foundation. And if in this collection I have not found anything so illumined and so immortally firm as *A Worn Path* with one other exception I doubt whether it exists in contemporary literature. *A Worn Path* is, I think, one of the two greatest short stories of our time, and to mention it can never be out of place in any notice on the short story. In the person of the old negress noble humility and poverty are embodied, and those who suffer and those who are poor become as a nation. It will be a reminder even in less grave days.

But, falling short only of her own masterpiece, *The Wide Net* is a wonderful collection. If it cannot be bought, steal it.

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SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY PLAYS. E. M. W. TILLYARD. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

JUDGED by the number he wrote, Shakespeare seems to have enjoyed history-plays better than his critics have done. Dr. Tillyard attempts the task, congenial to modern critical method, of trying to see in history what Shakespeare saw. That this cannot have been very far different from the current thought of his day appears obvious, but has not always been allowed; on the supposition, presumably, that Shakespeare either didn't think at all, or thought in a void.

The uninspired pages of Holinshed have generally been quoted as the source of the Histories. Dr. Tillyard makes out a good case for the more philosophical Hall. He finds Hall's emphasis on cause and effect, and his appreciation of the dramatic moment, repeated in the plays of Shakespeare, and

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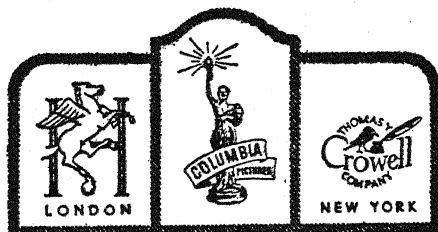
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rarely in the plays of any other dramatist. As well as this, Shakespeare shows an awareness of violent reversals of natural order, which, in the state, manifest themselves in civil war and rebellion. These are more than merely political upheavals. They are contrary to the divine principal of *degree*, whereby the world is regulated in accordance with a heavenly pattern, and which have, in the elemental world, their counterpart in storms, floods, and earthquakes.

Reinforcing the intellectual doctrine of *degree* is the emotional pressure of the England of Shakespeare's boyhood, only just emerging from years of civil strife, when from every parish pulpit the church was inveighing against 'disobedience and wilful rebellion'. This, rather than the patriotic ferment of the Armada years, is Dr. Tillyard's explanation of why Shakespeare was drawn to the theme of England's past ills and present glory. For his constant pictures of disorder in the body politic serve only to underline his conception of a rightful order, and his account of England's troubled past only makes more splendid (if precarious) the Elizabethan sunshine.

The plays are not, then, to be read primarily as the stories of kings and queens, or even of men and women, but as a prolonged moral struggle, a battle between the disorders consequent on sin and degree confused, and the harmony which rewards sin expiated and degree observed. Behind the plots and counterplots, the banners and the trumpets, is the shadow of a mighty morality, not *Everyman* but *England*. It begins with *Henry VI* (in which Dr. Tillyard not only sees Shakespeare's hand, but a more skilled hand than is generally allowed) and it displays itself particularly clearly, and with great dramatic force, in the lives of two kings in particular, *Richard III* the perfectly bad, and *Henry V*, the perfectly good, king. Each of these plays, however, is the culmination of those which preceded it and cannot be appreciated in isolation. *John* stands a little apart from the main scheme, and *Henry VIII* is probably not even in the canon.

All this, and much more that I have not mentioned, for the book covers much ground, is clearly valuable. We must be grateful for anything which can set Shakespeare's Histories before us in a fresh light. Curiously enough, this way of all

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ways, requiring as it does an almost antiquarian niceness in research, rewards us, when it succeeds, not by enabling us to understand and enjoy them as period pieces, but simply by enabling us to understand and enjoy the plays.

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For those already intrigued by the fascinating study of bird life the reading should prove a source of pleasure combined with abundant instruction; of the others who are not how many will stay the course even though they succumb to the charm of the beautiful photographic illustrations.

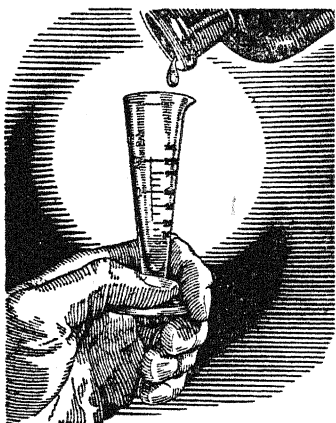
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CICELY STEPHENSON

FROM VIRGIL TO MILTON. C. M. BOWRA. Macmillan.

15s.

THERE are three main reasons for welcoming Dr. Bowra's second volume of criticism, its own excellence being properly the most important. But a University teacher, painfully aware that he is part of a system whereby knowledge and taste are becoming rapidly compartmented (so that he who reads Milton would be aggrieved if questioned on Virgil, and she who skims the *morceaux choisis* of Ronsard would be dumb as a door-



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knob at a mention of Ariosto, and who himself—to be fair—can say with the condemned but honest Lord Chesterfield that he has read Camoens only in translation, in other words not at all), such a one will be well disposed towards a book of comparative criticism which straddles the frontiers of the Schools and presupposes that the whole is greater than a part. And third, the book deals with epic, and whatever else epic may be, it is narrative. Now all is dearth and drought for narrative verse in our own time, and we are content to chew on the dry rind; in part because prose has usurped the place of verse for storytellers, in part because a majority of our poets, in search of some quintessential poetry divorced from message, story, image, or even emotional connotation, or possibly being *sans longue haleine* (or short of poetic puff), find the marriage of narrative and metre quaint, old style, or indecent. O happy generations of men from Homer to Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose poets thought differently! Who held it not beneath their dignity nor outside their powers to keep children from their play and old men from the chimney corner, and, like Gwydion, son of Don, set their gift of telling 'the best stories in the world' above their ability to make dogs out of toadstool. If Dr. Bowra's book does anything at all to bring poets to a realization of one of their most enchanting talents, he will deserve our gratitude.

In any case, he does deserve it by seeking new friends for old masters.

His subject is the 'literary' epic, and more especially the masterpieces of Virgil, Camoens, Tasso, and Milton. The literary epic is that which is written to be read, and not recited to be heard (if by way of rough but serviceable definition we set *Beowulf* and the *Song of Roland* in the 'authentic' group, the distinction becomes clear). Dr. Bowra writes helpfully of this distinction and others in his long introductory chapter. The literary epic was certainly not written only for delight, nor to celebrate a hero. It was serious-minded, it had a purpose, and that purpose in general terms was to survey not less than a national, and sometimes a universal, scene. It dealt with high aspirations and great issues; nor is it surprising that the pre-eminence of the *Aeneid* supplied a model for later poets. The *Aeneid* was the epic of Rome, and its hero Aeneas remarkable for his pious

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submission to duty; the *Lusiads* is the epic of Portugal, and its hero Vasco da Gama is both himself and a personification of the spirit of the navigators and empire-builders; *Jerusalem Delivered* and *Paradise Lost* are both epics of Christianity, though their actions and their heroes differ so considerably. Dr. Bowra's explication of all four is informative and stimulating. Mr. T. S. Eliot has recently dumbfounded some of his blinder acolytes by very decisive praise of Milton, and it is warming to read those pages in the present book which exalt the tremendous achievement of this supreme poet of the English Reformation. 'With him literary epic found a finality which forbade any extension of its scope. No poem can include more than the whole of history or be set on a stage wider than the whole of space. It may even be doubted whether the grand style can be grander than Milton's or the heroic temper more sublime than his.' We can be pleased with the sincerity of this even while we deprecate the 'Road Ends' sign raised quite unjustifiably in its first two sentences.

Dr. Bowra has used Fanshawe's translation of Camoens. It is not to my hand, and I have been reading Mickle's. A quarrelsome dog, this Mickle, more particularly in his labyrinthine footnotes and meandering prefaces, with a poetic reputation somewhere between zero and freezing point, but I recommend his version. Compared with Fanshawe's it is fairly accessible, in that graveyard of forgotten authors, Chalmers' 'English Poets', among the 'most approved translations' of Volume XXI. Hoole's Tasso is there too, for good measure.

GWYN JONES

EDITORIAL

September 1945

THIS is the first issue of our eleventh year. In 1935, I do not think it occurred to me as even remotely possible that ten years hence I should be writing that previous sentence. In 1940, in the first week of the blitz, survival seemed even less likely.

But we have survived, and now there is more to do than merely to celebrate that fact, welcome though it is. I am sparing our readers an anniversary Editorial; they can make that for themselves, if they wish, by looking up past ones—paying particular attention, I hope, to remarks made on page 62 of No. 72. I do not intend to look back over a decade's accomplishments or to catalogue past contributors. But it is inevitable that at times one remembers—not to drown one's self in re-interpretation of the past, but in the literal meaning of 'remember', to re-collect.

What I remember chiefly of our first numbers is the criticism that no neat hard-and-fast policy was immediately discernible to those with pre-conceived opinions. It was only as others got used to our stride that they realized, slowly, that that stride did not take us on the comfortable path of the conventionally uncommercial, the fashionably *chic* or, for that matter, the fashionably un-*chic*. There were clearly certain subjects in which we were more interested than in others, certain writers with whose outlook or style we were more in sympathy than with others. But this was never a matter of 'names' or of 'schools', and behind the writing, as behind the choice of books picked for review, there was always a certain spirit, which bound the seemingly unrelated contributions, or even numbers, together.

My editing has many faults—as much in what I do not attempt to do as in that which I do—but at least predictability is not one of them. There are some papers of which one can foretell the contents from month to month, be they concerned

with the sure, the safe, the successful, or out to encourage the young (it is apt to be so often the same young). There are some editors from whose announcements of a new periodical one can gauge their first three numbers. But I do not think anyone is ever quite certain what to expect in *Life and Letters*. Certainly, if ever I found I knew what was going in more than two numbers ahead at a time, I should suspect myself of hardening arteries and retire accordingly. We have never been predictable, and as I consider what will be used in the future, I am glad to be able to say I see no chance of our becoming so.

During the war we naturally marked time. This was not only because the important thing was to survive, but because there was no point in keeping tensely at attention if we were going to drop exhaustedly when 'dismiss' was given. It needed only a modicum of imagination to foresee that one of the major post-war crimes would be tiredness. To titivate tiredness into pæans of self-pity is only to deflect into mutual acerbation the energy needed for recuperation. As recent numbers have shown, and statements for future ones indicate, we are as ready to march on as we were capable of continuing during the overt war-years. To have survived is pleasant, but to live into the future is of more purpose. Though some may say that the future scarcely bears looking into, it may be said that it is really over-familiar, since it follows a plan already laid down. It is true that our first use of atomic energy was in the form of a bomb, thus drawing attention mainly to its destructive element. But there are others and because man fattens not only pigs for slaughter, but also himself, we may expect some of the benefits to be conferred on us before man blows himself up.

It is typical of humanity that at a time when the world has deliberately made itself short of many of the necessities, and most of the pleasurable, of life, news of the prosperity attendant on atomic energy should be released. It has ever been thus. We give with one hand, take away with the other; advance with one foot, go back with the other; and call the resulting stagnant tension, balance of power. Social benefits go along with increased methods of sadism; enlightened progress and stricter punishments proceed in alternation. Times

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change and from age to age, the accent shifts from one type of being or activity to another; but within those types, the permutations and combinations remain, if not the same, at least recognizable. We know that the future demands of us more than has been asked before, but we know it must be faced because that is man's way. It is man's way to destroy what he has built—but also to build again, if only to destroy. A tedious process, but each time, barely observable and felt more than seen, the will to create is a fraction stronger than the compulsion to destroy. It is the detecting of that fraction, and the varied reminders of its existence, as it affects writing, that we shall continue to record, whatever else elsewhere be the mode in philosophies, flutings, or diatribe.

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Though complacent cataloguing of past contributions has been dispensed with, it would seem appropriate to acquaint readers with future ones they may expect in return for their continued subscriptions. These include an attack on the current indiscriminate cult of Kierkegaard; a new examination of 'East Coker' and 'The Family Reunion' by the Professor of English at Geneva University; an article on witchcraft to supplement recent work on psycho-analysis; the prize-winning story of the 1944 Eisteddfod, translated into English by the author; other stories by Dan Davin, Con Morgan, Howard Clewes, J. F. Hendry, new poems by George Barker, Alex Comfort, Peter Hellings, Maurice Lindsay; and reviews by Sacheverell Sitwell, Dorothy M. Richardson, Margiad Evans, Narayan Menon, J. F. Nichols (of the British Archaeological Society), Dik Lehmkuhl (of the Norwegian Government), Norman Holmes Pearson, John Urzidil, as well as W. G. Wilson, R. C. Churchill, Trevor James, Alan Walbank, and others of regular appearance.

WRITING ON THE WALL

(TO SIGMUND FREUD)

H. D.

(NOTE.—*Previous excerpts from H. D.'s Memoirs of her work with Professor Freud appeared in our issues for May, June, and August.*—EDITOR)

LIX

HE was a little surprised at the outburst. He had not thought that detached and lofty practitioners and men of science could be so angry at what was, after all, chapter and verse, a contribution to a branch of abstract thought, applied to medical science. He had worked with the famous Dr Charcot in Paris. There are other names that figure in the historical account given us by Professor Freud himself in his short autobiographical study. We have the names of doctors, famous specialists, who gave an idea to Freud; we have Freud himself impartially dividing honours between Breuer (or whoever it happens to be) and Freud. We have Freud himself giving Freud credit for the discovery of the cocaine anæsthesia attributed to Koller. But when I asked the analyst Walter Schmideberg recently, when and how the Professor happened on the idea that led to his linking up neurotic states of megalomania and aggrandizement with, in certain instances, phantasies of youth and childhood, he answered me, correctly and conventionally; he said that Freud did not happen on ideas. I wonder? And said I wondered. But Mr. Schmideberg repeated what already, of course, I was supposed to know, that the whole established body of work was founded on accurate and accumulated data of scientific observation. That is not what I asked. I wanted to know at what exact moment, and in what manner, there came that flash of inspiration, that thing that clicked, that sounded, that shouted in the inner Freud-mind, heart or soul, *this is it*

But things don't happen like that. Or do they? At least we

are free to wonder. We ourselves are free to imagine, to reconstruct, to *see* even, as in a play or film, those characters, in their precise setting, the Paris of that period, 1885. Dr. Charcot was concerned with hysteria and neurotics this side of the border-line. That border-line it is true, was of necessity but vaguely indicated, there were hysterics, neurotics on this side and the actual insane on the other but there was a wide gap for all that, an unexplored waste-land, a no-man's land between them. At least there was a no-man's land, at least, there were cases that not so very long ago, would have been isolated as insane that now came under a milder rule, the kingdom of hysteria.

The world of medical knowledge had made vast strides, for there was still a memory in the minds of the older generations of eye-witness' tales of a time, here in this very city, when the inmates of the insane asylums were fastened with chains, like wild beasts, to the walls or to iron-rails or stakes; moreover, the public was admitted at stated intervals to view the wild animals in the course of a holiday tour of the city. That time was past, not so very long past, it is true, yet past, due to the humanitarian efforts of the preceding generation of scientists and doctors. They had progressed certainly. And our Professor could, in point of fact, have visited the more 'modern' foundations of that time and place. Paris? He was a stranger. 1870 was by no means forgotten. He had seen the fangs of the pack during his student-days. He writes of his early days at the University in Vienna, 'above all, I found that I was expected to feel myself inferior and alien because I was a Jew.' He adds, 'I refused absolutely to do the first of these things.' But there were others, here in Paris, inferiors, aliens certainly who dwelt apart from their fellow-men, not chained, though still (in more human surroundings) segregated, separated, in little rooms, we may conclude, or cells with bars before the windows or doors. An improvement certainly. They too 'refused absolutely' to feel themselves inferior. On the contrary. There were special cases, but there was the great crowd at large, under observation at the Salpêtrière. But among the hysterical cases, under Charcot's observation and the insane of the young Freud's own private consideration, there were incidents un-noted or mini-

mized by the various doctors and observers, which yet held matter worth grave consideration. He noted how the disconnected sequence of the apparently unrelated actions of certain of the patients, yet suggested a sort of order, followed a pattern like the broken sequence of events in a half-remembered dream. Dream? Was the dream then, in its turn, projected or suggested by events in the daily life, was the dream the counter-coin-side of madness or was madness a waking dream? There was an odd element of tragedy sometimes, something not always wholly on the physical or sordid material level. It was Hell, of course. But these people in Hell, sometimes bore strange resemblance to things he had remembered, things he had read about, old kings in old countries, women broken by wars, and enslaved, distorted children.

There were bars before some of the cells (in this scene built up purely from our own intuitive imagination) yet these cages sometimes presented scenes as from a play. Caesar strutted here. There Hannibal—Hannibal? Why, Hannibal—as a boy he himself had worshipped Hannibal, imagined himself in the rôle of world-conqueror. But every boy at some time or another strutted with imaginary sword and armour. *Every boy?* This man, this Caesar, who flung his toga over his arm with a not altogether unauthentic gesture, might simply be living out some childish fantasy. If he could examine the patient in suitable surroundings—but the patient shouted *et tu Brute* and became violent at any suggestion of approach or friendly contact. If he could have interviewed this Caesar a few years back—he had been a man of some prominence at one time—he might have been able to worm out of him the secret of his Caesar mania. The mind was clouded now but there was no report in this case of actual tissue decay or the usual physical symptoms that end inevitably in madness. Caesar? Hannibal? These were outstanding recognizable historical personages. But were these the entities that caused this—*fixation* was a word not yet coined in this connection. This man was acting a part, Caesar, Caesar? He himself as a child, enacted a similar rôle, Hannibal. But was it Hannibal? Was it Caesar? Was it—? Well, yes—it might be—how odd. Yes—it could be! It might be this man's father now that he was impersonating—wasn't

the father the Caesar, the conqueror, the symbol of power, the Czar, Kaiser, the King in the child's kingdom—admittedly, small but to the child of vast world-wide importance, the world to him, his home. The whole world for a child is its home, its father, mother, brothers, sisters, and so on—its school later and friends from other 'kingdoms'. Why, yes—how clear it all was—this Caesar now? How had it come about? There must be something behind this collapse not noted in the record of the patient's physical and even mental conditions and symptoms. There must be something else behind many of these cases here and at the Salpêtrière—not all of them—but some of them—and other cases . . . There must be something behind the whole build-up of present-day medical science—there must be something further on or deeper down—there must be something that would reveal the secrets of these states of glorified personality and other states and conditions—there must be something . . . Why Hannibal! There is Caesar behind bars—here is Hannibal, here am I Sigmund Freud watching Caesar behind bars. But it was Caesar who was conqueror—was he? I came, I saw, I conquered—yes, I will conquer. I will I, Hannibal—not Caesar. I, the despised Carthaginian, I the enemy of Rome. I, Hannibal. So you see, I Sigmund Freud, myself standing here, a favourite and gifted, admit it, student of Dr. Charcot, in no way to all appearances deranged or essentially peculiar, true to my own orbit—*true to my own orbit?* True to my own orbit, my childhood phantasies of Hannibal, my identification with Hannibal, the Carthaginian (Jew, not Roman)—I, Sigmund Freud understand this Caesar I, Hannibal!

And Caesar's wife, too (if we continue our build-up of this purely imaginative sequence of cause and event) there is Caesar's wife to be considered. This particular lady was not even an out-patient of this particular institution, but she might soon be. She was found lingering in the waiting-room, after the others had left. She was always demanding interviews with the doctors and the superintendent himself, getting in everyone's way. It was becoming quite a feature with the institution, the superintendent had left special orders that he was not to be disturbed, he had been compelled to

deny her the last private interview she demanded; the famous specialist was overworked, there was too much to be done here, everywhere, trying personal entanglements must be avoided at all costs. *Personal entanglements?* But this good lady would be the first to decry any such shadow of design on her part. But wasn't that her trouble? She had been devoted to her husband, the separation was affecting her, she herself seemed on the verge of a serious breakdown. That was only natural, wasn't it, under the tragic circumstances? But this sort of suppressed neurotic symptom—*symptom?* This sort of separation between two people long married and devoted, might have serious repercussions, actually throw the whole nervous system out of gear, unbalance the delicately adjusted mechanism of the mind itself. Her worry had worn on her—poor woman and no wonder. Someone should look after her. But she was not even an out-patient, it wasn't their business to probe into the personal affairs of the patients' wives and families. *Affairs?* Caesar's wife? Yes, she was Caesar's wife, obviously above suspicion, a conventional woman yet a woman of the world. Such things had happened before. Where was his thought taking him? There had been other cases here—that girl whose happiness at the news of her husband's possible return from Algiers after a long absence, had so improved her condition that Dr. Charcot, consulted in this instance, had himself suggested her leaving the hospital for a time. Her health, it was reported, had improved after her return to her husband, but *if her husband went away again would her symptoms return?*

LX

This obviously is not an historical account of the preliminary steps that led to the establishment of a new branch of psychological research and a new form of healing called psychoanalysis. The actual facts are accessible to any serious student of Professor Freud's work. But it seems to me it might have been through some such process of inner reasoning that the theme opened. The *theme?* I write the word and wonder why I write it. It seems to me to suggest music—yes, musical terms do seem relevant to the curious and original process of the

Professor's intuitive reasoning, that led up to, developed, amplified, simplified the first astonishing findings of the young Viennese doctor, whom the diagnoses of his elders and betters had not always satisfied. It was not only that the young Sigmund Freud was astute, methodical, conscientious, subtle, clever, original—though he was all these. It was not only that he came from a race that had venerated learning and (like the Arabs) had preserved, in spite of repeated persecutions, a singular *feeling* for medicine, along with mathematics and certain forms of abstract philosophy and poetry, at a time when (as now) the liberal and applied arts seemed overshadowed with the black wing of man's growing power of destructions and threat of racial separateness. He stood alone and we may imagine that he was singularly proud, though of so genial a nature, so courteous a manner, and so delicate a wit; he was easy to get on with, he could discourse delightfully on any subject, at any time, with anybody. But what was it about him? His appearance, his habits, his way of life were conventional enough; even his worst enemy could find nothing to criticize about his private life, he was strictly correct, almost orthodox, you might say

The point was that for all his amazing originality, he was drawing from a source so deep in human consciousness that the outer rock or shale, the accumulation of hundreds or thousands of years of casual, slack or even wrong or evil thinking, had all but sealed up the original spring or well-head. He called it striking oil, but others—long ago—had dipped into that same spring. They called it 'a well of living water' in the old days, or simply the 'still waters'. The Professor spoke of this source of inspiration in terms of oil. It focused the abstraction, made it concrete, a modern business-symbol. Although it was obvious that he was speaking of a vague, vast abstraction, he used a common, almost a commonplace symbol for it. He used the idiom or slang of the counting-house, of Wall Street, a business man's concrete definite image for a successful run of luck or hope of success in the if-we-should-strike-oil or old-so-and-so-has-struck-oil-again manner. 'I struck oil but there is enough left for 50, for 100 years or more.' It is difficult to imagine the Professor saying solemnly 'I drew by right of inheritance from

the great source of inspiration of Israel and the Psalmist—Jeremiah, some might call me I stumbled on a well of living water, the river of life. It ran muddy or bright. It was blocked by fallen logs, some petrified—and accumulation of decaying leaves and branches. I saw the course of the river and how it ran, and I personally, cleared away a bit of rubbish, so that at least a small section of the river should run clear. There is a lot yet to be done—for a hundred years or more—so that all men, all nations may gather together, understanding in the end . . .’ But no, that was not the Professor’s way of talking. ‘I struck oil’ suggests business enterprise. We visualize stark uprights and skeleton-like steel-cages, like unfinished Eiffel towers. And there are many, I have reason to know who think of the whole method or system of psycho-analysis in some such terms, a cage, some mechanical construction set up in an arid desert, to trap the unwary and if there is ‘oil’ to be inferred, the ‘oil’ goes to someone else; there are astute doctors who ‘squeeze you dry’ with their exorbitant fees for prolonged and expensive treatments. A tiresome subject at best—have nothing to do with it—it’s worn out, dated; true, it was fashionable enough among the young intellectuals after the last war but they turned out a dreary lot and who, after all, has heard of any of them since?

LXI

Tiresome indeed! So is Aeschylus tiresome to most people, so is Sophocles, so is Plato and that old Socrates with his tedious matter and his more than tedious manner. The Socratic method? That was a business of egging on an intellectual contestant, almost in the manner of a fencer with pin-pricks—wasn’t it?—or sword-pricks of prodding questions that would eventually bring the debatable matter to a head, so that the fight could be open and above board, unless the rival were slain in the preliminary clash of intellectual steel. There was something of that in the Professor’s method of analytic treatment but there was a marked difference. The question must be propounded by the protagonist himself, he must dig it out from its buried hiding-place, he himself must find the question before it could be answered.

LXII

He himself must clear away his own rubbish, before his particular stream, his personal life could run clear of obstruction into the great river of humanity, hence to the sea of super-human perfection, the 'Absolute' as Socrates or Plato called it.

LXIII

But we are here to-day in a city of ruin, a world ruined, it might seem, almost past redemption. We must forgo a flight from reality into the green pastures or the cool recesses of the Academe; though those pastures and those gardens have outlasted many ruined cities and threat of world ruin, we are not ready for discussion of the Absolute, Absolute Beauty, Absolute Truth, Absolute Goodness. We have rested in the pastures, we have wandered beside those still waters, we have sensed the fragrance of the myrtle-thickets beyond distant hedges, and the groves of flowering citrons. *Kennst du das Land?* Oh yes, Professor, I know it very well. But I am remembering the injunction you laid upon me and I am thinking of my fellow-pupil whose place you say I have taken, my brother-in-arms, the Flying Dutchman, who intellectually gifted beyond the ordinary run of man, endowed with Eastern islands and plantations, trained to a Western discipline of mind and body, yet flew too high and flew too quickly.

LXIV

The Professor is speaking to me very seriously. This is in his study in Vienna a few weeks after I had first begun my work there. 'I am asking only one thing of you,' he said. Even as I write the words, I have the same sense of anxiety, of tension, of imminent responsibility that I had at that moment. What can he possibly be going to say? What can he ask me to do? Or not to do? More likely a *shalt not* than a demand for some specific act or course of action. His manner was serious yet kindly. Yet in spite of that or because of that, I felt like a child, summoned to my father's study or my mother's sewing-room or told by a teacher to wait in after school, after the others had left, for those 'few words' that were for myself alone. *Stop thief!* What had I done? What was I likely to do?

'I ask only one thing of you children'—my mother's very words.

LXV

For the Professor is standing in his study. The Professor is asking only one thing of me. I was right in my premonition, it is a *shalt not*. He is asking something of me, confiding in me, treating me in his courteous, subtle way, as an intellectual equal. He is very firm about this, however, and he is patiently explaining it to me. 'Of course, you understand' is the off-hand way in which he offers me, from time to time, some rare discovery, some priceless finding, or 'perhaps you may feel differently' as if my feelings, my discoveries were on a par with his own. He does not lay down the law, only this once—this one law. He says, 'please, never—I mean, never at any time, in any circumstance, endeavour to defend me, if and when, you hear abusive remarks made about me and my work'

He explained it carefully. He might have been giving a lesson in geometry or demonstrating the inevitable course of a disease once the virus has entered the system. At this point, he seemed to indicate (as if there were a chart of a fever-patient, pinned on the wall before us) at the least suggestion that you may be about to begin a counter-argument in my defence, the anger or the frustration of the assailant will be driven deeper. You will do no good to the detractor by mistakenly beginning a logical defence. You will drive the hatred or the fear or the prejudice in, deeper. You will do no good to yourself, for you will only expose your own feelings—I take for granted that you have deep feelings about my discoveries or you would not be here. You will do no good to me and my work, for antagonism, once taking hold, cannot be rooted out from above the surface, and it thrives, in a way, on heated argument and digs in deeper. The only way to extract the fear or prejudice would be from within, from below, and as naturally this type of prejudiced or frightened mind would dodge any hint of a suggestion of psycho-analytic treatment or even, put it, study and research along these lines, you cannot get at the root of the trouble. Every word, spoken in my defence, I mean, to already prejudiced individuals, serves to drive the root in deeper. If the

matter is ignored, the attacker may forgo his anger—or in time, even, his unconscious mind may find another object on which to fix its tentacles. . .

This was the gist of the matter. In our talks together he rarely used any of the now rather over-worked technical terms, invented by himself and elaborated on by the growing body of doctors, psychologists, and nerve-specialists who form the somewhat formidable body of the now established International Psycho-Analytical Association. When, on one occasion, I was endeavouring to explain a matter in which my mind tugged two ways, I said, 'I suppose you would say it was a matter of ambivalence?' And as he did not answer me, I said, 'or do you say am-*bi*-valence? I don't know whether it's pronounced ambi-*valence* or am-*bi*-valence.' The Professor's arm shot forward as it did on those occasions when he wished to stress a finding or focus my attention to some point in hand; he said, in his curiously casual ironical manner, 'do you know, I myself have always wondered. I often wish that I could find someone to explain these matters to me.'

LXVI

There was so much to be explained, so little time in which to do it. My serpent and thistle motive, for instance, or *leit-motif*, I had almost written. It was a sign, a symbol certainly—it must have been—but even if I had found another seal-ring like the one I saw in Paris, among that handful of old rings in the corner of the shelf in the other room, it wouldn't have proved anything and might have led us too far afield in a discussion or reconstruction of cause and effect, which might indeed have included priceless treasures, gems, and jewels, among the so-called findings of the unconscious mind revealed by the dream-content or associated thought and memory, yet have side-tracked the issue in hand. My serpent and thistle—what did it remind me of? There was Aaron's rod, of course, which when flung to the ground turned into a living reptile. Reptile? Aaron's rod, if I am not mistaken, was originally the staff of Moses. There was Moses in the Bullrushes, 'our' dream and 'our' Princess. There was the ground, cursed by God because Adam and Eve had eaten of the Fruit of the Tree Hence-

forth, it would bring forth thorns and thistles—thorns, thistles, the words conjure up the same scene, the barren unproductive waste or desert. *Do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?* Another question, another question-mark, a half-S, the other way round, S for seal, symbol, serpent certainly, signet, Sigmund.

LXVII

Sigmund, the singing voice; no, it is Sieg-mund really, the victorious mouth or voice or utterance. There was Victory, our sign on the wall, our hieroglyph, our writing. There was the tiny bronze, his favourite among the semicircle of the gods or as 'other people read: Goods' on his table. There was Niké, Victory, and Niké A-pteros, the Wingless Victory, for Victory could never, would never fly away from Athens. There was Athens, a city set on a hill; hill, mountain; there was Berg-gasse, the hill, *Berg*, and the path or street or way, *gasse*. There were designs, weren't there, of acanthus leaves to crown upright Corinthian capitals? And the Latin *acunthus* and the related Greek word *akantha*, is thorn or prickle. There were patterns, decorative hieroglyphs of acanthus-leaves, a very classic symbol and there was a crown, we have been told, in the end, of thorns.

LXVIII

But to our little abridged Greek Lexicon, to verify *akantha*. Yes—as from *aké*, a point, edge, hence a prickly plant, thistle; also a thorny tree *A thorny tree*. Was our thistle, the sign or sigil of all thorny trees? Perhaps even of that singularly prickly Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil with its attendant Serpent. There were and are, many varieties of serpents. There was, among many others, that serpent of Wisdom that crouched at the feet of the goddess Athené and was one of her attributes, like the spear (*aké*, a point) she held in her hand—though we cannot be sure that it was a spear that the Professor's perfect little bronze once held in her hand. It might have been a rod or staff.

LXIX

Thy rod and thy staff. In England, our American golden-rod that runs riot in the late-summer fields and along every lane

and at the edge of every strip of woodland, is cultivated in tidy clumps in gardens, and is called Aaron's rod. The golden rod brings us to the Golden Bough, it was to Plato that Meleager in the Greek Anthology, attributed the golden bough, ever-shining with its own light. And the Professor, one winter-day, offered me a little branch. He explained that his son in the South of France had posted (or sent by some acquaintance returning to Vienna from the Midi) a box of oranges, and some branches with leaves were among them. He thought I might like this. I took the branch, a tiny tree in itself, with its cluster of golden fruit. I thanked the Professor. At least, I murmured some platitude, 'how lovely—how charming of you' or some such. Did he know, did he ever know, or did he ever not know, what I was thinking? I did not say what I had no time to formulate into words—or if I had had time for other than a superficial, 'how lovely—how perfectly charming,' I could not have trusted myself to say the words. They were there. They were singing. They went on singing like an echo of an echo in a shell—very far away yet very near—the very shell substance of my outer ear and the curled involuted or convoluted shell skull, and inside the skull, the curled, intricate, hermit-like mollusc, the brain-matter itself. Thoughts are things—sometimes they are songs. I did not have to recall the words, I had not written them. Another mollusc in a hard-cap of bone or shell had projected these words. There was a song set to them, that still another singing-skull had fashioned. No, not Schumann's music—lovely as it is—there was a song we sang as schoolchildren, another setting to the words. And even the words sing themselves without music, so it does not matter that I have not been able to identify the 'tune' as we lilted it. *Kennst du das Land?*

LXX

Kennst du das Land,

wo die Zitronen blühn?

The words return with singular freshness and poignancy, as I, after this long time of waiting, am able to remember without unbearable terror and overwhelming heartbreak, those sessions in Vienna. The war closed on us, before I had time to sort out,

re-live and reassemble the singular series of events and dreams that belonged in historical time, to the 1914-1919 period. I wanted to dig down and dig out, root out my personal weeds, strengthen my purpose, reaffirm my beliefs, canalize my energies and I seized on the unexpected chance of working with Professor Freud himself. I could never have thought it possible to approach him, nor even have thought of inquiring if it were possible, if it had not been for Dr. Sachs' suggestion. I had had some fascinating, preliminary talks with Dr. Hanns Sachs in Berlin and wanted to go on with the work, but he was leaving for America. Dr. Sachs asked me, if I would consider working with the Professor, if he would take me? If he would take me? It seemed such a fantastic suggestion and to my mind highly unlikely that Freud himself would consider me as analysand or student. But *if* the Professor would accept me, I would have no choice whatever in the matter. I would go to him, of course.

LXXI

I have said earlier in these notes that the Professor's explanations were too illuminating or too depressing. I meant that in some strange way we had managed to get at the root of things, *to-day, we have tunnelled very deep*, and in another still stranger way we had approached the clearest fountain-head of highest truth, as in the luminous *real* dream of the Princess and the river which was in the realm of what is known generally as the super-normal; it was a scene or picture from those realms from which the *illuminati* received their—credentials—seems a strange word as I write it, but it 'wrote itself'. My Princess picture was one of an exquisite, endless sequence from an *illuminated manuscript*, and has its place in that category among books and manuscripts; the dream, you may remember, I said in the beginning, varies like the people we meet, like the books we read. The books and the people merge in this world of phantasy and imagination, none the less we may differentiate with the utmost felicity and fidelity, between dreams and the types of different phantasies; there are the most trivial and tiresome dreams, the newspaper class—but even there is, in an old newspaper, sometimes a hint of eternal truth, or a quota-

tion from a great man's speech or some tale of heroism, among the trashy and often sordid and trivial record of the day's events. The printed page varies, cheap newsprint, good print, bad print, smudged and un-even print—there are the great letter-words of an advertisement or the almost invisible pin-print; there are the huge capitals of a child's alphabet chart or building blocks, letters or ideas may run askew on the page, as it were; they may be purposeless; they may be stereotyped and not meant for 'reading' but as a test, as for example, the symmetrical letters that don't of necessity 'spell' anything, on a doctor's or oculist's chart, hung on the wall in an office or above a bed in a hospital. There are dreams or sequences of dreams that follow a line like a graph on a map or show a jagged triangular pattern, like a crack on a bowl that shows the bowl or vase may at any moment, fall in pieces; we all know that almost invisible thread-line on the cherished glass butter-dish that predicts it will 'come apart in me 'ands' sooner or later—sooner, more likely.

There are all these shapes, lines, graphs, the *hieroglyph of the unconscious*, and the Professor had first opened the field to the study of this vast, unexplored region. He himself—at least to me personally—deplored the tendency to *fix* ideas too firmly to set symbols, or to weld them inexorably. It is true that he himself started to decipher or de-code the vast accumulation of the material of the unconscious mind; it was he who 'struck oil' but the application of the 'oil', what could or should be made of it, could not be entirely regulated or supervised by its original 'promoter'. He struck oil; certainly there was 'something in it', yes a vast field for exploration and alas—exploitation, lay open. There were the immemorial Gods ranged in their semi-circle on the Professor's table, that stood, as I have said, like the high altar in the Holy of Holies. There were those Gods, each the carved symbol of an idea or a deathless dream, that some people read: Goods.

LXXII

There are the wise and the foolish virgins and their several lamps. *Thou anointeth my head with oil*—the oil of understanding—and, indeed, *my cup runneth over*. But this purposes to be a

personal reconstruction of intention and impression. I had begun my preliminary research in order to fortify and equip myself to face war when it came, and to help in some subsidiary way if my training were sufficient and my aptitudes suitable, with war-shocked and war-shattered people. But my actual personal war-shock (1914-1919) did not have a chance. My sessions with the Professor were barely under way, before there were preliminary signs and symbols of the approaching ordeal. And the thing I primarily wanted to fight in the open, war, its cause and effect with its inevitable aftermath of neurotic breakdown and related nerve-disorders, was driven deeper. With the death-head swastika chalked on the pavement, leading to the Professor's very door, I must in all decency, calm as best I could, my own personal Phobia, my own personal little Dragon of war-terror, and with whatever power I could summon or command, order him off, for the time being, at any rate, back to his subterranean cavern.

There he growled and bit on his chains and was only loosed finally, when the full apocryphal terror of fire and brimstone, of whirlwind and flood and tempest, of the Biblical Day of Judgment and the Last Trump, became no longer abstractions, terrors too dreadful to be thought of, but things that were happening every day, every night and at one time, at every hour of the day and night, to myself and my friends, and all the wonderful and all the drab and ordinary London people.

LXXIII

And the kindly Being whom I would have entreated, had wafted the old Professor out of it. He had gone before the blast and bombing and fires had devastated this city; he was a handful of ashes, cherished in an urn or scattered among the grass and flowers in one of the Gardens of Remembrance, outside London. I suppose there must be a marble slab there on the garden-wall or a little box in a niche beside a garden-path. I have not even gone to look, to regard a familiar name with a date perhaps, and wander along a path, hedged with clipped yew or, more likely, fragrant dust-green lavender, and think of the Professor. For our Garden of Remembrance is somewhere else.

H. D.

Kennst du das Land,
 wo die Zitronen bluhn,
im dunkeln Laub
 die Goldorangen gluhn,
ein safter Wind
 vom blauen Himmel weht,
die Myrte still,
 und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
kennst du es wohl?
 Dahin! Dahin
mocht ich mit dir,
 O mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus?
 Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
es glantz der Saal,
 es schimmert das Gemach,
und Marmorbilder
 stehn und stehn mich an :
was hat man dir,
 du armes Kind getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
 Dahin! Dahin
mocht ich mit dir,
 O mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg
 und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht
 im Nebel seinen Weg;
im Höhlen wohnt
 der Drachen alte Brut,
es stürzt der Fels
 und über ihn die Flut.
Kennst du ihn wohl?
 Dahin! Dahin
geht unser Weg!
 O Vater, lass uns ziehn!

(to be continued)

FROM FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH

EDITH SITWELL

(NOTE — *The following excerpt consists of the second half of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth chapter of Miss Sitwell's forthcoming book on the childhood of Queen Elizabeth. The nineteenth and final chapter will appear in our next issue.*—EDITOR.)

IN the country palace at Hanworth, to which the households of the Queen and Princess Elizabeth had removed, Mrs Ashley, the royal governess, stood listening at an open window of the Princess's bedroom

We know but little of this lady and her husband—no portrait of them remains to us.

We know, however, that both were much appreciated by Roger Ascham, who, after the death of his friend Grindal, became the tutor of Elizabeth. Sending his 'very loving friend Mrs. Ashley' a pen of silver for a token, Ascham expressed 'the thanks you have deserved of all true English hearts, for that noble imp' (this meant spray of a tree, and was not used in the modern sense) 'by your labour and wisdom now flourisheth in all goodly godliness. . . .

'And although this one thing be sufficient for me to love you, yet the knot which hath knit you and Mr. Ashley together doth so bind me also to you, that if my ability would match my good will you should find no friend faster. He is a man I loved for his virtue, before I knew him through acquaintance, whose friendship I account among my chief gains gotten at Court. Your favour to Mr. Grindal and gentleness towards me, are matters sufficient enough to deserve more good will than my powers are able to requite.'

Mrs Ashley had a thousand virtues, but discretion was not among them. Her tongue was a babbling brook, and she also, like Lady Bryane, had much of the nature of Juliet's nurse. She could not conceive of a Heaven where there would be neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

At the present moment, however, she was almost frightened into discretion

As she stood near her charge's open window, darkened against the heat of the sun, shouts of laughter drifted towards her from the gardens, where the Queen and the Admiral were romping with the young Princess.

'Ah.' . . . Mrs Ashley shut her lips together tightly, and gave an angry shudder. . . . For of this conduct she could not approve. Mrs. Ashley could not exactly put her finger on what was wrong, when the behaviour started, soon after the Queen's marriage: but soon it became open, and was talked of. Mrs Ashley did not like the conduct of the Admiral towards the Princess

Now as the little girl rushed upstairs, with scarlet cheeks, and the black cloth dress she wore in mourning for the late King cut into ribbons, Kate Ashley burst out angrily, scolding her, in part, to allay her own anxiety . . . 'What hath your grace done to your gown?' 'Oh, how could I help it?—We were wrestling and the Queen held me while the Admiral cut my gown to pieces.'

But Mrs. Ashley continued to scold.

If anything untoward occurred, she would be blamed. And indeed she had, in the past, been singularly indiscreet. Shortly after King Henry's death, she had told Elizabeth, that child of a dangerous inheritance, 'If my lord might have had his own will, he would have had you before the Queen.' Elizabeth asked her how she knew that, and she replied that she 'knew it well enough, both by himself, and by others'¹

And with those words something stirred in the darkness of this child's blood and instincts—the summer lightnings of Anne Boleyn's impulses, Henry's incombustible will. Her affections were untouched, but a certain adolescent vanity was half aroused.

'Be careful,' Mr. Ashley had said to his wife, when he heard those indiscreet words. 'Be careful' . . . He told her he had noticed that Elizabeth blushed, now, when the Admiral was

¹ The Confession of the Lady Elizabeth, *Domestic Papers Edward VI*, vol. vi.

mentioned. . . But Mrs. Ashley continued to repeat this story to the girl,—not once, but many times

In the early morning, among the little dark shadows cast by the branches of the rose bush that grew outside the window, a shadow, black, yet glittering as though that shade were encased in armour, would fall across the Princess's bed. . . . Then a boisterous, fine, yet somewhat empty voice was heard. . . . The Admiral had come to say good-morning to his wife's step-daughter, while she was yet in bed. Sometimes, said Mrs Ashley in her depositions at the time of the Admiral's trial, he 'would make as though he would come at her, and she would go further into her bed, so that he could not come at her.'

Though Elizabeth's adolescent vanity had been stirred by her governess's words, she felt a strong distaste for these coarse familiarities.

One morning, according to the governess, he actually 'strove to have kissed her in her bed'. Mrs. Ashley, however, was in the room at the time, and 'bade him go away for shame'

Once, when Mrs Ashley slept in the Princess's room, the Queen accompanied the Admiral, and they 'tytled' (tickled) the Princess as she lay in bed.

At other times, if she were 'up and at her books', he would 'bid her good morrow and ax how she did, and strike her upon her Back or the Buttocks familiarly, and so go forth to his lodgings, and sometimes go through to the maides and play with them, and so forth.'¹

At the Palace at Chelsea, one morning, 'the lady Elizabeth (declared her governess), hearing the privy lock undo, knowing that he would come in, ran out of bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtain of her Bed, the maidens being there, and my lord Admirall tarried to have them come out—' (Mrs. Ashley could not say for how long) 'and then went his ways'. The ladies complained to her, and she told the Admiral that the household had begun to talk, and that 'my lady was evilly spoken of'. She threatened to tell the Protector of his conduct. But the Admiral swore, in his loud voice, his favourite oath: 'Gods precious soul!' It was *he* who would complain! He would tell the Protector he was being slandered. 'No, by God,

¹ Confessions of Katherine Ashley, *Domestic Papers Edward VI*, vol. vi.

he would not leave it!' Anyone was welcome to see it! 'What do I?'¹

The governess, seeing he had determined to continue in his conduct, told the Queen, who made light of it. Why, the Princess was only a child. . . . 'Still,' said Mrs. Ashley, 'she said she would accompany my lord And so she did ever after.'

. . . Or for a while She was about to bear a child, and soon the days in which she felt inclined to join in the romps with her stepdaughter were over. The Admiral swore that his expected son 'should God give him life to live as long as his father, would avenge his wrongs.'

His wife lay late in her bed these mornings, and the Admiral continued to bid his stepdaughter an early good-morning.

Then, one day, the Palace at Chelsea was full of the sound of whispering. The women looked at each other oddly. It was said that the Queen had sent for Mrs. Ashley and had told her that the Admiral, looking in at the gallery window, 'saw my lady Elizabeth with her arms round a man's neck.'

Mrs. Ashley knew that those few bitter words, spoken through half-closed lips, could not be the truth, for, as she said afterwards, 'There came no man but Grindall, the lady Elizabeth's schoolmaster.' . . . She suspected that 'the Queen feigned this, that I might take more heed, and be, as it were, in watch betwixt her' (the Princess) 'and the Admiral'.

Long afterwards, she even told the Princess's cofferer, Thomas Parry, in confidence—and withdrew the confidence, as soon as spoken—that 'the Admiral had loved the Princess but too well, and had so done a good while'; and that, 'the Queen, suspecting too often access of the Admiral to the lady Elizabeth's grace, came suddenly upon them, when they were all alone (he having her in his arms). Whereupon the Queen fell out both with the Lord Admiral and with her Grace also. And thereupon the Queen called me' (Mrs. Ashley) 'and told her fancy in this matter, and of this, was much pleasure. . . . And this was not long before they parted asunder their families. . . . I do not know whether . . . she went of herself, or was sent away.'¹

But there seems to have been no open declaration of this at

¹ Ibid.

the time, and now we shall never know the true story that lay behind that denunciation, or warning. We do not even know which it was. We only know that, accused by her governess, Elizabeth cried bitterly, and 'bade ax all the women'. In answer to every question, she replied with a fresh burst of tears.

If Mrs. Ashley's later story was wrong, whom had this fourteen-year-old girl seen, watching her through the window of the gallery, as she stood clasped in the embrace of a shadow that was no man? Did she see the bold stare of the Admiral, or was it a ghost that she saw—a young and laughing ghost with black hair and great black slanting eyes—a ghost that laughed at disaster? Or was it a shrieking ghost in tawdry finery, holding a silk pansy to the place where once her young heart had been—a ghost that fell silent now as she watched her child-cousin in the arms of a shadow?

* * *

After those few words spoken by the Queen to Mrs. Ashley, there must, one imagines, from Elizabeth's subsequent letter to her stepmother, have been a painful interview between Katherine and her. We do not know what occurred at that interview—reproaches or warnings. But Elizabeth seems to have felt gratitude. And yet—to some of us it is more easy to forgive one who has done us a terrible injury, than to forgive the loving unsuspecting being who has received such a blow from our hands. Therefore, the feeling Elizabeth had for her stepmother *may* have changed. One does not know, nor does one know, what was the agony of betrayed love in the heart of Katherine. Perhaps, again, Elizabeth may have hated the Admiral's behaviour—and Katherine may have known this.

In any case, after that interview, one would not have been aware that anything had happened. Although the whole of life had changed

But nothing must be known of this in the outer world, since, if the Protector and the Council came to hear of it, the Admiral's downfall would be a certainty. And what would be said of Elizabeth—the child of Anne Boleyn?

The Queen was about to bear a child, and it was natural, therefore, that at Whitsuntide (a few weeks after those inter-

views) Elizabeth and her train should remove from the Queen's household to Cheshunt

From there, the girl wrote this letter to her stepmother :—

'Although I could not be plentiful in giving thanks for the manifold kindnesses received at your Highness's hand, at my departure, yet I am something to be borne withall, for truly I was replete with sorrow to depart from your Highness, especially seeing you undoubtful of health, and albeit I answered little, I weighed it deeply when you said—you would warn me of all evilnesses that you should hear of me, for if your Grace had not a good opinion of me—you would not have offered friendship to me that way at all—meaning the contrary. But what may I more say than thank God for providing such friends for me, desiring God to enrich me with their loving life, and the grace to be in heart no less thankful to receive it than I am now made glad in writing to show it. And although I have plenty of matter here, I will stay, for I know you are not quick to read.

from Cheston, this present Saturday

your Highness's humble daughter

Elizabeth'

What feeling underlies this letter? . . . Gratitude that the Queen had understood that what had happened was not her fault?—or shame that for one moment she had been betrayed into an unthinking disloyalty to the stepmother who had loved her like a daughter? I think the former. And surely this is proved by the fact that after Katherine's death it was found she had left Elizabeth, in her will, half her jewels and 'a rich chain of gold'.

Nothing had happened. Life went outwardly on as if that terrible day had never been!

Other of Elizabeth's letters to the Queen had a tender, even a playful note. Nor was the Admiral excluded from the correspondence; Elizabeth wrote him amiable notes, of a formal friendliness.

But three months after Elizabeth's departure from her stepmother's household, the Queen lay dying, at Sudeley Castle, after the birth of that much-hoped-for child—that was a girl—not 'a son to avenge his father's wrongs'.

'Two days before the death of the Queen,' said Lady Tyrwhit, her stepdaughter by her first husband Lord Brough, and her friend and attendant—'at my coming to her in the

morning, she asked me "Where I had been so long", and said unto me "that she did fear such things in herself that she was sure she could not live" I answered, as I thought, that I saw no likelihood of death in her. She then, having my lord Admiral by the hand, and divers others standing by, spake these words, partly, as I took, idly' (i e in delirium).¹ "My Lady Tyrwhit, I am not well handled, for those that are about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief, and the more good I will to them, the less good they will to me." Whereunto, my lord Admiral answered, "Why, sweetheart! I would you no hurt!" And she said to him again, aloud, "No my lord, I think so." And immediately she said in his ear, "But, my lord, you have given me many shrewd taunts!" These words I perceived she spake with good memory, and very sharply and earnestly; for her mind was sore disquieted. My lord Admiral, perceiving that I heard it, called me aside, and asked me what she said, and I declared plainly to him. Then he consulted with me that he would lie down on the bed by her, to look if he could pacify her unquietness with gentle communication—whereunto I agreed; And by the time that he had spoken three or four words to her, she answered sharply, saying, "My lord, I would have given a thousand marks to have had my full talk with Hewyke¹ the first day I was delivered, but I durst not for displeasing you!" And I, hearing that, perceived her trouble to be so great, that my heart would serve me to hear no more. Such like communication she had with him the space of an hour, which they did hear that sat by her bedside.²

From this arose the charge, whispered at first, then declared openly, that the Admiral had poisoned his wife. It is quite unfounded, nor is there any reason to believe that the illness consequent on the child's birth was aggravated by his unkindness. On the contrary, he seems to have shown her great tenderness, and even patience for her sick fancies. The dying woman imagined, perhaps, as Miss Strickland thinks may have been the case, that in a dark corner of her lying-in room people were muttering to each other of her husband's passion for Elizabeth—saying, perhaps, that he wished his wife were dead,

¹ Hewyke was her physician.

that he might marry the girl he loved. . . . Yes, it was surely that which was being whispered in the corners. . . . They were laughing at her, because, after all, happiness had not come to her.

'Her malady,' said Miss Strickland,¹ 'was evidently fever, brought on by distress of mind; a sense of intolerable wrong was constantly expressed by her, yet she never explained the cause of her displeasure.'

'So she lay dying, with her hair that had been golden as the kingcups of spring, dulled by her pain and the dews of death. . . . Three hundred years or so after this time, her biographer, Agnes Strickland, saw 'a lock of hair which had been broken from the head of Queen Katherine Parr, after it had lain in the dust and darkness of the grave for nearly two centuries and a half . . . It was of the most exquisite quality and colour, exactly resembling threads of burnished gold in its hue. . . . It was discovered that a wreath of ivy had twined itself round the temples of the royal corpse, a berry having fallen there and taken root at the time of her previous exhumation, and there had silently, from day to day, woven itself into this green coronal. . . .'

Katherine Parr died on the 5th September, 1548, two days before her stepdaughter's fifteenth birthday.

The news of the Queen's death was brought to Elizabeth by one Edward, a servant of the Admiral's, who described to the household, at great length, the Admiral's sorrow. . . . 'His lord,' he said, 'was a heavy man.' . . . But when Mrs. Ashley, full of excitement, urged her charge to write a letter of condolence to the widower—'I will not do it,' she replied, 'for he needs it not.'

She was thinking, perhaps, of those early morning visits 'Then if your Grace will not,' said Mrs. Ashley, 'then will I.' And she did, showing the letter to Elizabeth, who, with no comment, allowed it to be sent.

Lady Tyrwhit now re-enters the story. . . . We saw her first, bending over the deathbed of the Queen; but now, although the dead woman was hardly laid in her grave, she said to

¹ Strickland, *Catherine Parr*. (Lives of the Queens of England)

Mrs. Ashley, 'that it was the opinion of many that the lord Admiral kept the late Queen's maidens together to wait on the lady Elizabeth, whom he intended shortly to marry.'

Perhaps this was a trap, laid by that virtuous and unworldly lady. In any case Mrs. Ashley had been warned by her husband 'Take heed, for it' (the Princess's marriage) 'were but undoing, if it were done without the Council's leave.'

The usually garrulous Mrs. Ashley listened, therefore, to Lady Tyrwhit's speech in silence.

But Lady Tyrwhit was not the only person interested. A fussy Polonius-like being, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton (a cousin by marriage of the late Queen), had a confidential conversation with one of the Admiral's servants, Wightman; and he, flattered by the attention paid him, agreed with Sir Nicholas that any attempt on the part of the Admiral to marry the Princess would be fatal.

The rumours grew, and with them Mrs. Ashley's excitement, her sense of importance. One Sir Henry Parker sent his servant to ask the truth of the report. Mrs. Ashley returned the answer 'that he should in no wise credit it, for it was ne thought, ne meant'. But this again was merely an unnatural discretion. She bustled about, doing her utmost to awaken Elizabeth's interest in the widower.

The governess and the cofferer, Thomas Parry, talked of nothing but the Admiral—of his feeling for Elizabeth, of the romantic situation. For the Admiral had completely won over these persons. Mrs. Ashley's indignation over the morning visits is now forgotten. She had always (she told herself) wished to see Elizabeth the bride of the Admiral. . . . Such a fine man, so handsome, and with such a presence—and so deeply in love! And now it would come to pass. Why, it was like a fairy-tale!

Mrs. Ashley had been the governess of Elizabeth since her earliest childhood; the girl believed in her judgment, trusted her, loved her. She was Elizabeth's Oracle—and next to her, in Elizabeth's estimation, was the cofferer.

It was natural that to a young girl of Elizabeth's age, these stories of romance, of faithful love rewarded, of the happy ending to a fairy tale, would have their effect. Elizabeth began

to fancy herself in love with the Admiral—or, perhaps, to wish that she was in love with him.

The fairy-tale theme would have been a little dimmed if she could have seen the behaviour of the hero when he was not on the stage.

'When I went unto my lord Admiral the third and fourth time,' said Parry, in his examination, 'after he had asked me how her Grace did, and such things, he questioned me of many things, and of the state of her Grace's house, and how many servants she kept; and I told him 120, or 140, or thereabouts. Then he asked me what houses she had, and what lands? . . . He asked me if they were good lands, or no, and whether she had the bonds for them for life, or what? ' . . .

The Admiral fell to comparing his housekeeping with that of the Princess, and said he could do it with less expense . . . In his lazy way, he said that when her Grace came to Ashridge it was not far out of his way, and he might come to see her on his way up and down, and he would be glad to see her there. Parry told him that he 'could not go to see her Grace till he knew what her pleasure was'. 'Why?' said the Admiral. 'It is no matter now, for there hath been a talk of late that I shall marry the Lady Jane,' adding, 'I tell you this merrily—I tell you this merrily!'

The Admiral hoped, no doubt, that this would be repeated to Elizabeth, and might arouse jealousy in her. For Lady Jane Grey, after an effort on the part of her mother to have her removed from the Admiral's house, on the death of the Queen, had remained there under the care of the Admiral's mother, who was now in charge of the household.

Thomas Parry returned to Hatfield, but whether he repeated the saying of the Admiral or not, is unknown. What is certain is that the time and energy spent by the Admiral in winning the favour of that indiscreet pair, the governess and the cofferer, were amply repaid. . . The governess was no longer afraid that the Queen might suspect a half-developed, or a possible, situation. For the Queen was dead, and could no longer approve or disapprove. The Duchess of Somerset, however, was alive—a Megeara, a termagant, with the irrationality and the energy of a storm of wind . . . The Duchess

of Somerset, who hated her brother-in-law, and hated, still worse, his dead wife, who, as Queen-Dowager, had taken precedence of her.

The Duchess sent for Mrs Ashley, and scolded her because 'she had permitted my lady Elizabeth's grace to go one night on the Thames in a barge, and for other light parts', saying 'that she was not worthy to have the governance of a King's daughter!'

For the moment Mrs Ashley was not only abashed but frightened. Then she continued on the way she had chosen.

But everyone was not won as easily as the indiscreet household of the Princess. . . .

One day, as the Admiral rode with Lord Russell, the Lord Privy Seal, from the Protector's house to Parliament House, the Admiral said, 'Father Russell, you are very suspicious of me; I pray you tell me, who showed you of the marriage that I should attempt, whereof ye brake with me the other day?' Russell, after some conversation, said, 'My lord, I shall earnestly advise you to make no suit for marriage that way!' Said the Admiral, 'It is convenient for them' (the Princesses) 'to marry, and better it were they were married within the realm than in any foreign place and without' (outside) 'the realm. And why might not I, or another, made by the King their father, marry one of them?'

Lord Russell answered, 'My Lord, if either you or any other within the realm, shall match himself in marriage, either with my lady Mary, or with my lady Elizabeth, undoubtedly, whatsoever he be, he shall procure unto himself the occasion of his utter undoing; and you especially, being of so near alliance to the King's Majesty.'

Upon the Admiral inquiring what he meant, Lord Russell reminded him that the King's father 'was a prince of much wisdom and knowledge, yet was very suspicious and given to suspect. The King's grandfather also, King Henry VII, was a very noble and wise prince, but he also was very suspicious.' . . . Was it not likely, therefore, that the young King might inherit this suspicious nature, and if the Admiral, being related to his Highness, should also marry one of the heirs of the crown by succession, might the King not hold him suspect, and 'as

often as he shall see you, think that you gape and wish for his death?"

Lord Russell added, "And I pray you, my lord, what shall you have with any of them?" (as marriage portion) The Admiral replied that "who married one of them should have three thousand a year".

"By God," roared Lord Russell, "but they may not!"

"By God," answered the Admiral, roaring yet louder, "none of you all dare say nay to it!"

Lord Russell, reporting the speech, declared, "I answered, 'By God! for my part I will say nay to it; for it is clean against the King's will'"

And they parted.

The Admiral was unabashed. He talked openly to the Earl of Rutland about putting an end to the Protectorate. And believing that Wriothesley bore a grudge against the Protector for the loss of the Chancellorship, the Admiral swore, should he come into power, to restore the office to him. But to his surprise, Wriothesley answered: "For God's sake, my lord, heed what you do; I hear abroad that you make a party." "Marry, I would have things better ordered," said the Admiral. "My lord," said Wriothesley, "beware how you attempt any violence. It were better that you had never been born, yea, that you had been burned alive quick, than that you should attempt it."

When Elizabeth wished to go to London to spend Christmas at Court, she was at a loss where to reside, for Durham House, given by King Henry to her mother before the marriage, had been taken by the Council and converted into a mint. The gallant Admiral, on hearing this, offered to give up his own house for her use, adding "that he would come and see her Grace". "Which declaration," said Parry, "she seemed to take very gladly, and to accept it joyfully."

The cofferer had noticed that her face showed signs of pleasure when the Admiral was mentioned, and he asked her "whether if the Council would like it, she would marry with him".

She replied that she would not tell him her mind, and inquired further what he meant by asking her that question, and who told him to do so. He answered, "Nobody."

This was about a fortnight before Christmas.

At the time of the Admiral's arrest, Parry, also under arrest, remembered that when he told Elizabeth that the Admiral would like to exchange lands with her, she asked him what he meant thereby, 'and I said, "I cannot tell, unless he go about to have you also, for he wished your lands and would have them that way"'

Elizabeth did not answer.

Parry then informed her that the Admiral wished her to go to the Duchess of Somerset, and beg her to 'make suit to the Protector for the exchange of the lands, and to a grant to herself of a house in the place of Durham House'. . . . The royal girl replied, 'I daresay he did not say so, nor would'

'Yes, by my faith,' said Parry

'Well,' said she, with anger in her voice, 'I will not do so, and so tell him In faith, I will not come there, nor begin to flatter now.'

The strange greatness of phrase which was to be a mark of this Fate-stricken creature, had begun, even in early youth, to show the buds that would soon break into splendour

Then the conversation shifted slightly, and the Princess asked Parry if he had told Mrs. Ashley of the Admiral's kindness, and his offer. 'I told her "no",' said Parry in his examination.

'Well,' said the Princess, 'go tell it her, for I will know nothing but she shall know it In faith I cannot be quiet until ye have told her of it.'

The governess, when this was repeated, said 'she knew it well enough'. Parry answered 'that it seemed to him that there was goodwill between the lord Admiral and her grace, and that he gathered both by him and her grace'. 'Oh yes,' exclaimed Mrs. Ashley, 'it is true; but' (remembering her scolding from the Duchess of Somerset) 'I had such a charge that I dare nothing say in it; but I would wish her his wife of all men living. I wis he might bring the matter to pass at the Council's hands well enough.'

And she fell to praising the Admiral . . . Parry (according to his own account) said idly, that for all that 'he heard very ill reports of the Admiral, that he was very covetous, and an

oppressor, and had an evil jealousy—and that he had treated the late Queen cruelly, dishonestly, and jealously.’

‘Tush, tush,’ quoth she, ‘it is no matter. I know him better than you, or those who so report him. I know he will make but too much of her, and that she knows well enough’ . . .

And she began to gossip about the Admiral’s jealousy over the late Queen

Having gone so far Mrs Ashley went a little further

This conversation took place on Twelfth Night. . . . Both Mrs Ashley and the cofferer felt in a confidential mood After a long, comfortable gossip, Mrs. Ashley told the cofferer her version of the disturbance at Chelsea.

Parry drank it in eagerly ‘Why,’ he said, ‘hath there been such familiarity between them?’ Mrs. Ashley only sighed and said, ‘I will tell you more another time’ ‘But,’ she added, ‘if the King’s majesty that dead is, had lived a little longer, she would have been his wife.’

With those words, she seems to have had some inkling of the baseness of her disclosure about the young gul in her charge. . . . But what she had done could never be undone She could only pray the cofferer never to repeat, in any way, any part of what she had told him He swore he would not. But again she begged him not to—not for anything in the world must he reveal it . . . For her grace would be dishonoured for ever.

Parry swore that he would rather be pulled asunder by wild horses than divulge what she had told him.

But it was from him—at the time of the Admiral’s arrest—that the Council knew these matters And so the story had come down to us.

Either the day after Twelfth Night, or on that following, Parry paid a visit to the Admiral.

He was shown into the Admiral’s room. The Admiral said, ‘How doth her grace?’ And Parry said, ‘Well’ Then the Admiral asked when she would be coming to London. Parry replied that ‘My Lord Protector’s grace was not determined upon that day’ ‘No,’ quoth he: ‘that shall be when I am gone to Boulogne.’ ‘Sir,’ Parry said, ‘Mistress Ashley commends her unto you, and hath bidden me tell you she is your friend as she was.’ ‘Oh,’ he exclaimed, ‘I know she is my friend’

'Sir,' continued Parry, 'she would her Grace were your wife of any man living' 'Oh,' he answered, 'it will not be; My brother will not agree to it' And he muttered something under his breath—'I am kept back,' or 'I am kept under.' But Parry could not hear for certain, because the Admiral stammered the words out 'But I pray you let me know when she comes up; and come another time,' added the Admiral

It struck Parry that the Admiral was 'in some heat, or very busy, or had some mistrust of me'

Had Thomas Parry but known it, he was seeing that gallant, washbuckling, loud-voiced figure, that glittering shadow cast across the young life of Elizabeth, for the last time.

BY THE WINDOW

by NESSIE DUNSMUIR

Here by the window blackthorn and elder tree
sharpen my sight to love The shadows of
small birds descend and raise,
clearer than print on page,
deeply forgotten colours of my stumbling days.

The Easter fields of children turn again
the legend's wheel. The painted eggs begin
to roll our death away.
In the cold April day
each child is blessed and lies with Spring within.

Here by my head blackbird and beaded tree
borrow me back from Easter's cross and kiss.
Bracken fronds hand me light.
My own beginning eyes
load at the sill the buds breaking to white

VISITOR

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

BECAUSE Aunt Bertha is coming, something has come into the room. Making it different The others must be thinking of her, too, but they don't seem to notice that the room is different Too full, although Pug is not here. She is somewhere else, getting grubby, not thinking about Aunt Bertha.

Mother and Mary and Ellen are standing up and talking. They are going They will take it with them. Yes, It is going away. There will be plenty of room for it out in the hall. Berry follows them into the passage leading to the hall, sees, through the open garden door, the slack tennis-net waiting, alone. Running along into the hall, she sees them all standing talking at the wide-open front door. It is out in the garden now; sending in a broad blaze of sunlight. Not here in the drawing-room which is *always* waiting for people to come. Berry runs down its length and out into the conservatory. The plants and ferns don't notice her. Perhaps Aunt Bertha isn't coming after all.

Loud voices in the hall, sending away the lovely smell from her fingers that had just pinched a leaf of scented geranium. Aunt Bertha has come. Running out through the conservatory door she sees the back garden smiling to itself, looking like to-morrow. Down the steps and up the other steps and in by the back door and into the breakfast-room, to be back for a minute in the waiting for Aunt Bertha to come.

'Sweet'

Dickie, in his cage, all alone 'Sweet little Dick!' Berry runs away, to forget the pain of Dickie's loneliness, to lose the worse pain, just coming, of the thought of his nights alone under his baize cover.

The letter-cage half of the front door is bolted back as well as the other. They are all out in the porch and Berry can hear wheels creaking and scrunching on the drive. Ann bounces quickly into the hall from the back stairs, setting her cap straight. And now they are all on the steps below the porch,

hiding Aunt Bertha. But Berry can imagine what Aunt Bertha has seen as she came up the drive between the high trees: the bed of shrubs in bloom in the middle of the sweep, lobelias thick all round the edge—did Aunt Bertha notice how *blue* they are?—the green lawn with the stone vases at the corners filled with calceolarias, so *bright* in the sun.

‘Eh, Bertha, well, me-dear’ Mother’s voice like when you are ill, forgetting the garden and telling Aunt Bertha she is a cripple. Berry goes down the steps and gives Ellen a little push to get between her and Pug and see what Aunt Bertha is like. Perhaps she will stop being a cripple.

Short arms stuck out, jerking from side to side. Aunt Bertha on a visit, working herself forward on the seat of a bathchair, not looking at anybody, staring in front of her with her mouth open and her chin jutted out, feeling pain. Ann and the bath-chairman one on each side, not able to help because of the jerking arms. Presently she will be inside the house.

Berry wants them to push her back into the chair and trundle her away.

‘Now then!’ cries Aunt Bertha. She has sent up her underlip outside the other and is pressing so hard that it makes two lines, pains, one each side of her mouth. Ann and the chairman crook their arms under hers and she comes up bent forward, sticking out behind, with the hem of her dust-cloak sticking out still further. Her bent-over head comes round. A bullock in a straw-hat. It does not move. But her eyes are moving. She looks at everybody in turn and smiles, and leaves off looking like a bullock.

Berry runs away, runs upstairs into the empty school-room that knows nothing about Aunt Bertha. But Berry knows. She looks at the lines turning into a smile, and looks into the brown eyes that know what was there when they were all waiting for her to come.

.

When Berry comes into the dining-room Aunt Bertha is sitting at the table with the others. Lunch is roast fowl, and wine-glasses. Aunt Bertha looks like a visitor, making a party. Someone has brought Dickie in. He is singing without stopping

to breathe. So happy. No need to speak when she goes round to shake hands with Aunt Bertha, because everybody is talking louder than usual until Dicky stops.

When Aunt Bertha says anything she does not look at anybody. Her eyelids go down and the pains in her freckled white face look sharper while she thinks of what she is saying and all the same she goes on managing the things on her plate, carefully, while she is talking and you don't know who she is going to look at until the end of what she says, and then she looks suddenly at whoever it is; and smiles.

Aunt Bertha is chapel. She has chapel hair, parted and shined back into a little ball behind her head. But muslin tuckers, fresh and new, round her white neck where there are no freckles, and coming out from under the brown silk sleeves on to her hands, gently.

Berry is grown-up. Sitting in a brown silk dress with Sunday frills, managing a peach like that. letting it sit for a while in the middle of the plate being a lovely ripe peach, forgetting it and sitting up very straight, with her head turned to say something to someone quite at the other end of the table, but knowing all the time that the peach is there and presently taking up the silver knife and fork, very gently, so that they have time to shine as they move, and then doing the peeling and slicing in and out of what she is saying until at last she is saying something with the first little piece of peach standing still on the end of the fork, while she finishes what she is saying, and smiles. And then pops the piece of peach into her mouth and goes far away while someone else says something.

But Berry does not want to say brother, in two words. Or live in a cottage thrown into another cottage, and make eight-ten dressed dawls for a bazaar to buy a new chapel harmonium.

Berry sits at work, bent over it like Aunt Bertha, with a very quiet, calm face. Perhaps after a while, if she can go on feeling like this after Aunt Bertha has gone away, she will learn always to be pale and quiet and suddenly smile all over her face when she speaks. And learn to say something that is true, but not

easy to say, so funnily that no one will mind. My *work*, Aunt Bertha says, and, your *work* Important Fancywork. No. I Know that my Redeemer liveth cannot possibly be fancy-work.

She thinks of the patchwork she will be doing when Miss Webb comes back. Miss Webb calls it learning to sew. And at first it was trying to keep the cotton clean and make neat stitches without a row of little blood-dots. And now it is easy. But Miss Webb does not know anything about the look of the different little pieces out of the rag-bag in the wardrobe-room, all smelling of lavender. She does not see the far-away inside of the little lilac pieces with the small pattern, nor want to look and look into the pattern and find out why it goes so deep. She does not know that the striped pieces are horrid.

Aunt Bertha looks up. But only so far as the bunch of skeins. Her eyes see the skeins, but she is thinking about something else. Her thoughts go on while she takes a fresh thread without ever looking across. With the point of her needle she presses back a little piece of fray and makes the next stitch so that it will just hold it down. Berry wishes there were a piece of fray in her text. But there is only to see that the thick gold silk goes into the right holes. And now Aunt Bertha is sitting back with her head on one side and her eyes screwed up to see how her work looks from a distance. And now she is going on with it, looking very stern. Lifting her head, Berry holds it on one side and screws up her eyes and sees all she has done, without looking from letter to letter: I know that my Re, looking so lovely that she cannot believe she has made it, and almost wishes she were a cripple so as to sit all day, like Aunt Bertha, having a party with her 'materials'. Different coloured silks and many needles and a little silver thimble and ornamental scissors and presently something finished and looking lovely. And then thinking of something else to make.

The text is more than half finished, not counting the diamond-shaped full-stop at the end. Her hand goes out to pat the worked silk, but quickly comes back as she remembers: Don't handle the silks but when you're threading them. The smooth gold bands of the letters are as clean as the silk in the skeins, and brighter. Much nicer than Pug's. Pug's text is in smaller letters: God is Love. Short, like Pug. And Aunt Bertha

has done most of it because Pug is nearly always somewhere else and grubby. And there are only three days before Mother's birthday. Aunt Bertha will be gone; not sitting in the breakfast-room, making it like a party all the morning; not going for drives with Mother and coming back and making teatime like a party. She will be at home in the cottage thrown into another cottage.

Secretly, in Mother's bedroom, Mary takes the texts out of the parcel Pug's is on the top. Small. It comes out of its wrapper and there it is, a framed picture held up by Mary. Ellen says isn't it lovely and it is lovely, lovely, the crimson letters in the chestnut-brown frame. Ellen takes down Mother's smallest picture and they hang up Pug's text, to try. Pug, hanging up on the wall for everyone to see. And now Mary's hands are on the paper covering the other text. Frightened, Berry feels. Shuts her eyes. Cannot move or speak. Sees, in her shut eyes, the big beautiful Redeemer in glossy, golden letters, and the rest not finished. But she can *remember* finishing it, and doing the diamond shape and the difficult scroll. She opens her eyes. Mary is taking off the wrapping. Away, away out on to the landing.

'Lovely,' Mary's voice. Berry runs to the other end of the landing, with the word ringing in her ears. Outside the end window she sees the climbing roses looking in at her.

'Berry!'

Where to hide? In the housemaid's cupboard, crouched, hearing her breathing tell Ann's brooms she is there, hearing Mary and Ellen go downstairs. Out of the cupboard, quickly across the landing, to look. There it is. Over the mantelpiece, the lovely golden words and the full-stop and the scroll, hanging crooked. And too high to reach. And Mother will be coming up, sent up, Mary said, alone, 'on some excuse' to find the birthday surprise.

'There, darling. It's quite straight now, my chick. It's a beautiful text, and you've done it very nicely, bunny-chub. Mother likes it very much indeed.'

VISITOR

'The full-stop is diamond-shape.'

'Yes, my darling.'

'Not round, like an ordinary full-stop '

'No, dearie, it's a beautiful full-stop.'

Mother goes on looking at the text and Berry comes quite near; to see her face while she is looking. It is sad, and a hair-pin she doesn't know about is sticking out, ready to fall.

'Poor *Bertha*!'

Berry feels a thump in her heart, and her face grows hot stupid, stupid Mother. She only knows Aunt Bertha is a cripple Why can't she see her, up there, in the text, on the wall? She is spoiling the text, because she can't *see*

VISIT

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

THE carriage door is shut. The guard shows all his teeth again, touches his cap to Mary, blows his whistle and goes away to get into the train. The train gives a jolt and the platform, with Mary on it waving her hand, moves away until all the station has gone and there are fields. This is the Journey. There is Pug, opposite. But not like she is at home. Like a stranger Berry feels alone.

The wheels keep saying: Going-to, going-to, Bilberry Hill, Bilberry Hill, Bilberry Hill. If they went more slowly, they would be saying something else. But they hurry because they know they must get to Bilberry Hill. All the time it is coming nearer. Not like it was in the garden, when Mother said about going, and Berry and Pug had danced round the lawn singing Off to Philadelphia. Berry looks across at Pug and sees that she knows it is not the same.

When another station has come, the guard looks in at the window with his teeth and goes away, waving his flag. The wheels begin again, slowly. Auntbertha, they say, Unclehenry, Unclealbert, Greatauntstone.

Another station and the guard comes and says: 'Next station, young ladies!' and Berry thanks him politely and looks at Pug as soon as he is gone, to try and feel happy. But Pug's face says there is no help. Home is gone, for three whole days. Berry stares at Pug, trying to think of something to make her say something instead of just sitting there with her pug-face, nose all screwed up, like looking out of the window when it rains on a holiday.

'Watery-boughtery-cerve,' says Pug, and looks away, trying to show she does not care. But she does care. She is thinking of the strange place and strangers.

'Great-aunt Stone won't say grace for tea,' says Berry, and feels better. Busy, with things to explain to Pug. Pug is wondering about blind Great-aunt Stone. She has never seen a private

blind person. 'Pug, if you think Great-aunt Stone will be wearing a cardboard label, she won't'

It is a little station, with wet bushes. Nobody there. The guard comes and lifts them out into a smell of sweetbriar.

'There's yer uncle, that's Mr. Albert, getting out of the chaise.'

Berry stands looking. Her feet won't move. A countryman is coming in at the little gate, looking about jerking his head, with his eyes nearly shut because the sun is in them. He comes across the platform, to take them to Uncle Albert

'Ber-rie an' Nan-cie?'

It can't be Uncle Albert. But it is Uncle Albert. His mouth is pulled sideways to pretend he is not frightened. But he is frightened

'I'll drive y'long.' He turns round and waits a second as if he is not sure Berry and Pug will follow, and then goes on, in a jerky walk, showing off, all to himself.

The chaise is very low, almost on the ground, so that the dusty, fat pony looks too large. When they are inside with the little portmanteau standing on end, they all seem too large and close together. Close together, and all alone. Uncle Albert has to sit sideways to drive. All the time, every day, he is frightened, ashamed, like a little boy in disgrace. But now he is being very grand because there is nobody there.

'Chee-er up'

He has seen we think him dreadful and are not liking the bumpy drive in the little basket.

'I'm sure,' Berry says, and hears her voice come out frightfully loud: 'we shall be very happy.'

'Chee-er *up*, Carrie!' says Uncle Albert, flicking the pony with his whip. He is not thinking about us at all. Berry sits quite still, with the blush burning her face, and looks at the shining back of the pony where the big bones move under the fat. They are going downhill and the chaise shakes and bumps, and a polite cough Pug gives comes out in two pieces.

'How's all at home?'

'Quite-well-thank-you.' Pug has not said anything yet. But she is sitting up nicely and her face is looking polite. A village has come. Uncle Albert stops at a butcher-shop.

'Got that for me, Mr. Pi-ther?' he shouts in a high, squeaky voice

Pug is pinching Berry's arm and looking up the street. 'Look!' she says in a loud whisper: 'Bald-faced Stag!' Berry pretends not to hear 'Berry! Bald —' 'Sh' says Berry and feels like Miss Webb. Pug is quiet at once. She knows it is rude to make remarks. And she is silly to expect a village public-house to be called The Northumberland Arms. There is honeysuckle somewhere. But Pug doesn't smell it because she is still looking out for something funny.

Mr. Pither comes out of his shop in a large white apron, with a parcel, and looks. He has no whites to his eyes, like a horse.

'Nice after the sha-oo-er. So ye found the little misses.' He smiles into the chaise with his eyelids down as he puts in the parcel. Berry watches the eyelids to say good afternoon when they come up. Uncle Albert says thankee Mr. Pi-ther and gives a click and the pony moves and Mr. Pither looks down the street. He is thinking about the village, the only place he knows.

. . . .

A cottage, hidden in dark creepers, joined on to another cottage, plain white. As Berry goes up the little path, the strange cottage seems to be one she has been into before. She knows she has never been into it, and yet feels her face suddenly get unhappy because she must go again into a place she doesn't like.

'Come in, children!'

Aunt Bertha's voice, in a room. It is low and small and musty, sending away the summer. Aunt Bertha is there, twisted round in her chair, to welcome. While Berry kisses her she sees home and the mornings with Aunt Bertha, making the Text, and Aunt Bertha smiles and sees them, too, but after Pug has quickly kissed her she only says now go and give your Great-auntie a kiss, and the little room is full of Great-aunt Stone sitting in a low armchair with no arms. The back of it, going up beyond her head, looks like half a pipe.

Aunt Stone does not move or speak as Berry goes towards

her. Her eyes are open, staring at nothing, with a film over them like the fish on the slab at Pratt's.

'Mother! Berry!'

So Great-aunt Stone is deaf as well as blind. What is the good of her, sitting there? That is what happens if you are eighty-five. You sit somewhere being no good.

'How do you do, Aunt Stone?' Berry asks, speaking very loud, to be heard. And now Aunt Stone knows she is there, because the dreadful mauve lips are going to speak and one of the twisted hands, with the big mauve veins standing up on it, comes a little way off her knee

'Give me a kiss, my-little-dear.'

When her own face is near enough to the dreadful old face she must kiss, Berry shuts her eyes. But just before her eyelids go down she sees a piece of sunlight on the wall behind the chair and stays in it while she gives her kiss and thinks of how she will be able to look at it again presently; but remembers politeness.

'This is my sister Nancy,' she shouts, and bumps into Pug standing too near behind.

It is rude to be seeing Aunt Bertha frowning and being cross. Every day, for every meal, someone has to get her to the table like this. Perhaps Uncle Albert always makes the same mistakes, making her angry. At home she clung on to the servants' arms and made little jokes as she came, and made funny faces at Pug and me to make us laugh. Aunt Bertha on a visit happy and polite. This is Aunt Bertha at home. Quite different. Angry like a little girl, and making Uncle Albert frightened. She knows I have seen, and is smiling at me now that she is sitting down; and I can't smile back.

Those things she can see on the other side of the room as she sits at the tea-table beside Pug have always been there, making a home like other things make other homes; a grandfather clock with a private face, high up 'above everybody; plush frames on the walls with bunches of flowers inside, painted by hand; a sheffa-near with a mirror and photographs in plush frames and a bowl, like the bowl of dried rose-leaves at home:

po-pooery. I am on a visit to all of them, and not to the uncles and aunts. They are always there, whatever happens. And the little patch of sunlight is often there, like someone saying something special.

There is no bread-and-butter. The *loaf* is on the table and a dish with a large round of butter with a picture of a cow on the top, and a little china beehive. No cake. A dish with a Yorkshire pudding in it. But jam, and a bowl of cream. Uncle Albert is cutting bread-and-butter, screwing up his face and being almost as grand as he was in the chaise. Aunt Bertha is looking at him, frowning. Suddenly she tells Berry to begin. As if she has been seeing her without looking, and knows she has not begun. And now she and Pug are eating lovely new crusty bread-and-butter. Bilberry Hill. It goes down being Bilberry Hill, not tasting of the musty smell in the room. Berry looks at the lovely little beehive, munching and thinking how unkind it is to be happy without caring about the aunts and Uncle Albert although it is their bread-and-butter and their beehive. Perhaps they are happy, too? She looks at Aunt Bertha, and Aunt Bertha is smiling at her like she used to do at home. And now she is leaning over and helping Berry to honey out of the beehive.

'Would Berry like a piece of lardy-cake?'

Berry quickly says yes please and looks all round the table again, for cake. But there is not any cake. Uncle Albert is cutting out a corner of the Yorkshire pudding, and now he has slid it on to her plate. When she has taken a small bite, she wants to talk about it. It is like the outside of very brown doughnuts, only much nicer and crisp. Uncle Albert is looking at her with his head on one side and is going to speak. She wishes he wouldn't, wishes nobody would look or speak to her. The cake won't go on tasting so good if she must think of people too.

'Ye won't get that,' Uncle Albert's voice is angry, as if I had done something wrong—'not outside Burksheer.'

'Did ye get that bitta brisket, Albert?'

Now they are all attending to Aunt Stone and something they all know about. I am alone with the lardy-cake and Pug. She is eating her piece neatly, in nice little bites, but listening too.

Suddenly Pug's voice comes out. 'We have all our meat done in a roasting-jack in front of the fire.'

'That'll be Jo-erge,' says Uncle Albert,
'And Father cuts the usparrygus; not gardener.'

Berry kicks hard, sideways, and hits Pug's ankle and Pug stops and Berry quickly sighs and says I'm awfully happy, to make up for Pug showing off, and as soon as she has said this without meaning it, she means it, and wants to be staying at Bilberry Hill for a long time, long enough to see everything there is, instead of just three days.

Eliza picks up the candle and says good night little misses and opens the door. She doesn't want to stay and she doesn't want to go. Her footsteps creak, like her voice. They are the only footsteps and voice she has. She will have them when she is back in the kitchen.

Black darkness. Taking away the walls. You can only tell it is the same room by the musty smell. All the things are in it like they were when the candle was there. The Chair. No, no, NO! I *won't* see the Chair.

'Pug,' very quietly, just to show she is there, even if she is asleep. She is asleep. Berry pokes her eyelids, to make colours. Where do they come from, these pretty colours? When the colours are gone, the Chair is there, inside her eyes, with Great-uncle Stone sitting in it. Dead. Like Eliza said they found him. But with certainly a gold watch-chain. Look at the watch-chain. All gold and shining, like it was when he was going about the house and going out. Going to Wesleen chapel. But one day he couldn't go out. He came upstairs and sat in that Chair. For ten years.

'Pug!'

Pug is asleep, far away. Berry turns quickly round, to be nearer to her. The quilt crackles as she turns, telling her to remember the pink roses on it. They are still there, in the dark. And it isn't quite, quite dark. Over there, in the corner, is a little square of faint light showing through the window curtain, telling about getting up in the morning, with Pug.

Rose leaves and roses, coming in at the window, almost

touching the little washstand Berry washes very slowly, to be staying as long as possible, with her back to the room, in this corner where the morning comes in with the roses. Not talking to Pug. Just being altogether Berry

Downstairs, it is dark. In the Morning. Uncle Henry is still not there. Uncle Albert has a shiny face and a Cambridge blue tie, for Sunday. But he cuts large slices of the cold bacon, and it is lovely; very mild and with pink fading away into the fat part.

After breakfast Uncle Henry suddenly comes in. He has a black beard, but all the same is short like Uncle Albert. He says some of the things relations say, only in the funny way they all speak at Bilberry Hill. Then he goes away behind his beard and is sad. And frightened too. But not of people, like Uncle Albert.

It is nice running down the lane with Uncle Henry, joining hands and running and laughing, out in the sunlight. When he laughs, his white teeth come out of his black beard. But the lane ends in a muddy yard, with pigs running about and grunting. Pug says aren't they funny. But they are not funny. They are dirty and frightened.

'Race you back,' says Uncle Henry, and runs up the lane very fast and into the house. And now there is only the sitting-room again, and Uncle Henry gone away somewhere. There's nothing to do but look through the glass of the door that goes into the garden; until Aunt Bertha comes down to read Line upon Line. Perhaps she can find the piece about a bell and a pomegranate, a bell and a pomegranate, round about the hem of Aaron's robe.

Aunt Bertha said not to play in the garden until to-morrow. But we can just open the door and look. There is a little pavement outside, running along the back of the cottage.

'Come along, Pug. This isn't the garden.'

The little path is very nice. Secret. Pug is just behind me, liking it too. Only somewhere in front, further along there is a dreadful harmonium sound; wheezy and out of tune. The path reaches the plain white part of the cottage, and the slow, dismal sound is quite near. Just inside this door. Another sitting-room. Perhaps that is where Uncle Henry went. Berry opens

the door: Uncle Albert All alone, sitting at a crooked harmonium, playing How Sweet the Name in a bare room with no carpet, and bulging sacks lying about on the floor. Poor Uncle Albert playing, all out of tune and out of time, the only Sunday music he knows Holding on to it; all alone

Quickly Berry closes the door, pushes past Pug, runs back along the little path Half-way along, she is back again at the creeper-covered cottage Where to go? Where is Sunday? Why don't chapel people stop being chapel? Why aren't they taken to church, and *shown*? But Sunday must be here; somewhere. Perhaps at the far end of the path, near that tree

'Is 'Enery back?' Great-aunt Stone's voice, shaky, calling from her room upstairs. 'Tellim I wantim to cut my toe-nails'

'Come on, Pug, come in' Somewhere inside is Uncle Henry and his beard, being looked for He is Aunt Stone's favourite and must do this dreadful thing for her Perhaps this afternoon he'll take us out somewhere. Away To-morrow we can go in the garden. The next day we shall be at home But all the things here will be the same when we're not seeing them.

Not a real garden No lawn. Nowhere to play. Nowhere to forget yesterday in Only this one little path going along between the vegetables and gooseberry-bushes to the end. trees, and thick shrubs and a wall And Pug coming along the path not very happy, waiting for something nice and already seeing there's nothing.

It is a wooden door, right in the middle of the wall; nearly covered with creepers.

'Pug!' Pug comes running; is near. Good little Pug, not saying anything, waiting to be told what to do. I can smell the liny smell of her pinafore. The gate won't move. It *won't*.

'Hold on to me, and pull!'

Wudge. It's open.

A green hill, going up into the sky. A little path at the bottom for people to walk and go somewhere.

'Pug *Pug!*'

Berry runs up the bright green grass. Into nowhere. Sees the wind moving the grass. Feels it in her hair. No one knows

about this hill. No one knows it is there Near the top she stands
still, to remember how it looked from the door; long, long ago.
It will always look like that Always Always She lies down, to
smell the grass, puts her cheek against it, feels grass-blades in
her ear

'Pug' This is the country Bilberry Hill. We've found it '

Pug looks down at her, standing still, waiting. Berry hides
her face in the grass, to be alone

'Berry' Aren't you glad we are going home to-morrow?'

'I don't know.'

POETRY

TO MY FATHER

by NESSIE DUNSMUIR

Because it has not always been with love
your image came to settle on my eyes,
I turn to-day towards the Northern skies
that bear the pit-head wheels above your grave.
I ask myself what fearful pecking birds
crept near your ageing heart in the Spring nights.
Your gesture comes to quench the ascending debt's
late flower. Its petals drown and fall to words.
In loneliness your waking hand from rest
broke bread with morning Inside your sleeping heart
can bud no beat of comfort from a daughter's hurt,
or waters of myrrh to rise and call you blessed.
Lie then at home where coal hills heap in fire
and keep you their bright company in your shared shire.

ZACCHAEUS IN THE LEAVES

by VERNON WATKINS

Silence before
Sound.
Sycamore:

A tree
Predestined to beauty
Blown leaves Antiquity.
Light lost. Light found.

The myth above the myth.
The imagined zenith
Of youth in youth.

Light on the leaves in wind
Flying. The silver-sequined
Goat-leaf, dark-skinned.

Sycamore leaves; coiled thick,
God-dark, Dionysiac,
The ascending trunk. Pan's music.
The sap made quick.

Wind-gathered sound The flow
Of lives. Wood-sounds. Wood-hollow.
Hades locked below.

Sap leaps. The springing race
Threading the magic surface
Drops to one place.

A sign to us!
A tree, and then a tree
No more.
Silent Zacchaeus,

POETRY

Ageless one
The buried sun,
And the key it bore

* * *

Light found in every age
The leaves of Spring
Fading from lineage,
The seed, the wing

From what dark scent
Of waters breaking
In night most innocent
Of dead men waking,

From what laid bone
Rose man's belief?
What Sibyl wrote upon
The breaking leaf?

Sibylline words.
The buried lives.
Lost among nesting-birds,
The burden of the leaves.

The myth above the myth,
Pan above Zacchaeus;
Zacchaeus climbing,
Mounted above his youth,
Alone in time
Seeking the heavenly death

The crooked he had left,
Yes, and the wise,
To climb the tree-trunk,
To sit in a cleft
And see through his eyes
Not what they saw,

POETRY

Not what they heard,
No leaf, no claw,
No wing, no bird,
But light surpassing
All known green,
As if all drunk
And sober stirred,
Known, unknown,
Where seen, unseen,
Were one alone;
Jesus passing,
The Nazarene.

Lovers embraced
And their eyes were solaced;
But Zacchaeus gripped fast

The tree-branch, crouching,
Watching the myth
Moving, the myth
Move to the zenith
Not found in youth:

'If His eyes see us,
If His eyes see us,
Dazzled above men,
Though we are buried then,
The myth above the truth.'

Who stilled the pipes of Pan?
What marvel weaves
Death, deathless, pagan,
Turning the Sibyl's leaves?

Firm, yet betrayed no more,
The young lie with the young.
Leaves of the sycamore,
Lifted on wind, give tongue:

POETRY

'I have supported one
In my own right
Who watched the procession,
His eyes full of light.

I can fade now,
My thought heard or unheard.
Did he not leave my bough,
And said no word?'

* * *

Slow the procession was coming. The drinkers remained
Sitting cross-legged, close to the dead who were chained,
Beggars of light Only the man in the tree
Looked on the road, and saw where light was ordained.

Among the quick and the dead is the point divine,
Moving; among those talking, the drinkers of wine,
The shuffling of feet, the running of time, the gust
Of windblown leaves, no, not the Muses, the nine,

Have seen the universe race through the leaves and thrill
Because it has found the point of predestined will,
There where the fountain breaks from lips that are dust
Stop: the great branches are moving. Now they are still.

MANCHURIAN NIGHT

CHUN-CHAN YEH

THE dusk was falling, and our governor grew more and more worried. His eyes were directed to the right where the sun was setting. Its feeble, hectic rays capped the chain of western hills, like the morbid smiles of a consumptive invalid. Anyhow it made the autumn wilderness look less cold. But soon a gust of icy wind swept down, whistling louder and louder. He turned his face, and his keen, yet somewhat dreamy gaze rested on the Sungri River¹ that ran before us. The last rays of the opaque sun were lingering on the water. But as the gale began to blow more violently, the rays retreated. And little by little the current turned grey and then dark.

No one dared to look at the old man who sat so formidably silent. He sat on a heap of hay, motionless like the weathered Buddha idols on the half-dilapidated altar. Puzzled by his reticence, Harelip Liu stole a glance at him, but, being perceived, he soon turned away and pretended to be concentrating on blowing at the fire. The wood was newly gathered from the bushes near by, and therefore hard to burn. A great pall of smoke rose and filled the whole temple. Had it not been for the many holes and cracks in the age-old walls and big leaks on the roof, we would have been suffled. The denser the smoke grew, the harder would Harelip blow at the fire, his clownish cheeks puffing up like a football. Occasionally the fire flamed up and flared at the tattered curtains before the impaired idols of the gods. Then the governor would give it a casual glimpse. But soon he resumed his old posture, looking outside.

I was lying on a heap of hay by the fire, wondering about the weathered walls and the uncared-for Buddhas. A thought occurred to me: how strange that people should have erected a temple in such a wild place. Apparently not a single soul would come here to worship the gods. And there was not even a single monk to stay here to look after the premises. Ah, but perhaps the

¹ A large river that runs on the frontier between Manchuria and Korea

homeless shepherds and raftsmen would come hither during festivals in the old peaceful days. It was war-time now. The Japanese and Chinese guerillas often encountered each other in skirmishes at places like this. That might be why this sanctuary was deserted. While I was thus lost in thought, Wild Rose, sitting beside me and playing with a scarecrow-like thing, suddenly woke me up, tapping my head with her hand. 'Silly man,' she leered at me with her big, long-lashed dark eyes. 'What are you thinking about? More rubbish out of books? Only fools write books. They are of no use to us. Well, come and lull my baby to sleep. He's been naughty the whole day.' Then she curled up her lips a little, her eyes lowered, and said to the 'baby': 'Ha, my heart, be a good baby in your uncle's arms.'

She handed me the scarecrow-like thing. It was made of straw, about one foot and five inches long and painted in various colours with every feature characteristic of an ugly monkey rather than a human being. Dressed in a worsted sweater and knitted woollen pants, with a white apron on its stomach, it looked clownish as well as grotesque, but, ironically enough, was regarded quite seriously as a member of our group. It had been even christened after our governor, 'Fupao,' Luck and Fortune. I rocked it in my arms, but I could not purse up my lips and say with affection the words to it as other members of our crowd would do. However, I mechanically hummed the song Wild Rose would sing to it early in the morning or deep at night when she thought it was crying and in want of flattery.

Look at the stars twinkling in the sky,
How cold they are seven thousand miles high.
Oh, sweet, my sweetie, don't cry,
For wolves are yelping in the hills near by.

As I was singing in undertones the wind outside began to howl shrilly, entirely drowning my voice. The solitary temple began to tremble, and the worm-bitten age-old rafters to shake flimsily, sifting a shower of dust down over us. It seemed that an avalanche was going to take place outside—a scene so picturesque and rare in our native place in the Central China. To-morrow we would wear furs, I thought to myself, and

tramp in the snow, and chase bears, and outwit the Japanese. To experience such life had been part of my ambition when I first joined this band. But of course there had been no other alternative then. The Japanese had regarded me as a dangerous teacher at a school in Harbin¹ and would have killed me if I had remained.

Suddenly a hubbub picked my attention and brought me back to reality. It sounded like the arrival of a Japanese cavalry patrol, for the wind turning in the cracks on the walls whistled like horses neighing. It drew nearer and nearer, and we began to hear a feeble, but continuous note of pain in the din.

Our governor was certainly interested. His eyes, shining now like two lanterns, were riveted fixedly on the night outside. But he showed no signs of being perturbed. He did not even move an inch from his seat. Wild Rose, always impatient, scurried to the door, and pressed one ear to it listening to what was going on. Footsteps thumped indistinctly from afar. In the flames of the fire, now blazing up, I saw her dark arched eyebrows knitted tightly together and her round eyes expanded like those of the wild cat at midnight. Her melon-shaped face, brown with weather and hardship, looked like the visage of the animal too. Suddenly she jumped up and clapped her hands, crying:

'They! They are coming back!'

And she threw herself into the arms of the old man and giggled convulsively like a madman. The governor ran his gnarled fingers through her hair gently, and smiled wryly. He relaxed. It was not the Japanese coming. But he suppressed his sigh of relief.

The door was flung open with a bang. Wang Tali and Hochin burst in, with Black Dog on their arms. Black Dog was feebly crying with pain, his energy apparently having been exhausted. Blood trickled down his belly. Panting, they laid him on a heap of hay, and removed their fur caps. Now that sweat began to stream on their foreheads, they stood speechless, gaping at the old man.

The governor was still running his fingers back and forth through Wild Rose's hair absent-mindedly, silent as if nothing

¹ A frontier Chinese town near Russian Siberia.

had happened. The girl was worried by his silence. She looked upward at the chin of the old man with a questioning stare. The small tuft of sparse beard was twitching on his chin. She felt, too, that his fingers were trembling in her hair. Perhaps the governor himself had also perceived this, for he was now trying to look calm. He gave a quiet glance at the wounded man. Then, turning back, 'Yes?' he addressed the two men standing by.

'He's hit,' only now did Wang Tali have the courage to speak, his voice low but heavy. 'A Japanese shot him before he knew where he was . . .'

'Is that so? . . .' The old man suddenly paused, his face turned obliquely upward, his eyes dreamily squeezed together, his fingers stopped running in Wild Rose's hair. The girl jumped up, moved towards the wounded man and tried to dress his wounds with sticky plasters we made ourselves. The governor began again, 'How about the Japanese? Did he follow you? You got a gun for yourself, of course . . .'

'Well,' Hochin muttered, 'we had no time to answer his shot. It all came so suddenly. When the devil—he's a plain-clothes detective, I believe—emerged, Black Dog was orating to the villagers about his miraculous skill in curing diseases. He showed them a piece of maple seed, said it was a precious herb medicine from far Tibet and that it could cure all sorts of sickness: indigestion, heart-burning, headaches and even frost-bites. Then he displays his collection of serpent manure, and boasted it could cure blindness. Yes, the native villagers were deeply absorbed by the manœuvres of his tongue, standing by, all agape. Amidst all this wonderment, a short fellow, the Japanese, who stood among the crowd, suddenly fired at Black Dog. Aya, it's too late for us to notice him. We would have been shot, too, had we not taken quickly to our heels.'

'Ah . . .' the old man opened his dreamy eyes, and nodded to himself. 'Well, hand me my medicine case, Harelip. Quick!'

And he moved to the wounded man. Bending his aged back, he carefully removed the plasters from under which blood was trickling out. As he pulled off the plaster, the wounded man jerked and turned ghastly pale, his mouth wry with pain. The governor looked into the hole red and black with bleeding.

Then he took over the ox horn from Harelip who stood by, paralysed by the horrible sight, and shook a shower of white powder on the wound. The medicine was soon soaked with blood and subsided together with it on to the skin. The old man certainly appeared dumb-founded at this ceaseless flow. He stood up, pulled out a handful of herbs and stuffed them into the wound. But this did not help either. The agonized young man uttered a shrill cry.

'A very bad case,' the governor shook his head. Then he receded into silence.

He was not a charlatan like the rest of us, this old man. He knew how to read characters and even the old Chinese pharmacology. He would not have taken to this vagabond trade had he not been persecuted for leading a peasant insurrection in Central China a couple of decades ago. He had wandered to this cold, yet virgin Manchuria from his home district as many craftsmen and farmers had been wont to do in years of famine. He swore a solemn oath to the head of a charlatan gang, all 'emigrants', so to speak, pledging himself to the strict obedience of the rules. He learned orally from his chief the jargon, the mystificatory patter of the trade, and some traditional secret remedies for common diseases. Thus he began to practice the art. For twenty years he had engaged in it, never once violating the group law. Three years ago he had been elected head of this sub-section, and received a pledge of whole-hearted obedience from the members. But ah, this rare honour came to him when he was already old.

He sat motionless like an idol. But his eyes were certainly living. They were bright, and profound in thought: Perhaps he was thinking of some quick remedy to assuage the agony of the young comrade? Or his stubborn heart turned sentimental by the distress? Yes, times had changed. Life had got so hard nowadays. Before one could lead a very easy-going existence here, the native being kind, amiable and hospitable, too. But now the Japanese were lords here. The wandering quacks were adjudged foreigners in this region, and their trade made illegal. But they had grown so fond of this place, having lived here for years, that the very thought of departure made their hearts ache. Or where else could they make a living? Their fatherland

was here now. To stay here, one had to fight. They had to arm themselves with guns. Ah, guns. Once they had them, they became criminals and deadly enemies of the new lords.

Seeing the old man so mute, Wild Rose jumped up, and snatched the scarecrow-like thing away from me. 'You've wronged my baby. You don't even care to give it a kiss.' She ran her hand softly over the grotesque 'baby's' head and then pursed up her lips and said to it in a cajoling voice, 'My darling, your uncle's a stone-hearted man. He didn't even give you a caress. Now let your grandpa kiss you. He hasn't caressed you for a whole day.'

And she threw the 'baby' into the old man's arms, saying, 'Grandpa, you've forgotten your grandson. Poor little thing, he's been lonely all the day. Don't rake your head with useless thoughts, pa. Cheer up and have a little conversation with him.'

'Oh, yes,' the governor murmured as if waking up from a dream, his lips stretching into a wry smile. Then, taking over the 'grandson', he suddenly burst out into a fit of laughter. Assuming a paternal air, he patted it on the back, and showered kisses on its head. Then, looking amusedly in its painted face with eyes seriously dilated, he puckered up his lips and whispered a string of endearment. He rocked it tenderly in his arms, and teased it with a lot of silly questions, screwing his face into a grimace, in order to make it smile. But it never smiled, nor answered the old man.

All watched the governor and his 'grandson' with absorbed interest. Harelip Liu, the lonesome idiot, gaped at the governor playing with the straw image of baby, like a fool, his mouth wide open. All the rest, sitting by, were also radiant with delight and affection. Indeed they were amused. Each would call the straw baby his own son and caress it and talk to it like a father. They enjoyed the folly. In their mad infatuations they seemed to have forgotten the world. Yes, they seemed even to have forgotten the wounded man sighing in a corner of the old temple.

I could hardly understand all this business. I could have no affection for the grotesque scarecrow-like thing. The whole business seemed to me a farce. Yet it was acted so seriously, and with profound love, too.

'What is amusing in all this, while one of our comrades is suffering from hopeless pain?' At last I could not repress my emotion

'Shut up!' Wild Rose scolded me, her dark round eyes fixed on mine. 'Don't spoil our fun. How can you understand all this, you who have joined us only for a few weeks? No You'll never understand You're the kind of man who knows reading books. Your head is stuffed with too much nonsense. No. You'll never understand us '

Suddenly Wild Rose paused. A sharp cry of pain issued from the mouth of Black Dog, rent the air and pierced our ears. He was now twitching fitfully on the heap of hay, and, in his torment, began to roll down on the ground, leaving a trickle of blood behind him. Soon, however, his cry subsided into a continuous bellow, the bellow of dying cow.

We soon rushed to him, and moved him again on his heap of hay. Wild Rose hastily rolled our cotton-wadded jackets into a bundle and awkwardly placed it beneath his head as a pillow, so as to make him comfortable. The governor examined the wound again. Then he shook on it another shower of the white powder out of his ox horn. But the bleeding continued. The medicine couldn't help to the kind of wound that was caused by guns, the horrible weapon of the modern conquerors. The sufferer's face was pale like wax, and his eyes helplessly closed. Occasionally his lips convulsed in a fit of pain. At his wit's end, the governor shook his head. Then he muttered:

'Afraid we'll have to give him up. Nothing we can do . . .'

Wild Rose was the first to turn pale at the words. Then Wang Tali, then Hochin. Even the idiotic Harelip Liu looked dumbfounded. It seemed that the words were the stern decree issued of a merciless god. They looked at one another, wordless. But when the governor passed his eyes over them, they soon pretended to be indifferent by turning their gaze towards outside.

The wind was now raging wildly. The ululation of wolves and coyotes rode into the temple on the furious gale. The roof rattled. But strangely enough, amid this combination of sounds, a sense of extreme quiet prevailed us. Without anything to say

each retired to his heap of straw. The fire was dying out. The warmth began to die out too. The invasion of frigidty from outside seemed to herald the fall of the first snow. I pulled my piece of sheepskin over my head and tried to sleep. But I couldn't. As the warmth subsided the sighing of the wounded man rose higher and higher. Finally I could make out some of his delirious words:

'My village, my black hound da . . . da . . . My village, my hound, da . . . da . . . dada . . . da . . . da . . .'

Nor could the others fall asleep. For I heard the governor coughing and someone bustling out of bed.

'Save him,' was Tali's suppliant voice. 'He may improve.'

Then another begging voice followed: 'Let's carry him with us.'

But I heard no answer from the governor to these words. I was too tired to open my eyes to see why he was keeping himself reticent. However, I could picture him to myself: He must be sitting obstinately upright, assuming an air of caring not a fiddlestick about what people were saying. But he would listen to their words attentively. Only his face was set. He was always like that in moments of emergency. Years of precarious, yet disciplined life had taught him that to deal with any situation he had to be quick in his decisions, and that once they were made, he must not swerve from them by an inch. His decisions were the law.

'Yes, I understand,' the old man's dry voice finally sounded. 'But I cannot bear seeing him suffering like that. You can't either, I am sure. We must treat him like a comrade, who cannot stand such suffering helplessly till the last moment.'

No more than that. And no one else dared to speak, either. A bustle ensued. Probably they were returning to their beds. I could only hear the indistinct sighing of the wounded man, and then a few affected words muttered by Wild Rose to her 'baby'; 'Cursed be your uncles! They woke you up, darling. Mm, be at rest on your Mummy's bosom.' Then a little snore piped up. I felt my head too heavy. Rolling over on my other side, I dozed off.

But my sleep was soon disturbed, for the hubbub started again. But fortunately no one troubled himself to raise me up.

In my drowsiness I heard several voices. They were so low that it did seem that anything like a Japanese night attack was taking place. So I remained in my sheepskin which had now got pretty warm. Then I heard faintly the voice of the wounded man speaking feebly out in a matter-of-fact, interrogative tone:

‘Am I so hopeless as to be thrown over the cliff, governor?’

‘Afraid so,’ was the old man’s dry voice, which rang rather faltering now. ‘No alternative, my child. The Japanese are on our heels. We cannot leave you to them to be tortured to the last minute. My heart is too old to think of your pain . . .’ Here the old man’s voice suddenly broke up into a fitful sob, which sounded now so queer because he had never shown, so far as I knew, such sign of sentimentality. Another minute later another convulsive sob echoed that of the old man’s. It was apparently from the wounded man. I would have jumped up, if I had not been here long enough. I had got used to this kind of nightly sobbing now. At midnight our comrades used to sob so often when in their dreams they saw their forsaken families, their cows, their native cottages. But they would be as cheerful as ever the next day.

‘Don’t be childish, Black Dog,’ seemed to be Wang Tali’s voice.

‘Every life has an end in the long run,’ was the consolation from Hochin.

Then a commotion ensued: creaking of the door, sighing, footsteps and heavy breathing. And the convulsive sobbing grew fainter and fainter and at last was entirely drowned in the shrieking north wind. After this silence reigned again.

Wild Rose who slept a few yards away from me seemed to have been disturbed by the noise somehow. She turned on her other side, making a rustle. Soon she sent forth a string of quiet, rhythmical snores, as if nothing had happened. The snoring, in the monotony of the midnight, strangely enough, soothed my nerves. And I fell into a heavy slumber, which was never disturbed again.

When I woke up, it was already broad daylight. I had overslept the morning. To my great astonishment, I found the temple horribly empty. All of my comrades had gone. What was left were heaps of hay, a few stained patches of blood and

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scattered remnants of half-burned firewood. They looked at the moment unspeakably ugly. 'So they have deserted me,' I murmured to myself, sad rather than annoyed.

As I was standing up, ready to leave, I found to my great interest on the heap of hay, where Wild Rose had lain last night, two broken legs of the grotesque straw 'baby'. Apparently they had left the place in a hurry. By the side of the hay I also discovered a bundle of banknotes conspicuously placed. Instantly I understood what this money was left here for. Looking at the relics of the ridiculous scarecrow-like thing, I almost burst forth laughing. But when I stooped to pick up the notes, I was so touched that tears almost came to my eyes. I was not one among them, now I knew

Dejectedly I dragged up my steps out. It was snowing hard. The snow whirled in the wind that cut my face. After about a mile's walk, by the side of a formidable canyon I found a group of ravens circling overhead, harshly croaking. They must be looking for some food. Immediately I startled. I knew what the food must be down below the gorge.

'May the snow fall thicker and thicker, covering all the hollows of the world,' I babbled to myself as if in a prayer. Then with a heavy heart I plodded forward, alone

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For an assessment of the value of British contributions during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the author has indeed peculiar qualifications, a rare sensitiveness and fine artistic discrimination, and close familiarity, from an early age, with the great masterpieces of the Continent, particularly those of Italy and Spain. He appears indeed to regard his subject from a European rather than an English viewpoint, and this is all to the good, for Art, like Science, should know no frontiers. It is all the more interesting therefore to notice his insistence on the superlative character of the best in English design and craftsmanship, that Inigo Jones, Wren, and Vanbrugh were no mere copiers or exploiters of other men's ideas, and in their finished work were excelled by none. These are the great names, but he does justice also to Gibbs and Kent, to Nash and Chambers. The Adams he regards as decorators rather than architects, and he makes it clear that the ages following Hawksmoor mark a progressive decline, competent as to building but lacking real genius in design. The main interest is in the construction of great public buildings and the palatial residences of the great in an age of lordly aristocrats, but there is also a shrewd appreciation of lesser things, shop-fronts, tradesmen's cards, clocks, silver ware, the butter crosses of Bungay and Swaffham, the customs house at King's Lynn, and civic sword-rests which receive a justly-merited recognition.

The Baroque has been authoritatively characterized in our own time as "everything that is fantastic, grotesque, fluid or incongruous—irregular shapes, meaningless forms, an utter lack of restraint and simplicity." The author convinces us that it has a real artistic significance, even though we may feel that it has an inspiration alien to the English genius. We shall look in vain for any definition of this fascinating style; perhaps only the shallow-minded would expect one, but he gives clues which help to an understanding. He insists that St. Paul's Cathedral is properly to be regarded as a masterpiece of English Baroque, and that Vanbrugh, that highly original and misunderstood genius, for whom, indeed, he reserves the extravagant language of worship, is the one great English architect of this style, 'though his buildings bear no resemblance to those of any other Baroque architect in any clime or

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country,' and 'are lacking in most, if not all, of the accepted characteristics of that style', for in him we see '... chaos and order taking shape ... the sense that there is some deeper meaning that we do not understand ... to some minds the test of genius'.

Mr. Sitwell has revealed to us with lively enthusiasm many objects of real beauty and his verbal advocacy is reinforced by some two hundred illustrations, mostly photographic reproductions. Some share of the praise for this must go to the publishers; the author himself has been the first to recognize this, for the book is fittingly dedicated to Mr. Henry Batsford.

There are two insistent themes throughout. the very high quality and creative spirit of the English achievement, and the depressing condition of art in twentieth-century England. May it be urged that the art forms that excited the author's greatest admiration were most often those associated with the patronage of the powerful and wealthy and that we have yet to learn whether a really democratically organized social and economic order can find expression in great art? Evidence is not wanting to justify hope in this respect: the author, himself, otherwise inclined to be rather gloomy in his forebodings, gives us one encouraging assurance, '... our old buildings are more loved and valued by more of the people than ever before.'

JOHN F. NICHOLS.

ALL THAT IS MINE DEMAND. Nordahl Grieg's War Poems. Translated by G. M. GATHORNE-HARDY. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

Nor all these poems grip you like the original. 'Nordahl Grieg's poems are untranslatable,' says Graham Greene. In greater or lesser degree that applies to much of Norwegian poetry; the language and style is too plain and straightforward. And that is more than ever true of Grieg's war poems. In attempting the 'impossible' G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, assisted by his intimate knowledge of Norway, has worked conscientiously and with skill. But there are other pitfalls in translating poetry. Whereas in the original the rhythm changes from verse to verse and from poem to poem—infusing a play of light and

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shade into the whole—the translator is liable to maintain a more even beat throughout because his function, as a rule, is faithful, not inspired

But this insinuation may be unfair to the translator, and indeed to the poet, on whom some reflection must inevitably fall. A more plausible explanation I feel is that, bunched together—though in a beautifully produced volume—these poems make a somewhat solid meal. They may be mistaken for a National Manifesto. I think this is unfortunate. Grieg's cause was humanity as a whole. But these poems are local—primarily written for home consumption, and rightly so, for they forged an invaluable link between all Norwegians. But to the world, Grieg had a far greater message to deliver. That is why I would have liked to have seen some of his pre-war poems incorporated in this book. Thus the whole would have stressed the continuity in Grieg's poetry, for—in spite of the comparatively restricted sphere of his war-time work—the corollary is striking. Merely a few of these poems, for instance the whole of *Morning on the Finnmark Tundra*—one verse of which has been allowed to creep into the book—and *Winter by the Sea—Færen*—which contains a striking affinity with the fate that overtook Grieg on his mission to Berlin, would have enabled the reader to see how Grieg's ideas, coming from afar, had converged on the one focal point from which, had he been allowed to live, they would again have radiated in all directions. As it is, though each poem is valuable in itself, collectively they stand somewhat forlorn in a desolate landscape.

So much said, this complete collection of the war poems of an important contemporary writer is valuable to fellow writers, and some of the twenty poems—notable *London* and *Viggo Hansteen*—should certainly appeal to the general reader of poetry. This is how Grieg begins his tribute to a friend, Viggo Hansteen, who was shot by the Germans:

When I had written something often I came to you.
Warm on the darkened highway the lights of the house shone through.
Starlight over the ridges, woods in the evening breeze—
It seemed that your home had captured the pureness of things like these.

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P.30

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The room had a scent of apples, autumnal, wholesome, and keen,
Of floors new-scrubbed and whitened, and strewn with juniper green.
Fresh from the bath, in night-gowns, came hurtling three little boys,
Intent on squeezing the utmost from the last of the daytime's joys . . .

Moreover, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's introduction contains a good deal of information about Nordahl Grieg, his life and his work.

DIK LEHMKUHL

THE NATIONAL TRUST. A Record of Fifty Years' Achievement. Edited by JAMES LEES-MILNE. Illustrated. Batsford 12s. 6d.

PUBLICATION of this distinguished book is at the present time doubly appropriate. It exemplifies, in the indigenous architecture of cottage, castle, abbey, inn, barn, and birthplace of the great, the quintessential spirit of that England which has endured, unbroken, the attempted terrors of the last six years. In depicting the varied grandeur, antiquities, and quiet comeliness of the English countryside it reinforces the claim, now more than ever urgent, for care in the mushroom planning of a million prefabricated homes. And, of course, it finely states the unfolding purpose of the National Trust, its limitations and its achievements in preserving our twofold inheritance of dignity and beauty.

The first acquisition of the Trust was a stretch of cliff land overlooking Cardigan Bay, freely presented in 1895. A recent one, the historic mansion of Coughton Court in Warwickshire, was transferred under the Act of 1939, which provides for a lease to tenants covering the lives of all who had expectations of succeeding by the settlement deed. On the many different types of property which have entered Trust management, by purchase, bequest, or covenant, in the intervening fifty years, experts have here written learned and lively monographs. John Russell on Historic Shrines (from Carlyle's Cheyne Row to T. E. Lawrence's Clouds Hill), Grahame Clark on Ancient Sites, Ivor Brown on National Parks, or the Editor on the Country House, to name only four of the eleven, add to palatable knowledge, the whet for further inquiry and first-hand

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satisfaction. In this they are backed by the illustrations, over a hundred of Batsford's best, which range from detailed interior to mountain landscape and could be excelled only by the reality. Whether the subject is man's or Nature's handiwork, all the contributors skilfully relate it to a social context and provide, between them, illuminating commentary on the whole tradition of English life.

The founders of the Trust, Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter, and Canon Rawsley, envisaged their object as a defensive fight against despoiling by 'development' in an age of commercial expansion. Since Nature is herself a despoiler, however, and since old buildings are not endowed with perpetual self-preservation, the Trust's work has taken on a more offensive aspect. In parkland, for instance, vegetation must be controlled so as to preserve the aspect of wild beauty for and in spite of the visiting public. Endowment lands and manor grounds must be well managed both to produce revenue and to retain their original character: again, inhabited buildings must be adapted to modern needs without losing their charm or architectural interest. To-day the Trust operates through regional agents, employing staffs experienced in land and landscape surveillance and guided by a body of expert advisers on all problems of property.

The informing ideals remain the same. To enable us to know our country there must be access to and proper care of the older remaining fabric of which our towns, villages, and great estates were made. Then, as Dr. G. M. Trevelyan's foreword insists, 'Those who mourn over the destruction of abbeys long ago, should look also at the beam in our own eye, and hasten to save from destruction or disfigurement parks, woodlands, and valley heads. The need to preserve natural beauty is not merely a question of preserving holiday grounds for masses of people from the town. It is also a matter of preserving a main source of spiritual wellbeing and inspiration, on which our ancestors thrived and which we are in danger of losing for ever.'

ALAN WALBANK



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